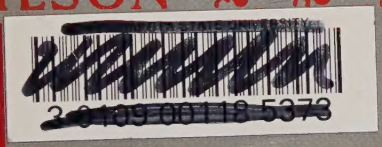
PARIS ON PARADE

ROBERT FORREST WILSON



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BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS IN SPRING

PARIS

ON PARADE

By

ROBERT FORREST WILSON, 1883-

With Eight Illustrations from Paintings by

A. G. WARSHAWSKY

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PARIS ON PARADE

PARIS ON PARADE

CHAPTER I

THE STAGE SETTING

PARIS, in a manner of speaking, bursts upon one. She gives you few hints of your near approach to her. There is no getting gradually into her atmosphere. She does not, as do most American cities, thin out and merge reluctantly with the rural scene. She comes flush up against an engirdling wall, crowds against it the whole way round, and there stops.

And without are—suburbs.

Few cities have suburbs more depressing than the Parisian suburbs. They do not, however, mar Paris. They have no influence upon her at all. A million or so Parisian souls pass every evening by train or tram into the suburban outer darkness, but they do not take Paris with them. Paris remains within her wall—her fortifications.

A surprisingly short wall it is. It encloses an area within which the average taxicab ride lasts six minutes, an area that you can cross comfortably in a Sunday morning walk. In this area dwell three million people. The wall, which is by grading operations being erased into an imaginary line, is something more than the legal corporate boundary of a

municipality of three million population. It confines an impalpable thing which eludes analysis but which is felt and recognized by all who enter its embrace.

It confines the spirit of Paris.

You receive scant preparation for your bath of Parisian atmosphere. Indeed, on the boat train coming down through Normandy you are apt, if it is your first visit, to feel a sense of disappointment. Have you crossed three thousand miles of ocean only to look upon something differing not violently from what you see at home?

Unlike the English, the French observe a certain American carelessness in the upkeep of their countryside. Along the railroad the right-of-way grass is apt to be uncut or burned over. French farm-houses can be just as gaunt and ugly as any to be seen from American train windows. Now and then your boat train will cross small streams with swampy banks growing thickets that might be in Ohio. Here and there is fallow ground, brushy and unkempt. You see orchards, grazing cattle, distant woods, rolling farm land. Obviously it is all part of the same earth to which the United States bears allegiance.

To be sure, there are some slight foreign signs—old woods planted in rows, willows cropped to stumps for their osiers, tilled fields quilted with long rectangular patches of different crops in different stages of cultivation. And Paris herself sends forth one special envoy to meet you.

In the latter part of your journey your train swings in to the bank of the Seine. It is not the ordered and confined waterway that you are to observe within Paris itself, but nevertheless it is far from being bucolic in appearance. Paris puts her stamp on this current as it flows through the city, and it never thereafter succeeds in losing an urban look. The bottom-land turf may come as freely as it will

to the edge of the channel, but it meets a channel dredged and deep with water slack behind dams, water on which floats Paris's ocean barge traffic.

This traffic affords you your first glimpse of an object essentially Parisian—a metropolitan tugboat, smoke pouring from its tall hinged stack, and strung out behind, each at the end of a hundred yards of cable, four blunt-nosed heavily laden barges. You pass near enough to observe one of them in detail—the enormous rudder, the gaily painted deck works, the curtained windows of the after cabin with sills flush with the deck, the flower boxes on the cabin's low roof, the pair of urchins playing perilously near the foot-high bulwark, the barge dog ranging his floating demesne and barking at shore dogs or wherever duty calls for canine remonstrance, the woman at the cabin door staring under her hand at your train, and finally the bargeman himself in shirt, loose corduroy trousers and red sash, leaning negligently against his great beam of a tiller.

Steering under the shadow of Notre Dame, locking through under the Pont Neuf, passing up and down the river along the Quai d'Orsay, such convoys give to Paris one of its most distinctive touches; but you are to receive no further hint of the city until you arrive in the very heart of it.

You come in over a railroad approach which, except for the diminutive freight cars and the draft horses serving as yard engines, is much like that of a home city—with factories, warehouses, ice plants, tall chimneys, sidings, rivers of parallel main tracks, electric third rails, switch points, skeleton overhead block-signal bridges, and finally a terminal station with long train sheds, porters, electric tractors dragging trails of baggage and mail trucks through the platform throngs, vaulted esplanade, lines of ticket win-

dows, news stands, lunch rooms, and everything else we know in American stations.

You make your gradual way through the customs room and then out upon the taxicab landing in front of the station—and all preliminary disillusionments are forgotten. You have been plunged into the heart of Paris. You soak in Parisian atmosphere.

2

It is Paris. A hundred signs, a hundred things peculiar to Paris alone proclaim it.

Parisian is the vista of smoked gray buildings, all carried up to the seventh-story level, their mansard attics hidden behind boardings flaming with advertising posters, their roofs a tangle of electric signs and chimney pots. Parisian is the circle of hotels surrounding the plaza, each one, from the cheap rooming-houses for the third-class provincial traffic to the big hostelry that is part of the terminal itself, bearing the prefix "Grand" to its name. Parisian is the café fronting the station, with its bright awning, the glint of brass-bound table tops and blue chairs on its sidewalk terrace, and affixed to the awning frame above the entrance the miniature red channel buoy that announces the tobacco stand in Paris as invariably as the wooden Indian used to in America.

Parisian, too, is the collection of institutions which demarcate the plaza from the avenue beyond—the comfort station, the ornamental entrance to the Nord-Sud underground railway, the newspaper kiosk with six-sided cupola paneled in mustard and *apéritif* advertising, with a lapful of little Parisian dailies folded into pocket-size pads, and a surrounding petticoat of bright-colored fashion magazines

and newspapers from many lands stuck into wire frames; free-lance news women crying their *Paris-Soirs* and their *l'Intransigeants,* professional sandwich men carrying on their backs tall billboards on which they have space to rent, flower women selling one-franc bunches of violets from a depleted stock on a two-wheeled push-cart, and the boot-black with foot-rest veneered in enameled shoe-polish signs.

More Parisian still is the incessant traffic movement in the thoroughfare upon which the station plaza opens. Your eyes take in the red disks of the obligatory omnibus and street-car stops and the knots of people waiting under them; single-deck green omnibuses with sagging back platforms and yellow roofs on the sloping sides of which appear the cryptic words "Galeries Lafayette"; long green street-cars with long green trailers each with its first-class and second-class compartment marked by Roman numerals painted on its sides and each in charge of a dumpy brunette woman conductor in a dark uniform and round cap and carrying a short tin horn on which to sound her catcall starting signals.

Then the crush and apparent anarchy of other traffic, a raging, disputing clash of cross-currents—but everything getting along. The overwhelming preponderance of taxicabs in the swarm: red company taxicabs and green company taxicabs, driven by grizzled, unshaven, middle-aged men with deeply lined faces; battered old bushwhacking taxicabs merely clinging to integral existence; trig *luxe* taxicabs with smart owner-chauffeurs. And the rarer private cars—snub-nosed Renaults and the ubiquitous Citroëns, toylike to fresh American eyes, and faithful old family limousines with antique hoods round as locomotive boilers. Motorized commerce—roaring dreadnaught trucks and the gleaming vans of the department stores.

Tangled within the motor traffic are other sorts of wheeled vehicles—heavy freight carts with two huge wheels and long platforms balanced on their axles, the wheel horse yoked between stocky shafts of oak, and Norman draft horses ahead pulling tandem; enclosed moving vans on tiny wheels; tandem-drawn tumbrels loaded with wine casks, excited mongrels leaping over the precarious surfaces of their cargoes. Bicycles, bicycle carts, push-carts and pull-carts—the Parisian *voitures à main*—each with a man between its handles leaning against his shoulder harness and teamed with a nondescript dog hitched to the axle underneath and crouching as he throws every ounce of his canine muscle into the joint pull—and perhaps behind this medieval turnout a fifteen-thousand-dollar Hispano-Suiza impatient for the right of way.

And threading the jam, spurning the upraised islands of safety with their ornamental lamps, the nonchalant stream of Parisian jaywalkers, squeezing themselves between threatening files of oppositely moving fenders, leaping into momentary open spaces, sometimes holding up both hands in derisive supplication—but getting safely through, to the accompaniment of screaming brakes, repartee and scurrilous epithet. And off to one side of the rushing, blaring, unmuffled chaos, with an air of detachment, a general lack of authority, and an idle whistle—the traffic policeman.

3

You are at once to dive deeper into Paris. You have been seeing taxicabs rolling up to your platform, the cigarette-smoking drivers Parisianly contemptuous of the warning signs at the plaza gates telling them to move at foot-pace. One of these knights of the boulevards your denimed

porter, with his red belt and the leather surcingle which has enabled him to shoulder an enormous burden of traveling bags, has secured; and now the two are loading your impedimenta aboard. Unless you travel with the equipment of a Hollywood star, your taxi driver will see to it that everything gets upon the one machine—two trunks on the roof, another chained to his own quarterdeck, an astonishing number of bags and packages inside, and the rest stowed around the chauffeur's feet indiscriminately among the brake and accelerator pedals. Every piece means a supplementary franc in the legal charge and he lets no franc get away from him if he can help it.

Then he shoots his loaded machine, and you within it, squarely into that unbroken torrent of avenue traffic. He forces a way through it by sheer appropriation of pavement space as he seizes it ahead of other road hogs. Safely through, he chooses a less traveled route, rounds a corner on two wheels, and your heart jumps into your throat as he misses a collision with another swift vehicle by three inches. You have just time to recollect that neither party to the threatened crash slackened pace in the slightest when he runs into another crisis, followed by a similar escape; and you are convinced that this madman will never land you at your hotel alive.

He does, though—he always does; and sits at his panting helm as slouchy and bored as ever, though instantly ready to change this look for one of protest if you, as a newly arrived American, dare hand him as a tip anything less than five times as much as he would get from a native Parisian.

Ride as often as you will behind this individual, the Parisian taxi driver, you will never be able to grow entirely calm under his pilotage. He keeps life interesting for you

always. He seems the most foolhardy man, the most contemptuous of life and limb, his own included, that ever sat at the wheel of a motor-car; but he is not what he seems. Actually his character is another thing.

If Americans were to drive at his pace through traffic as dense and unordered as the Parisian traffic, the shores of the Champs-Élysées would be strewn with wrecks, for the American has to think first and then act. The Parisian taxi man sees and acts simultaneously and does not think at all. No icicle is cooler than he is at his wheel. He may be fairly mellow with white wine, but he sees or hears the impending danger and makes the proper move to avoid it before the most timid and intent of passengers is aware of peril at all. That move may be to turn out in the illegal direction, but in that event the other driver will synchronously make the illegal turn also.

His wizardry you will see at its best on that asphalted prairie, the Place de la Concorde, where at uncharted focal points taxis rush at one another from half a dozen different directions at once, flashing through one another's lines like bobbins on a loom—and nothing ever happening. Or at the crossing of the Champs-Élysées—wild men defying every rule of safety and defying them successfully. Your suspicious nature tells you that the newspapers must be suppressing the news of street accidents, and then some day you read the annual Paris traffic report and discover that this rushing city of three million has fewer street fatalities than such an American city as Indianapolis. The Parisian ambulance is almost as rare a sight as the Parisian fire apparatus on duty bent.

He takes narrow congested streets at a jumping gait, the taxi man, his car squeezing through as if it had cat whiskers to tell it of the inch to spare on either side. With

piercing blasts of his horn, he roars at top speed down narrow unfrequented streets, never slowing a bit for blind crossings. You await the inevitable pulverizing crash that must some day come to you. Suddenly, and for no reason that you can detect, he applies brakes and comes almost to a stop at a crossing—and there at last is the long dreaded "other car." It also is approaching warily. The two drivers have heard each other coming and have acted accordingly.

Familiar and even insolent as he often is,—not for nothing are the words Liberty, Equality and Fraternity graven upon every church and public building of Paris,—a tyrant at lunch time, when he will take you as a fare only if your way happens to coincide with his toward the chauffeurs' restaurant where he eats *déjeûner,* a bandit after midnight, when Paris, most addicted to all-night revelry of any city, nevertheless allows her cheap transportation—her subway and surface lines—to stop running altogether without giving even owl service, he will not exploit your ignorance of the city by taking a circuitous route in order to run up the meter charge. It is his pride to know the short-cuts, and if he follows a roundabout way it is because he knows no better one. Unscrupulous, unwashed and uncannily skilful, he is one of Paris's most Parisian things.

4

A banging of cans on the sidewalk below wakens you at the untimely hour of seven. You go to the window and look down upon an unexpected sight. From foul dens in some dark quarter of the city strange creatures—work-broken women, unutterably filthy, and a grimy gamin or two of indeterminable sex—have fared forth to roam your

aristocratic district. On their backs they carry sacks big as feather-beds, piling the filled ones upon a two-wheeled push-cart.

They are sorting over your hotel's trash. They spread down cloths on the pavement, dump the cans out upon them, and avidly as buzzards pounce upon such treasures as they see—pieces of old cloth, discarded hair brushes, empty bottles, bits of string and what-not. These they cram into their sacks, then put the rejected material back into the cans, and pass on to the neighboring collection.

Later you may discover what the trash-pickers do with their findings. Some day your steps may lead you outside the fortifications at Clignancourt on a Sunday morning; and there, spread out like an Arab camp over acres of naked ground muddy or dusty according to weather, is Paris's so-called Flea Market, an offering for sale of the most extraordinary collection of dunnage imaginable—old toothless combs, ratty old tooth-brushes, old broken cups and saucers, battered shoes, frayed collars, rusty nails, screws and bolts. Among these are things of value, too, and it is whispered that not all the market stock is as honestly come by as the trash. At any rate, the Flea Market attracts a swarm of buyers of all degrees.

Hard on the heels of the swift-working trash-pickers follow the employed municipal scavengers. Their steel gondola-truck roars around your corner, manned by four of the loudest-talking laborers of Paris. It is long before you learn to sleep through this uproar. They hurl the cans upon the gondola, within which one of their mates with a pitch-fork stows the litter under the fore and aft lazarets. They bang the cans down on the sidewalk again, exchange lusty banter with such female street-sweepers as are abroad, and finally signal their driver to start with a blast on a tin horn.

Paris subway trains, street-cars and trash trucks all start upon horn signals.

You are thoroughly awakened by this interlude. You therefore rise, dress, and eat your hotel breakfast of a buttered roll, strained honey and *café au lait.* Then you sally forth, for you can now see Paris at one of her most interesting hours. You can note the Parisian carpet-slipper vogue—men in carpet slippers shuffling to the newsdealers' for their morning papers, little boys and girls in carpet slippers (and some in woolly pajamas) carrying pitchers to the *laiterie* for their morning pints of milk.

Streets, gutters and some sidewalks are being flushed with water, the beginning of a process that continues sporadically the whole day. Parisians are enormous users of water for sprinkling purposes. A dry street irks the Parisian street department as nothing else can. The pavement may be as clean as a kitchen table, but the water truck will be sent out to make it skiddy for taxis. If a Parisian concierge or shopkeeper has a bit of extra water on hand, he then and there throws it on the sidewalk and scrubs such area as the limited dousing will permit. Café waiters squirt the residues of carafes and siphon bottles upon the sidewalks. Subway charwomen make the station stairs and platforms sloppy with sprinkling cans having perforated bottoms. Along the sidewalks of the boulevards men push what resemble lawn-rollers or tennis-court markers, but which are really sidewalk moisteners leaving wet trails in which appear stenciled in dry letters the reiterated names of commodities thus advertised.

To the wearer of American shoes with blotterlike soles the result of all this sprinkling, even during Paris's rare droughts, is chronic damp feet.

It is the hour when Parisian concierges are setting out

on the street-level window-sills their bird-cages and the cushions for their pet cats or dogs. Concierges' dogs tend toward the smooth fox-terrier variety, even as the dogs of the concierges' thralls, the tenants, lean in the direction of being wolf dogs.

Concierges themselves remain for the American visitor a fascinating and never completely fathomed mystery. They live in small smelly apartments at the street doors of most Parisian business buildings and apartment-houses; and, save for sweeping down the stairs and puttering about the halls, they seem to have no other function than to distribute mail, tend the door, and keep tab on the tenants and their visitors.

Parisian outer doors close early in the evening, and thereafter the concierge is queen. If you desire egress, you must beg it of her by calling out the formula, *"Cordon, s'il vous plaît."* Do not omit the *s'il vous plaît,* otherwise she will not touch the bedside electric button that unlatches the door. To get in after the closing hour you ring the street bell. You ring it twice, in fact. No Parisian concierge with a shred of regard for her code will unlatch the door on the first ring. She may be wide awake, and it may be raining torrents upon you outside, but she awaits your second ring. Thereafter there is no further formality except to announce your destination when you get inside and observe the sharp eyes watching you from the gloom of the darkened conciergerie.

Parisians, both native and foreign-born, retain a proper fear of her. They fee her liberally once a month and are always elaborately polite in their contact with her. The stranger can not understand why she is endured. She must be a police regulation, if indeed not part of the police system itself.

From a painting by A. G. Warshawsky

THE OLD LATIN QUARTER

5

Early morning is the best time to see the Parisian concierges for then they are most in evidence as they shine up their front-door handles and scrub off their walks. It is also the proper occasion for observing Paris getting to work. In this diversion one gains no little insight of the Parisian temperament.

Nothing is more characteristic of a city than the way it uses its local transportation. What better typifies the rush, the congestion, the individualism and the intensity of life in New York than the subway? What is more exemplary of the leisured courtesy of Washington than her street-cars, in which the conductors obligingly permit lady passengers to finish up their conversations before ringing their starting bells? Thus Paris may be profitably observed when traveling on her public conveyances—her tram-cars, her motor omnibuses, and the trains of her two underground systems, the Nord-Sud and the much more extensive Métropolitain, commonly called the Métro.

Traveling on the surface, Paris is sedate and deliberate. It comes up to the tram or bus stations, tears off its progressively numbered slips from pads affixed under the roofs of little bird-house shelters bolted to the lamp-posts, and waits decorously for its turn, never murmuring if there is a tie-up in the service.

But put this same crowd underground, and its whole nature changes. A strange frenzy seizes it. It proceeds to get into a frantic hurry. The worst-bitten start running before they come to the brink of the Métro station stairs. Sprinters of the gentler sex sometimes get their heels caught on the stair treads and fall most of the way down, but after being soothed and ministered to, they dash on again.

Through the long tunnels that connect the transfer stations the racers tear, men outdistancing the women in the struggle to reach the train platforms. There is no explanation of it—no indicator at the surface of stations to denote the approach of trains, which run frequently and regularly, nor necessarily any grabbing of seats by the victorious male runners. It is simply that the Parisian can not bear to have the automatic platform door close in his face.

On the trains, out comes the reading matter with which Parisians beguile their underground journeys—newspapers for the men, novels for the women. You see the vast interest which the post-war Parisian male takes in sports. The little Parisian newspapers, with their smudgy back pages blatant with advertising, their front-page editorial onslaughts, their fiction serials, and their scant attention to foreign news not the immediate concern of France, concede much of their limited space to sports. Moreover, two or three Parisian dailies of wide circulation are devoted exclusively to sport.

And what sports most interest the Parisians? Read over their shoulders in the Métro trains and see. Bicycle racing probably holds first place in their affections, although it is crowded closely by horse racing, prize fighting—*la boxe*—automobile racing and foot racing. Individual contest. Strategic team games take second rank. Even tennis, a game born in France and the one at which France shines most brightly internationally, gathers no such retinue as the racing sports.

On the other hand, you seldom see a woman Métro rider reading a newspaper at all, even as you seldom ride on a Métro car in which no woman is reading anything. The women riders devour the novels with which the army of French fictionists feed the ravening appetite of the French

reading public. A cloud of novels proceeds constantly from the Parisian presses. Numerous "libraries" issue them weekly in uniform bindings on regular publication days. Thus the individual novel takes the place in Paris of the fiction magazine in America and the Parisian bookstore that of the American magazine counter. It would take many American cities to show as many bookstores as thrive in Paris.

French current literature is put up universally in paper covers, and therefore it is the fashion for the Métro reader to provide herself with an interchangeable slip cover—a *liseuse*—into which she fits her novel. The fabric or limp-leather *liseuses* have a home-made, embroidered and burning-tool look that makes one suspect them of being a favorite Christmas present in the bourgeois households.

On the surface lines also may be seen Parisian traits. By municipal regulation nobody is allowed to stand up in the interior of a Paris motor-bus. There are seventeen first-class leather-cushioned seats in the forward compartment and sixteen wooden ones in the more gaseous rear second-class section, while on the back platform ten standees (who may smoke) are permitted, five on each side so as to leave a clear aisle to the rear gate. At a terminal the conductor will admit just the legal number of passengers to his car and not a single extra one, being ready to repel further boarders by force if necessary. He chains up the entrance, yanks down his *"Complet"* sign, gives the driver five or six bells to denote that he is to stop only upon interior signal; and the bus is off on its swift way.

Legally filled, however, as that omnibus is, barred against any one who would embark in the orthodox manner, it nevertheless still offers hospitality to whoever is sporting enough to dash out into the street after it and give stern

chase. Many Parisians prefer to take their buses on the run. The conductor grows interested in the pursuit, unhooks the gate chain, stands ready to grab the arm of the panting runner to save him any misstep, and gladly admits the victor—keeps on admitting victors, in fact, until the platform is as jammed as a sardine tin, with never a word said about legal limitations.

Classic struggles have been waged in American cities over fare reductions amounting to less than the difference (to the Parisian) between first-class and second-class fares on the Paris transit lines. And the Parisian uses his transit lines four times a day, for he goes home to lunch. Naturally the second-class accommodations on a motor-bus—inner compartment and platform—fill first. Thereupon the conductor announces how many first-class places he has left. Any one boarding the bus thereafter does so with the tacit understanding that he is to take one of the first-class places indicated.

Now and then some militant believer in Liberty, Equality and Fraternity mounts the steps under such conditions but fails to go forward into the first-class, and it is only after the bus is in motion that he is discovered as the eleventh passenger on a platform built to hold a legal ten. Moreover he refuses categorically and in some detail to go in and take the first-class seat awaiting him. The conductor thereupon does not eject the passenger. He argues with him. That being unavailing, he stops the bus, and the driver comes around; and then the two argue with the obdurate man, who continues to hold his ground.

Next both the driver and the conductor appeal to the police agent who has been observing the commotion from the sidewalk but who has remained calm. After some demur the police agent strolls to the platform and mounts it.

He, too, argues with the passenger, but fails to budge him. Liberty, Equality and Fraternity!

Then the police agent, with time-beating forefinger, counts the platform riders. He counts them again, as if to confirm the first tally. Eleven each time. He hands his baton to the conductor, tightens his cap, pushes his sleeves over his wrists—and from these calculated warnings the spunky trespasser understands that he has reached the limit of official forbearance. He therefore does what he has expected he would have to do all the time. With all of the haste of the baseball player ordered off the field for disputing a decision, he moves to the hated sixty-centime first-class seat and spends the rest of his journey dropping blistering sarcasms whenever the conductor comes around.

6

Some morning walk is likely to take you into the jam of customers at one of Paris's sidewalk markets. Every Parisian neighborhood has two or three in operation every morning, and it is impossible to sight one of these institutions without stopping to explore its mysteries. Even at home a market is fascinating; abroad it is irresistible. Travel-hardened souls there be who can pass a Continental church without the slightest desire to enter it but who nevertheless fall easy victims to the Continental market. There seems to be an intuitive feeling that you can read something intimate about a people by seeing what they buy to eat.

You do, at any rate, in a Parisian district market catch a glimpse of a fundamental trait of French character. That trait is French thrift, a respect for the centime which explains so many things about France, from the telltale boards which small hotel keepers maintain in their offices to show

what guests are burning the electric lights in their rooms, to France's attitude in important foreign affairs. It is a quality evidenced at the Parisian markets by the minute quantities of things priced and sold and bought. The Parisian market tradesmen deal in single articles and ounces and quarts where our retailers dispense dozens and pounds and pecks. Of perishables the careful Parisian housewife buys only enough to last out the day. The family refrigerator is unknown in Paris, and so is that daily visitor of the American kitchen, the wool shirted, sweating, affable iceman.

In fact, your strolls will in time discover for you such icemen as Paris does possess—and there is nothing characteristic or remarkable about *them* at all. As to their carts, they are scarcely worthy to be included in the ice-wagon family. They are not the golden, blue-lined chariots of the shady American streets—with their generous proportions, bold lateral proclamations of their contents, swinging scales and tongs, and hospitable rear steps on which urchins can stand and reach for crystal lumps of refreshment. No; the Parisian ice wagon is a white coffin-like box with cellar doors perched high upon the axle of a single pair of tall wheels, drawn by a single horse, and in charge of a mustached nonentity who stops exclusively at cafés to ice their beer coolers and carry in spindles of manufactured ice. Any Vermont barn can grow icicles as thick as the cakes that come from the cans of Parisian ice plants.

The usual district market in Paris is an extensive affair. You move down a tarpaulin-covered quarter-mile of stands in a double file stretching along the central promenade of some boulevard. A few strange things greet your eyes—sea snails and repulsive rays on the fish counters, green nuts in their shucks, heaps of cheap and luxuriant artichokes, and a certain unfamiliar abundance of slaugh-

tered and bled rabbits—but otherwise the market commodities are about like those at home.

If you are a true market addict, such neighborhood inspections will be merely appetite whettings for a larger adventure—a visit to Paris's great central markets, Les Halles, which Zola called "the belly of Paris." Les Halles will have been advertising their existence to you. In the early mornings you see taxicabs loaded to their roofs with produce from them. Late in the evenings along the Champs-Élysées or the river quays move great farm wains with corn-crib bodies stacked high and artistically with cabbages or golden carrots, and on top of each load the driver asleep as his tandem Percherons plod faithfully over the familiar route to the market.

To visit Les Halles, however, is no simple thing. It is not much use getting there after six o'clock in the morning. They are open from midnight on, and they close promptly at nine in the morning. Lax as Parisians are about observing and enforcing many of their municipal regulations, they are severe about their market-closing times. Les Halles swarm with policemen ready to drop a heavy legal hand upon any luckless stall-keeper who sells as much as a single carrot after the fatal minute.

Accordingly there are two ways of seeing Les Halles in activity. One, the commoner way, is to stay up all night for it. In that event the market itself is a mere incident. The vicinity of Les Halles swarms with good restaurants the chief specialty of which is onion soup, a thick savory mess which has the virtue of appealing to the appetite at its most jaded ebb. It has therefore become the fashion with the frivolous after a night spent with the gaieties and champagne of Montmartre to repair to Les Halles at dawn for *la soupe à l'oignon.*

At that hour the market is at its height. The wide streets that run between the market buildings are jammed with porters, commissionaires (a fine word meaning errand men), market people, and wholesale and retail buyers stocking a large part of Paris's food for the day. Truck drivers swear, crack their whips, and shout "Attention!" for a right of way through the foot throng. Trucks cut out their mufflers and force passages by sheer frightfulness. Commissionaires drag carts or push hand trucks into the jam. Porters stagger under heaven-kissing loads piled on the carrying frames strapped to their backs. And through the sweatered, aproned, overalled throng go numerous glittering parties—bare shoulders and white shirt-fronts—progressing arm in arm a trifle more animatedly than really sober folk should do, for the onion soup that is to send them to bed physically comforted.

The other and better way of seeing Les Halles, but one which requires the stern resolution of a fisherman or hunter, is to get up early and go with the food buyer for your hotel. You find yourself some black morning in company with your *maître d'hôtel* and a stout kitchen man with a bundle of sacks, crammed into the first Métro train of the day with a crowd of other buyers and porters in reeking market clothes all bent on your same errand. At this hour there is a special reduced fare on the Métro for laborers and marketers, a special second-class round-trip ticket; and your *maître d'hôtel,* who no doubt has his thousands tucked away and expects to stand behind the desk of a Parisian hotel of his own some day, does not scorn to save ten centimes in carfare.

It is still dark when you reach Les Halles. First there is time to stop in at a favorite café for a glass of black coffee with perhaps another of excellent Anjou wine.

When you emerge the east is whitening, and you can discern the range of the great market pavilions, each vast as a Zeppelin hangar, stretching off to the misty vanishing point. You discover the two great divisions of the market—the wholesale and the retail—each huge and each equally specialized. In each there is a special fish market, a special beef and mutton market, a special fowl and game market, a special tripe market (selling livers, hearts and other edible internals of food animals), several special vegetable markets, special fruit markets, and of course a special flower market; for no Parisian marketer, wholesale or retail, would think of returning without flowers as part of the plunder. And every one of these markets is housed in a shadowy, arc-lighted pavilion large enough to accommodate the entire market activities of a small American city.

Your guide is known and greeted by his acquaintances simply by the name of your hotel. And other wholesale buyers are known by their house names. There is a great deal of kissing of stout market women whose butcher husbands pretend a scowling jealousy thereat, a great deal of slapping of impertinent cheeks—but business always going along briskly; for the regulations draw a time dead-line, and the buyer for a good-sized establishment has to make the complete round.

As the sacks are filled the kitchen man piles them upon the mounting load on his hand-cart. You touch the market system of taxes and surcharges—a rental for the hand-cart, a municipal parking fee for it, a stiff deposit on all boxes and crates to insure their quick return, a state tax paid at the exit upon all purchases in the fish market, and heaven knows what other charges. Finally you come to the market delivery system—a fleet of independent motor-vans, each with a sign telling its destination and the region it will tra-

verse. Each has its regular customers; and the freight is so loaded that it can come off in regular order at the customers' establishments without hunting for missing packages.

Duty at last done—the stuff bought and its delivery arranged—you repair to a market restaurant for a real breakfast. These market people are hearty feeders. They have worked all night, and at this early morning hour you find them attacking veal stews, good thick steaks and such things. Unaccustomed as your own stomach has become in Paris to stout breakfasting, you still feel ready for an unfamiliar plate of bacon and eggs with buttered toast and coffee—even a second cup of coffee—and then the weight of your eyelids informs you that you have been up since four A. M.

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If it is not a neighborhood market which draws your vagrant feet, it may be your fortune to discover a neighborhood fête, or street carnival. There is always one going on somewhere in Paris. Indeed, it might be spoken of as *the* Parisian street carnival, for there seems to be only one of them—a great caravan which moves from quarter to quarter of Paris, setting up its amusement structures on the sidewalks and pavements and camping from two to three weeks on each location, taking temporarily in each place the *quartier* or arrondissement name. This peripatetic train is so much a part of Paris that the municipal authorities send with it a rolling school for the children of the fair's employees. As to the proprietors of the principal concessions, they are so rich that they send their children to private boarding schools; and the youngsters only realize that they are nomads when they are fetched home Sundays in their papas' Citroëns and each time find home in a new place.

To the American town-dweller the Parisian carnival affords few novelties. It boasts of a one-ring circus or two, numerous side-shows, a large collection of mechanical thrillers of Yankee origin, various spinning things upon which one gambles for trashy prizes, shooting galleries, ice-cream booths, candy shops with machine taffy pullers, and—the one truly Parisian contribution—the gingerbread booths. The gingerbread booths, however, sell not the crumbly cake that issues warm and odorous from American ovens but a flint-like agglomerate of tan dough and foreign bodies said to be nuts and dried fruits. A one-franc slab of this is practically impervious to the digestive juices.

Parisian adults delight in the carnivals, but the entertainment is, of course, intended principally for the children. Paris is fond of its children. It does not go in strongly for children and therefore properly appreciates such as it succeeds in acquiring. Nowhere outside of Victorian fiction can you find such sweet clinging motherhood as you see constantly exhibited in Paris. It is upon little boys, however, that the parental adoration is principally lavished. Parisians take their little girls with greater calmness.

Paris entertains its children handsomely. It maintains two zoos for them (though the one in the Bois de Boulogne consists mainly of empty cages) and keeps half a dozen indoor circuses running daily almost the year round. Each Thursday—the Parisian weekly school holiday—there are special movie and dramatic matinées of an elevating nature for them in the state auditoriums; and as a reward for virtue all truly good Parisian children are taken at intervals to the state-owned Châtelet Théâtre, where there is an exciting spectacle and a children's ballet.

On Thursdays, too, the Parisian department stores give gas balloons to such children as are brought in to be shod or

clothed—and their name is legion. The unfeeling officials of the underground railway refuse to permit these explosive objects—the balloons—to pass the platform gates, a rule which Parisians frequently forget. Consequently on the late Thursday afternoons the corridors of the down-town Métro stations are apt to resound frequently to the howls of small rejected passengers, each clutching with one hand the cotton cable of a still intact balloon and with the other an outraged parent.

There are other delights for Parisian children. There is that the shady side of the Champs-Élysées with goats to drive and donkeys to ride. In the Tuileries and in the Luxembourg Gardens are round ponds for toy boats. For a franc or two one can rent a racing sloop that slants professionally in the breeze and cuts a swift wake above copper clouds that are really schools of portly goldfish moving leisurely through the murky water. In the Luxembourg, too, is a file of merry-go-rounds, some hand-propelled, others deriving their motive power from the small legs of the clientèle operating upon bicycle treadles, but all in charge of middle-aged concessionaires who have collected centimes from many a generation of Parisian children and can remember more than one pair of sturdy legs that straddled the fat little elephants and rabbits of the roundabouts and later, during the war years when they had grown longer, carried their owners away and never brought them back.

Along the Champs-Élysées and in the Luxembourg Gardens, too, are the *guignols*—the Punch and Judy shows—in their permanent housings putting up a forlorn fight against the cinema. Only the tiniest tots are now entranced by them. The Parisian child of six or seven years sagely prefers his Charlot to the insipid tragedies of poor out-of-date Punch.

Such things, one by one, you come across in your explorations, and they all add their bits of flavor to the Parisian atmosphere. By a strange city's streets ye shall know it—there is no other way. Rarely indeed does the alien get opportunity to see the home life of a foreign people. He sees only the public side of life, and the impression he retains is a memory of streets and public places.

In the Parisian picture, advertising plays a conspicuous part. Paris wears a Joseph's coat of advertising posters. She plasters herself with posters. Posters give every artist who paints Parisian scenes the color spots that he wants. Paris covers the façades of her business buildings with huge signs and billboards, perches billboards on the edges of her roofs, turns every boarding around new construction into a billboard, uses dead walls of gardens and institutions as billboards, erects kiosks on her main thoroughfares for the display of posters, patches her post-offices inside and out with posters, lines the walls of her Métro stations with them.

Half the buildings and walls of Paris bear the French equivalent of Post No Bills upon their surfaces, quoting the authority of the Law of 1881. On forbidden walls one often sees single bills half defaced by the hands of irate concierges; and imagination populates the city with a race of bill-stickers who, having covered every inch of the permitted space with advertising, wait in ambush for the householders' moments of inattention, when they rush from cover and slap up posters, each with its revenue stamp legally affixed.

And such advertising—such posters—Parisian in every touch, the apotheosis of all that is European and Conti-

nental in advertising! The reiterated shouting of trade names, if printer's ink can be said to shout—a pandemonium of lithographed yells; all trying to attract attention with pictured sensations—with carmine bulldogs having saber-like teeth, with blue human faces contorted in agony, with cartoons and grotesqueries of all sorts.

Parisian streets, their color, their infinite variety. The shops intrigue you—the *pâtisserie* shops with windows full of pastries delicious to the eye and disappointing to the palate; tiled bakeries with burnished brass racks whence come the yard-long rapiers of bread which home-goers carry under the arms at night; the *charcuteries* with tempting window displays of *hors d'œuvres;* the candy shops selling block chocolate, the universal fare (with dry bread) of Parisian childhood at its five-o'clock afternoon *gouter;* the firewood dealers' with corded billets neatly arched above their doorways; the horse butchers' with red fronts and gilded equine heads proclaiming their character. Near the Abbatoirs de Vaugirard is erected a monument to the man who persuaded Parisians to eat horse meat.

A gigantic gift and luxury shop, this city. American cities confine their trade in luxuries within central sections, but luxury spreads all over Paris. There is no section of Paris so squalid that it will not have its share of florists' shops bright with cheap blooms, its quota of Paris's ten thousand perfume shops, its beauty parlors and hair-dressing establishments, each proclaimed by an exterior display of gold balls with horsehair tassels, the gold ball in Paris being the barber's and not the pawnbroker's symbol. It will have, too, its art shops, its engravers' shops, its dealers in rare books, period furniture, old china and all sorts of precious and beautiful things.

One can walk through some outlying slum, turn a cor-

ner, and find himself in the midst of an astonishing collection of establishments vending luxury. Few sections of Paris strike you as being really poor. Everywhere there is beauty and solid elegance. As to the dealers in antiquities, the marvel of their thousands is that they can all exist, even though all Paris, resident and visiting, were to patronize them generously. One fancies that these dealers must be connoisseurs of independent income who pass the time trading their museum pieces with one another.

Next to the shops the street itinerants interest you—old men with barrel organs wheezing *After the Ball* and *Sweet Marie,* the noisier and more modern hurdy-gurdy never having gained a foothold in Paris; singing beggar women, each with a pathetic child or two, the little ones having already attained the look of professional woe, although you know well enough that the shawled and shabby mother probably carries pinned to her underskirt a bag stuffed with sous; the women chair menders, some with clarion horns, some with sweet powerful chest tones of their own, vocal notes that carry above the traffic roar for blocks.

Parisian street cries are an endless fascination. Most familiar of all grows to be the chant of the old-clothes dealers which bears an antiquity almost Gregorian. It was heard in Paris streets when the business forebears of these same people dealt in worn doublets and hose and dodged the outriders of artistocratic cavalcades. *Marchand d' habits—chiffons, ferraille à vendre!* is their cry—"Clothes dealer—rags, old iron to sell?"—and the tune of it expressed in solfeggio, three-eight time and every vowel representing a time beat, runs:

"Do-o-o re-e mi re-e do re-e do re-e do re-e-e."

The pageant of the vital statistics. Weddings, wedding parties in wedding cars—plate-glass-enclosed and

richly curtained motor-coaches, bedecked with chiffon bows and white bouquets and carrying a score of dressed-up wedding guests, among them an army officer or two in horizon-blue uniform and service stripes and ribbons, and on the back seat, beside a young man with a gardenia in his buttonhole, the veiled and radiant she who is obviously the bride.

At noon this de-luxe equipage carries its load to the church for the rites and thence (after the guests, couple by couple, have been photographed in stiff poses upon the church steps) to one of the wedding-banquet halls you see in your walks about Paris. There they eat and drink toasts and dance, and eat and drink toasts and dance again, until midnight puts an end to the festivities. On such occasions the Parisian father digs deeply into his strong-box.

First communions in spring, the sidewalks abloom with little brides of the church in white dresses and veils and new gold chains around their necks—and with little bridegrooms in speckless new suits, Eton collars, and white satin bows tied to their left arms.

Funerals, largely on foot, wending their slow way to distant cemeteries, each cortège led by two marching police agents, followed by the undertaker, solemn in swallow-tailed uniform and black cockade hat. Then the hearse—an open-sided canopy with sable drapings heavily embroidered in white—drawn by four black horses in black swathings and driven by a coachman in black cockade hat, black cape and black gloves. Whereas for a Parisian wedding flowers of pale hue are appropriate, for a Parisian funeral the brightest and showiest blooms are chosen. These form massive wreaths, some bearing dedications—"To My Husband," or "To Our Patron"—boldly worked out in small flowers or gold letters upon transverse ribbons; and

such wreaths are so disposed upon the hearse that their wordings can be read from afar. If the floral tributes are numerous, the coffin will be buried under them, and they will be stacked upon the roof and hung upon the sides and around the driver's seat, until the equipage is as brilliant as a float in a floral fête.

After the hearse march two hired mutes, like the undertaker in dress, and then a concourse of friends and acquaintances, black-gloved men and women carrying umbrellas. Finally the deeper mourners in closed carriages with drivers in cockade hats, capes and black gloves. This procession has issued from a church the entrance to which is masked behind sable curtains embroidered in white and mounted upon frames, like stage scenery, that can be put up in a trice. As the hearse passes, male pedestrians and passengers in buses, trams and taxicabs hold their hats respectfully upon their left shoulders, and pious women cross themselves and murmur prayers.

Parisians themselves add to the distinctive street picture. There is a prevalence of mourning weeds in the dress of Parisian women, a prevalence of identically dressed sisters, and on Sunday afternoons a prevalence of girls in lace and velvet peasant costumes going to provincial society reunions. From the men in the streets one gets an impression of a stocky, thick-necked population wearing civil and military honor ribbons and wrapped up in business. The eccentric in dress, artists carrying paint boxes and easels, fishermen with bamboo poles over their shoulders, lovers exchanging caresses in public,—these add familiar touches to the human scene.

The tourist-trodden streets of the center have special characteristics—arching shade trees of the Grands Boulevards in the business heart of Paris; the ornamental flag-

staffs at busy corners, with gilded ball tops, limp banners, and placards announcing art exhibitions; the maze of electric advertising signs, of the red tubular variety, casting a Fourth-of-July ruddiness over the boulevard canyons at night.

And noise—the greatest lover of Paris can not deny her noisiness. Big American cities thunder: Paris rasps and blares and screams. The bulb horns of the Parisian taxis have the distressing effect of cornets in a parlor. Most of them are afflicted with a mechanical whooping cough, drawing back raucous breaths higher pitched and only less shrill than their proper expulsive effects. The brakes of the omnibuses shriek at the stopping places, the tram-car wheels whine on the curves, unmuffled motorcycles sound like machine-guns in action, loosely adjusted wagons clatter over the cobblestones. Only the human population is quiet, for Parisians are a low-spoken people.

9

See Paris in the winter when, at her sub-Arctic latitude, the sun at noon climbs no higher than half-way up the Eiffel Tower when seen from the Passy bank. It is the time of Seine floods, of rare snows that mantle the boulevards in strange beauty. It is the time to see the Rue de la Paix. Most tourists never gaze upon the flashing show of that thoroughfare at its best, for they come in summer when the jewelers' shutters are pulled down long before the sun sets. Under artificial light the glory of those windows outshines the crown jewels of England—with giant emeralds round and uncut, diamonds that have individual names, huge irregular pearls.

See her in spring, when the flag at the peak of the Eif-

fel Tower is whipping out to the north and a verdant flush is creeping over the limes, lindens and chestnuts of the avenues. In the Luxembourg Gardens the pear trees, trained flat like vines against symmetrical frames, are in blossom. The block pavements acquire magically overnight a patent-leather coating of cresote. Tulips bloom in the Louvre garden, overcoats disappear, the Seine steamers, each apparently christened *Belle Jardinière,* acquire human deck-loads, and winter has gone.

Then fare forth from long concealment herds of milch goats, each under the discipline of an attentive dog well aware of the dangers of the street and who therefore holds his charges in a tight knot on the sidewalk while the itinerant dairyman milks his nannies at the customers' doors.

See Paris in the summer when the asphalt is soft and lemonade and iced coffee are in demand at the cafés. It is tourist-time, and the Parisian servitors bring change in such denominations that you may be tempted into giving a five-franc tip. That glorified thicket, the Bois de Boulogne, with its thin slanted trees, each trunk green with mold bred in the eternal dampness of Paris, acquires more than usual popularity. Male Paris takes unanimously to straw hats and female to sleeveless frocks of sheer materials. In the shopping districts the merchants are reaping harvests, but in the outlying neighborhoods half the shops have their shutters down with notices announcing that it is the annual *"fermature"* when *patron* and employees enjoy a month's holiday.

See her in autumn, too, with the leaves of her shade trees dying wanly. Theirs is not the brilliant tragedy of colder climes wrought by fatal thrusts of frost, but a lingering and fading decline, until finally from sheer weakness they let go and fall.

All seasons are good in Paris. Each affords its delights, its peculiar scenes. There is that experience of standing in the Tuileries Gardens in a November fog when they are a dream of silvery, mysterious beauty. There is that of seeing the arcaded Rue de Rivoli on a wet night trailing reflections in the black pavement depths. There is the Arc de Triomphe seen silhouetted against the last twilight, or the view down the slope of the Champs-Élysées with its polished traffic channels roped in between sagging necklaces of street lights. And there is the view of the Church of Sacre Cœur that you get when you stand on Boulevard St. Germain on the Left Bank of the Seine and look down the Rue Solferino.

Sacre Cœur grows upon you. It poises upon the high Butte Montmartre and dominates Paris as not even that graceful skeleton, the Eiffel Tower, is able to do. You see it from a dozen points near and far away. Sacre Cœur sits aloft and broods sweetly over the city, as if she were its presiding genius.

Those who know about such things say that Sacre Cœur is an architectural monstrosity, and the basilica's newness curses it with the antiquarians. But ordinary folk, who know little about the rules of art, think Sacre Cœur is lovely. Her Byzantine domes, incongruous as they are in an Occidental setting, shine in the Parisian sky as mystically romantic as any mosque on the Golden Horn.

See Sacre Cœur from the Observatoire on the Left Bank, four miles away, with the fairy Luxembourg Gardens in the foreground and vast historic Paris moiling in the rest of the interval between you and the Butte Montmartre. Pricked out in sunshine while the rest of Paris lies in shadow, she shimmers like a sculptured cloud. White, exotic, with the frivolous cabarets of Montmartre clustered

about her skirts, she seems to typify the spirit of modern Paris even as that grimmer pile in the valley below, Notre Dame, with her blunt towers and pagan gargoyles, stands for the spirit of the blood-stained past.

As mysterious as the distant domes of Sacre Cœur is the spirit they seem to symbolize. That spirit is a thing which can not be described or pinned down for examination, but only felt. It resides, no doubt, partly in the peculiarities of the Parisian scene, the Parisian local color, but only in part there; and no catalogue of distinctive Parisian things can be more than a sketchy stage setting for the manifestations of the Parisian spirit. No doubt also the memory of the city's past—a past in which the human drama has reached its most intense pitch—contributes something to the spirit. Most of all, or so it seems to one, it is generated by the modern Parisians themselves; and if any sensation or flavor of that spirit is to be entrapped at all in words, it will be in words relating to the human, rather than to the institutional, Paris. At any rate, we shall see.

CHAPTER II

MODEL BY PACK-ANN

PARIS, to the average woman, means, primarily, clothes. Clothes and style. All her life she has read about Parisian clothes and Parisian styles. The names of the creators of Parisian clothes are familiar to her also. She knows about Worth and Lanvin and Paquin. In the fashion pages of the magazines she has seen the names of Jenny and Vionnet and Patou.

These are names that thunder an imperious authority in America, and throughout the rest of the world, too. They are of the Olympians of fashion. Their utterances are mandates upon those who would be in style. A thousand volunteer couriers—merchants and fashion publications—scatter these mandates to the ends of the earth. As a result feminine style in dress nowadays travels on the wings of the morning. In any season the fashionable woman of Tien-Tsin and of Topeka are gowned essentially alike.

No doubt the average American woman, if she belongs to the majority to whom a visit to Paris is a yet unrealized dream, sometimes muses about the far gods of style whose demesne carries into the very shops where she buys her things. Are these Parisian Poirets and Jennies real persons or just trade-marks? And what are their establishments like? What, for instance, is Worth's like—Worth's,

in which Europe's queens and empresses were being measured for their crinolines before America fought her Civil War, or before much of America even knew there was such a thing as a Paris gown.

Such an ancient house would, of course, occupy some staid old mansion in an aristocratic backwater of Paris left by the advancing tide of business. Three brownstone steps, a huge brass bell handle, and a flunky in knee breeches to admit you into a gloomy Victorian drawing-room. Twenty venerable employees thereupon all stare at you and have a good private laugh at your American clothes. Then, after parading several models before you on a disdainful mannequin and listening pitingly to your ridiculous opinions, they prescribe a wardrobe at several hundred dollars a gown—for of course only the wife of a millionaire would dare stick her nose into the place. And if you are appalled by the amount, they crush you with the observation that you will find your clahss of goods in the depahtment stoahs—so sorry—good ahftuhnoon.

If that is your idea of it, then you are about as far wrong as you can be. And particularly wrong are you to visualize Worth's as such a place—Worth's, oldest and merriest and warmest-hearted of the great *maisons de couture*.

First, you are wrong about the number of employees. It is a small house that hasn't five hundred—Worth has nearly fifteen hundred. The mannequin may indeed contribute some haughtiness, but you are mistaken about the prices of Paris gowns. Many an American stenographer pays more for a ready-made dress than Paquin or Beer or Premet will charge her for one made to measure. You can, however, pay a great deal for a Paris model if you indulge your fancies in furs, embroideries and trimmings.

If these facts surprise you, still more astonished will you be at the size and importance of this Parisian business of setting the world's styles—at its three hundred thousand employees, its own chamber of commerce numbering two hundred firms as members, not to mention thousands of little bushwhacking concerns that plunder their ideas and make copies of gowns for a few customers apiece, and its millions of capital invested. *La couture,* as the French call the dressmaking business, is Paris's largest industry. It is the thing that gives the city much of its distinctive atmosphere. It is a chief contributor to the Parisian spirit. Taken with its accessories—fabrics, linings, embroideries, laces, buttons—it is one of France's largest industries, ranking with steel and automobiles. It even had a strategic use in the Great War.

These are dry facts. The thing to do is to go in and see for ourselves how the wheels go round. With proper credentials we can enter the holy of holies and talk to the very people who dictated, madame reader, the lines of your frock, who have already dictated the lines of your next year's frock, and who will probably keep on telling you what you must wear as long as you live. And perhaps some place in there we can catch and pin down for examination that elusive wraith of a theme—style—who makes it and how.

But, oh, madame, style dwells here in silken halls! Let us stop our taxi on the Champs-Élysées, with the Arc de Triomphe looming just ahead, and go into the new building for which Drecoll has just deserted his familiar old quarters in the Place de l'Opéra and see the sort of place in which fashion enshrines herself.

A heavy glass and iron door opened by a uniformed concierge. To the right a comfortable rendezvous room

From a painting by A. G. Warshawsky

AVENUE DES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES

with inviting chairs and deep windows; straight ahead an austere foyer of stone with a berugged pavement, two ornamental trees in tubs, and a Louis Quatorze commode with swelling mahogany front supporting a single Chinese vase against a background of Gobelin fabric which shields a creamy rectangle of wall marble. From the foyer mounts the broad staircase with its specially designed balustrade of black iron; and because the goddess who reigns herein will not permit the feet of her votaries to touch cold granite, the steps are covered with a strip of Persian carpet.

We follow on up, turning at the broad landing; and there at the top, waiting to welcome us in a reception room which is another place of rugs, tapestries and hidden lights, is Monsieur de Wagner, the proprietor of the place. Monsieur de Wagner is all the Drecoll there is.

Be informed parenthetically that this sort of thing is unusual in *la couture*. The Parisian dressmaker's business is almost always, despite its size, an extremely personal thing with him. While Ch. Drecoll, Madame Paquin, Madame Premet, and perhaps one or two other famous designers have disappeared from the business, behind all the other celebrated names is flesh-and-blood personality putting its own genius into the masterpiece it "signs." There is a Paul Poiret, a Redfern, a Lanvin and a Vionnet; and even in the ancient house of Worth the grandsons of the founder are carrying on. Monsieur de Wagner, however, has succeeded to the business of Drecoll; and all Drecoll gowns are designed either by Madame de Wagner or by Madamoiselle Madeleine, who until recently was a partner in the firm of Madeleine et Madeleine.

But we must let Monsieur de Wagner show us his fine new place. And first, the grand salon. Here the rugs disappear, and the room is carpeted in plain velvet from wall

to wall. It is the place where mannequins parade and clients watch, and no aggressive colors are wanted. Paris dressmaking opinion is almost unanimous that the show room should be simply a neutral frame for the rainbow hues of the merchandise.

Yet what a luxurious frame it is, this great room stretching along the whole front of the building—a place of gray and gold and crystal! The thick windows deaden the diapason of the avenue's traffic, and the atmosphere is that of the orchid house. On the ceiling alone have the decorators employed a free hand, and here their brushes have painted an azure firmament in which float pink cupids and roses.

Without so much as a premonitory tap at the door, Monsieur de Wagner takes us right into the mannequins' quarters. Some of the houris are more completely dressed than others, but not one seems astonished at the intrusion. Indeed, they scarcely look up from their novels for an incurious glance at the visitors. The place is like a revue chorus's dressing-room, with mirrors down one side of the room and low tables and chairs in front of them.

From here we go on to an avenue of small mirrored fitting-rooms—the *salles d'essayage,* as they are called—the doors of which face the windows along one side of the building. The roofs of the fitting-rooms form a mezzanine whereon Drecoll's chief executives have their desks. The outer panels of the fitting-room doors are mirrors, so that the client may walk up and down the corridor and see the effect of her new gown in motion. Peacock alley, this.

Farther on is a fitting-room for actresses. Its distinguishing feature is its miniature stage, the back drop of which is a mirror framed in strong lights hooded so that their rays do not fall on the glass. These can be switched

on to enable the artiste to see how her gown is going to look across the footlights.

At this point we reach a boundary beyond which the average customer never goes. The show rooms and fitting-rooms, luxurious and sparsely populated, are but the public frontage of a hive of industry behind. At Drecoll's the hive fills thirteen concrete and fireproof floors. Monsieur de Wagner is anxious to show us his model workrooms, but before we can appreciate their points we must know something about the technique of the business.

It seems a simple thing, making a lady's dress—for that is all the business of *la couture* really is. The customer comes in, selects a model, orders a copy of it with perhaps a change or two, comes back a week later for a fitting, and gets her frock a day or two after that. Nothing intricate about it; but when in a great house this transaction is repeated from five to ten thousand times a year, the complications of big-scale business enter in. And nothing about the manufacture can be standardized. Every customer is different and unique, if only in her measurements; and so every one of these five or ten thousand gowns and coats sold in a year represents a separate manufacturing effort.

Of the huge organization it takes to turn out so much work, the chief figure is the designer himself. There is usually only one designer to a house, and usually he (or she) is the executive head of the establishment. And how many original models, think you, can he create in a year? Remembering that every model must be different from what has ever been, that every one must appeal to discriminating women of fashion, and that every one must be absolutely on the crest of the style wave, how many do you, madame, think you could create?

No Parisian house is ranked as first class at all that does

not bring out its three hundred new models each year—one hundred and fifty to the season—and the average is closer to five hundred a year. Some of the more prolific designers do much more than this. Madame Jeanne Lanvin tosses off a thousand original dress designs every year, and so does Jean Patou, who deliberately overcreates in order that he may discard two hundred models and save only the flower of his inspiration.

This—a rate of two or three designs a day—would seem enough to keep anybody busy; but actually the designers do not work at their art even half the time. They design most of their models in two great creative bursts of a few weeks each preceding the spring and autumn openings. They get much of their inspiration from the fabrics in which they work, and so before starting to create a new season's line of models they must wait until the silk, wool and embroidery manufacturers bring out the new season's goods. The manufacturers show their lines in December and June; the spring and fall openings of the dress houses occur in February and August; and in those two intervals the dress designers are hard at it in their Parisian studios.

It is a marvelous thing that every one of the semi-annual collections of the great houses, though produced at such pressure—five or six models a day—will have its masterpiece or two and sometimes half a dozen of them. It is even more astonishing that the fifteen or twenty truly creative geniuses in the business, all working furiously at once, not one in communication with the others, but all surrounding their output with a wall of secrecy, will nevertheless all bring out simultaneously collections which all show a style advance and yet which are all essentially alike. To an outsider this is the arch mystery of the business.

Around the designer is a cabinet of executives, mostly

men, to attend to various business details; and next under this exalted hierarchy of the temple come the *vendeuses* and *premières*. Upon them to a peculiar degree depend the reputation and the prosperity of the house. The *vendeuses* are the saleswomen in the salon. Each establishment has half a dozen or more of them. They are the representatives of the firm who come into closest relationship with the clientèle. Every *vendeuse* builds up a personal following of customers; and, since she is paid on the salary-plus-commission plan, the larger her following the greater her income. Some of them make the equivalent of four thousand American dollars a year—a large salary for anybody, man or woman, in Paris.

A good *vendeuse* has something more than salesmanship to contribute to *la couture*: she shares in its artistic triumphs. Her customers often want changes made in their copies of models—her native Parisian customers invariably do—and she is there to assist with suggestions. Some of the modifications to which she thus contributes the designer may regard as important enough to be embodied and continued in the show models. In this way the models constantly undergo an evolution, so that at the end of their usefulness few of them are exactly what they were at the beginning.

Here we see something of the flow of the mysterious current of style. The changes come about so gradually that those in the house are scarcely aware of them at all. But now and then every house gets a startling reminder of the season's progress. Some American woman of fashion will come in toward the end of a season wearing a New York copy of one of the firm's models exported some months earlier—and the Parisian house will scarcely recognize the model as one of its own line. The American copyists have

faithfully followed the original, but the French creators have since modified the original into a different thing.

Ambition pervades the Paris dressmaking establishments from top to bottom. It is the ambition of the *vendeuse* to see her name in gold letters on the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, which is fast becoming the Broadway of *la couture*. More than one *vendeuse* with a personal following and marked designing ability has been able to get financial backing and open up her own establishment on a grand scale. The house of Madeleine et Madeleine is such a place and so is that of Jenny.

Back in the ateliers—the workrooms—is another class of employees on the same level with the *vendeuses,* as ambitious as they are and as valuable to the house. They are the *premières,* or forewomen. In general, and except for its men designers and department executives, it is a petticoat empire we are observing; but there is nevertheless a sprinkling of male *premiers* in it. The *premières* are also paid bonuses above their salaries, and they make quite as much as the *vendeuses.*

Each *première* presides over an atelier to which she gives her name and in which are employed from twenty to thirty seamstresses, and in an average-sized house there will be from ten to fifteen ateliers. Each atelier has its own definite and limited list of models to copy, the harder jobs falling to the more capable and highly paid *premières.* Next to the designer, the *premières* are the most expert dressmakers in the establishment. Nearly all of them share in the gift for design, and every now and then one of them will turn out to be a great genius. The designer consults with them freely in working out his season's line. Every great *première* has the ambition to head her own establishment. Many have attained the goal. Probably the most

scintillating success of recent times in the Paris dressmaking world is the celebrated Madeleine Vionnet, who began her career as a *première* with Callott.

Vendeuses and *premières* have assistants called *secondes,* who are paid by the house and who are all working to become *vendeuses* and *premières* themselves. And when we leave these we depart from the aristocracy of the establishment and descend to the proletariat, except that in between, neither one nor the other, is a little unclassified brood—the mannequins.

They are not numerous,—it's a big house that employs fifteen, and the average is nearer seven. These showy creatures scarcely seem to fit into the bustling ambitious atmosphere of *la couture* at all. Few of them contemplate any career in the business—only one or two have ever become proprietresses of independent houses. Nearly all are working as mannequins because of the stage-door glamour that attaches to the job—a glamour that enables them to live in luxury as the mistresses of wealthy men. With a few exceptions (exceptions, however, including the exiled Russian princesses who have recently gone into the business) they are all demi-mondaines to whom the five or six hundred francs a month they earn is but cigarette money.

Mannequins are paid salaries and bonuses, for some of them are more effective than others in selling gowns, and they are all held on season contracts, like ball players or actresses. The contract protects the house from the small calamity of a mannequin quitting in midseason, an event that means the remaking of her whole line of models to fit her successor.

The girl who signs her first mannequin's contract is setting foot on a velvet-padded highway beset with seductions that few can resist. Picture her as coming from some

squalid home, her father a motor-bus chauffeur or a postman not earning enough to support his family, the older children having to work out. Some keen-eyed executive discovers that she possesses an exceptional amount of that mysterious quality of being able to wear fine raiment with distinction—a quality which the French sum up in the single word *chic*—and she is hired and enters into an atmosphere of soothing luxury. For the first time in her life she begins to wear beautiful clothes, the loveliest, richest things that the world produces; and she wears them well—better than nine out of ten of the wealthy women customers before whom she parades.

Her point of view changes. She can no longer contemplate a marriage with a workman of her own class, because she knows now that to be happy she must have beautiful things all her life. But how can she get them? By making a rich marriage? In France marriages of that sort are arranged, and the husband of means goes to the girl whose family can settle a large dot upon her.

When our new mannequin quits work at night she peels off the silk house stockings and puts on her own cotton ones, their feet still damp from plodding to work in the rain that morning. She dons her shabby suit and her cheap hat. Cécile, the mannequin with whom she is becoming friends, is also taking off the company's stockings and slipping her legs into others of her own as sheer and fine. Cécile will presently put on her afternoon gown that bears a signature just as famous as the one of the house for which they both work. And Cécile, whose origin is just as humble as the shabby girl's, has a mink coat from Grunwaldt's and jewels from Cartier's; on wet evenings a motor waits for her; she dines at the Café de Paris and dances the night long in Montmartre restaurants. And some evening Cécile

will whisper that the friend who provides these delights has another friend who is both rich and lonesome. They are waiting for her now at the Bodega, and wouldn't the shabby girl like to come along and have an *apéritif?*

If not that time, then on a later evening when she has had a sudden vision of the drunken father, the faded mother worn out by a brood of squalling young ones, and the unsunned areaway sour with scrub water. She goes to the Bodega—and that is all, except that we get a glimpse of her afterward sitting in a customer's chair in some famous dressmaking salon casting a critical eye over the collection as she orders a wardrobe for herself.

The attitude of the house toward this sort of thing is the ordinary French one that it is none of the boss's business what the employees do with their own time. Indeed, some houses go to an extreme and will forgive a mannequin much professionally if only she be the *chère amie* of some celebrated man. Foreign visitors in wicked Paris, and especially Americans, like to see something of the sin; and it is thought to be an attraction if the *vendeuse* can confide to her fascinated client that Vera, who is displaying the evening wrap, is none other than the famous mistress of the Duc de V.

In a humble way the mannequins play their part in the advance of style. When they are in their throes of creation, the designers use mannequins as figures on which to drape fabrics experimentally. Sometimes the look of a girl before the artist will suggest a master touch that nothing else could have evoked.

Below all these gods and half-gods of *la couture* come the battalions of the working girls—the Parisian midinettes—the blithest and busiest of its population. One brings away from the ateliers an impression of all *ven-*

deuses and *premières* being big statuesque women, mannequins tall and slender as cattail leaves, but midinettes all petite and plump. You see the sewing girls thronging the Parisian streets at quitting time, cheerful groups of three or four walking arm in arm, managing a chic appearance in spite of the cheapness of their clothes, carrying along their own sunshine in the wettest and foggiest of weather, as happy with the few francs they earn each day as if they were the elect of fortune. And when one considers how harsh life actually is to them—its unceasing toil, its poverty, its meager future—just to see them is enough to shame away the deepest fit of despondency that ever befell a person.

Their mothers and their grandmothers before them toiled in these same workrooms, for theirs is an inherited calling with a marked craft pride. They are ambitious, too, because out of their ranks are selected the *secondes,* whose feet are on the pathway to glory. The Syndicate, as the dressmakers' chamber of commerce is called, encourages their ambition with a technical school to which they are permitted to go five hours each week to learn cutting, designing and other craft subjects; and the French Ministry of Commerce holds out to them numerous cash prizes for creative work.

Nevertheless, the usual fate of the *ouvrière,* as the midinette is termed in the trade, is the marriage altar. And once married, she quits her job. The companies try to hold the married ones by establishing house crêches to care for babies while their mothers work, but the plan has not been a success. French women by instinct are intensely domestic. Once our midinette has a husband, she prefers to live and work at home, helping her man to add to the sock money that is France's economic bulwark. In her tenement

flat she will open up a little ten-customer dressmaking business of her own, and like as not keep it going all her life. There are said to be eighty thousand such establishments in Paris.

The high marriage rate explains the phenomenon of the small size of the midinettes. They are little because they are young. In fact, elaborate as it often is, a Paris gown is made almost exclusively by girls ranging from fourteen to twenty years of age, working under mature direction.

When we have observed the staff that designs, produces and sells the *"robes et manteaux"* that give the Parisian *couturier* his reputation, we have actually seen little more than half the total work force in his establishment. Nearly every house (though it also buys from independent manufacturers) maintains its own embroidery ateliers; nearly every one has a lingerie department; and if there is anything characteristic of the great dress salons, it is the novelties which they all sell—perfumes, or hair ornaments, or fans, or hand-bags, sometimes even embroidered table and bed linens. There are never many of these things on display—a few objects in a lighted case or spread out upon some table—but there is a surprisingly large sale for them. And since they are all (except perfumes) designed and made on the premises, their sale gives employment to numerous workpeople.

Perfumes deserve special notice. Nearly every house has its own line of them. The custom of selling perfumery is said to have originated in the ill ventilated days when the close air of the salons was refreshed by perfume sprayed into it. Customers liked and asked to buy the scents, and the perfumery case became a fixture. Poiret's Rosine perfumes (named after his daughter) are so celebrated that they have an establishment of their own in Paris.

Passing the populous but commonplace departments of bookkeeping and accounting, delivery, and art and drafting, we come to *"manutention"*—the stock room—and find it a unique sort of place. On the shelves are fine dress goods worth millions of francs, and not a yard of them belongs to the company itself. The shelves are entirely stocked by the weavers on the plan called *"à condition."* Twice a year the salesmen from Bianchini, Decharne, Rodier, and thirty other textile manufacturers call on the *couturiers* with samples of their new lines. The designers simply indicate the fabrics they fancy, and the manufacturers send whole bolts of the stuffs—sometimes the mill's whole output—to the designer's *manutention* room, allowing him to use and pay for as much as the business may require. Surely no other great industry has such a favorable arrangement—not a sou tied up in stock, no risk of being caught with unsalable stuff.

It would be simple for the *manutention* staff to keep track of the house yardage, except that no *couturier* gets exclusive use of the patterns stored in his *manutention*. The supply houses retain the right to sell from samples lengths of these same patterns, and they are constantly doing so, often to the *couturier's* own competitors. Thus to the *manutention* counters come two classes of customers—messengers from the house's own ateliers and messengers from the supply houses. The *manutention* staff keeps a record of both sorts of issues, but four times a year come the settling days. These are distressing occasions. Often the records of the *couturier* and the supply men contradict each other, and there are thirty or forty outsiders present to battle for their contentions. The air is filled with heated French and tragic gesture, but compromises usually bring about peaceful settlements.

While the rest of Paris, even banks, shuts up for two hours at noon and seeks home or restaurants for *déjeûner, la couture* keeps its doors open and feeds its employees on the premises. To do this for a thousand or fifteen hundred people requires a culinary department on a big-hotel scale, with chefs and pastry cooks, batteries of ranges and soup kettles, waiters and assistant cooks, dishwashers, bus boys and scrub women, even a wine cellar. Here we best see the social distinctions in the business,—the top restaurant for the nobility, the bourgeois dining-room for the *secondes* and employees of their caste, and—largest of all—the two sorts of restaurants for the humble. An *ouvrière* can either bring her own lunch or eat the company's *déjeûner*—it makes a slight difference in her wages—but if she brings her own food, she eats it in a special dining-room equipped with gas rings on which she can cook chops or heat soup or coffee. She can also buy wine from the house.

And when we have left this surprising department, we still have dozens of employees to account for—concierges, page boys, messengers, stablemen, garage men, watchmen, time checkers, janitors, cellarmen, electricians, charwomen—and we get an idea of the overhead expense of a first-class Parisian *couturier*. And we see, too, that this business of making the world's styles is not something to be smiled at, but is a great dignified industry, an ancient one with traditions and peculiar customs, a world like unto no other.

The wonder is that a Paris gown can be so cheap. Indeed, the Parisienne, to whom a franc is still a franc, regards it as fearfully expensive; but to an American woman, who thinks of a franc as a nickel, or an Englishwoman, to whom it is tuppence-ha'penny, the prices are not high. Nor is the whole secret of low cost, big production and small wages, although they have something to do with it. A more important factor is simplicity in design. —

Everybody has noticed how much plainer and simpler styles are nowadays than they used to be, and no doubt many have put this fact down to the improved taste of the present generation. Taste, however, has cut little figure in the change. Let the French dressmakers follow their artistic bent, and they would put into their modern creations all the elaborations of the past. The thing that deters them is cost. Every season in their collections most of them do bring out intricately decorated models, but these are practically never strong sellers and simply because they are so expensive. In a way the designers are dictators, but only so long as they dictate what their public wants. So they are forced to keep down costs under penalty of losing patronage at a time when Paris gowns are becoming the prerogative of the many. While the tendency is constantly toward finer and richer materials it is also toward basic lines that are most economical both of yardage and of manufacturing effort in the atelier.

Every afternoon *la couture* puts on a public style show. The exhibition begins usually at half past three and lasts for two hours, and in those two hours every great house in Paris shows its entire line. The *directrice* of the mannequins, an official who ranks with the *vendeuses* and *premières,* is responsible for the proper showing of the models in each salon. There is a regular order about it—sport clothes first, and running up through afternoon frocks to the more splendid evening things. Dress models all have fanciful names, like race horses or Pullman cars; and some of the *couturiers* supply to the visitors books containing the names and numbers of the models with blank spaces for comments. The prospective purchaser can return next morning for a more detailed inspection of those models which struck her fancy.

A sharp lookout is kept for the professional copyist, who often tries to get in at these exhibitions to steal ideas. An expert *vendeuse,* however, can usually spot a dress pirate as soon as she appears. Paul Poiret tried a few years ago to exclude the idea thieves and also the idly curious by making each applicant for a card of admission to his show sign in advance an agreement to purchase two models. Competition has driven him out of this attitude, and now quite generally the public is invited to the exhibitions.

But the great show days in the Parisian *maisons de couture* are at the seasonal openings in February and August. Every house gives two openings at the start of each season—one for the commercial buyers and the other, a week or so later, for the retail customers. The sale of models with copying rights to foreign dealers in women's clothes has come to be a great part of *la couture's* business. With all civilized women bowing before Paris's style supremacy, there is not a great capital in the world that does not send its buyers to these openings. In America there are probably thirty cities with one or more women's shops importing French models directly from Paris. American dealers, in fact, are no longer content with the two semi-annual openings; but such is the present rate of style's advance, have come to send their buyers quarterly. Some of them send every two months.

It is at the February and August openings, however, that the foreign buyers gather in force. For a whole week *la couture* shuts her doors against individual femininity, burning with curiosity as it is to see the new season's edicts, and commerce holds the field alone. It is a cosmopolitan but fraternal throng that crowds the salons in those days—dozens of American and English buyers, buyers from every populous city on the continent of Europe, buyers from half

a dozen Latin-American countries, buyers from Canada, Australia, South Africa, Ireland and India—Turks, Syrians, Egyptians, Japs, Chinese, even Parsees and Hindoos. Women are scarce among them. They have the common interest of being in the same trade, and they all speak French, and many who have come year after year to these semi-annual reunions are acquainted with one another.

On these occasions the wisdom of the big line is demonstrated, for the tastes of the buyers vary as widely as their languages and complexions. What pleases Tokio will not win a second glance from Cairo, and Montevideo will seldom fancy a model picked by Stockholm. The American choices will all fall within a range of a dozen or fifteen models. In a successful season a *couturier* may find practically his whole line distributed over the earth.

Although no buyer at present purchases exclusive reproduction rights, there are few conflicts. The average American buyer, for instance, will view twenty collections; and, since at most he is going to take home only ten or fifteen models, the chances are slight that he will buy more than one in any one establishment. If, therefore, he finds that some competitor from his city has beaten him to a thing he likes, he simply turns to some other, for there are hundreds of beautiful creations to pick from. He can not tell what novelty will be the big winner any more than can the designer who created it.

In fact, a success for an individual model is as mysterious and unpredictable a thing as the success of a best-selling novel, a song hit, or a long-run play. Each season, however, two or three models of each line will forge ahead as sales leaders, and sometimes one of these will turn out to be a tremendous world winner. Nobody can explain it or foretell it. It hasn't happened in fifteen years that any de-

signer's first choice has scored a big run, although the popular favorites are never models that the designer does not like at all. Some artistic fingers have been burned when designers have bet too heavily on their own predictions. A few years ago Bernard was so sure that a certain new fabric would create a furore that he invested a good many thousand francs in his opinion and bought a manufacturer's whole output of it, instead of taking it on the usual plan of *"à condition,"* but he sold less than a dozen copies of the model which the fabric had inspired.

Probably the most sensational success reached by any individual dress model of recent years was that of Premet's 1922 creation called La Garçonne. At that time Victor Margueritte's novel *La Garçonne* was the best seller in France. When, therefore, Premet's designer turned out a plain boyish-looking little slip of a frock—black satin with white collar and cuffs—it was named La Garçonne in honor of the novel and placed in the line as a probably dependable piece of stock and nothing more.

But La Garçonne caught the public fancy immediately, and in a few weeks its vogue was spreading like wildfire. Premet's themselves sold a thousand original copies of it—an enormous sale for one model—but that was nothing to what was going on elsewhere. The design was promptly pirated in practically every country where French fashions rule. One Paris department store which brazenly copied the model kept an atelier of a hundred sewing girls busy for one whole year doing nothing but making organdie collars and cuffs for the frock. Premet's trade scouts estimated that, counting in both licensed and illegitimate reproduction, a million Garçonnes were sold over the earth.

Successes like this being accidental and pirating easy, foreign buyers at present will not pay the price asked for ex-

clusive national rights, but there is a movement well started in Paris to force them to do so. The head of this movement is Madeleine Vionnet, the only Parisian dressmaker who copyrights her models. She conducts a constant and aggressive campaign against the dress pirate. *"Copier c'est voler"*—to copy is to steal—is one of her favorite advertising lines; and consistent with her business views is her distinctive practise of stamping her fingerprint on the label of every gown that goes out of her house.

Vionnet is in an alliance with a number of celebrated houses which together form an organization pledged to defend French applied art from piracy. It is a close corporation, this society, which arrogates to itself the claim of including in its membership all there is to first-class *couture* in Paris. Since the organization has deliberately excluded such dressmakers as Patou, Chanel, Premet, Callot, and others equally famous, it is unlikely that the commercial and retail gown buyers would support this self-assertion; but nevertheless because the members do maintain that they are the only truly first-class houses, the list of them is interesting. They are the *couturiers* Beer, Cheruit, Drecoll, Jenny, Lanvin, Paquin, Poiret, Vionnet and Worth; and the association also includes Perugia, the bootmaker; Cartier, the jeweler; and Bianchini and Rodier, the weavers.

When the foreign buyer has acquired his models, he must next consider the materials on which so much of the artistic success of these gowns depends. With each model he receives a schedule showing exactly what materials it takes to make it and what French houses supply them. Estimating how many copies of each model he thinks his firm can sell, he buys all the materials in Paris in the necessary quantities and ships everything along to his home establishment.

Every house makes a gala occasion of its retail opening day, with admittance by invitation only, with music, tea and champagne, fine catering, awninged entrances, and everything that goes to make a notable social function. In the old days Paul Poiret's openings were Roman fêtes. His establishment occupied a famous building that was once the hotel for pages of King Charles X, and part of the grounds formed an Italian garden which had decorative trees, nude statues, diminutive hedges, shingle paths, fountains, flower beds and terraced lawns. Here Poiret used to stage the most sumptuous entertainments. He covered the whole garden with a silken canopy held up on poles fifty feet high. Chandeliers and flood lights illuminated the scene. To the music of harp and flute Greek maidens in filmy gauzes danced on the lawns while the host dealt out champagne and souvenirs with a lavish hand. Within the brilliantly lighted salons Poiret's mannequins, many of them celebrated beauties, displayed the new models. Parisian society used to fight for invitations to these affairs.

Nowadays trade opinion is divided over the more spectacular methods of advertising. Even Poiret no longer spends the money he once did on such things. Patou, a newcomer among the elect, is, however, a great believer in entertainment and several times a year invites his customers to functions that they talk about afterward. And nearly every house does something for its clients in a social way.

It is only the climbing and coming-on house, however large its establishment and well-known its name, that sends its mannequins to the race courses on great days to be photographed for the newspapers. The secure inner-circle people prefer to have their advertising in public places done involuntarily by their customers. There are in Paris a handful of women so celebrated for their *chic,* so discrim-

inating in dress, that they are the world's true fashion leaders, a distinction no other women can claim. The smart women of other lands simply wear what Paris approves, but these Parisiennes are the ones who do the approving.

They are few in number, perhaps less than a score—such women as Gaby Morlay the comedienne, Madame Dubonnet, the Duchesse de Gramont, Jane Marnac and Marcelle Geniat of the Parisian stage, and the celebrated actress Cécile Sorel. Wherever any of these twenty go—to Longchamps, to Ciro's or the Ritz, to the opera or first nights at the theaters, wherever fashion congregates—they are watched by scores of appraising eyes, for whatever they wear is style. The Parisian *couturier* could afford to clothe any one of them for nothing, and indeed most of them do get their gowns for a fraction of what they would cost others. No need for word to pass what house made the model at which everybody is looking—an expert can pick a Poiret, a Chanel, or a Beer creation as far as she can see it—for, while style is constant, every house makes its subtle differences which constitute its own fashion.

The wardrobing of Parisian society plays, an expensive thing—special designs, special ateliers, and low prices for the gowns—goes down to the advertising account; for the *couturier's* name appears on the program, and it is regarded as good business. *La couture* is a great believer in printer's ink. The largest advertising company in Paris—the Agence Dorland—is maintained chiefly by its *couturiers'* accounts, and Walter S. Maas, the English head of this agency, is the recognized spokesman for the dressmaking industry.

We have seen enough to give us more than an inkling of how modern style is made. Style is nobody's dictum. The average male idea may be that the Parisian dressmakers

simply get together and decide arbitrarily what next season's fashions will be, but that is not the way of it at all. *La couture*—its designers, its *vendeuses* and *premières,* and all the other temple servitors—hundreds and even thousands of them—are ceaselessly contributing a flood of new ideas to the stream of fashion, ideas tending to progress in one direction or another. In this stage style is a confused thing. But there is an instrument for giving it direction—a jury of award—the Parisian women of fashion whom we have been discussing, whose taste in dress is a heritage running back for centuries. This small group serves as a filter for the ideas from the ateliers. What the chic Parisienne rejects is lost; what she accepts becomes style.

She is always watched by the dress designers, who mingle constantly with fashion. Their expert eyes can detect a new tendency as soon as it gains strength enough to be called one and long before vision less skilled would note any movement at all. That is why the score of actual style creators can go to work on a new season's line of models, each one confident that what he produces will be essentially like what every other one brings out.

If he is persistent the individual designer has a certain power to influence fashion into a new direction, but he is traveling a rough road when he tries it. His punishment is likely to be the loss of money put into models embodying the revolutionary idea, his doubtful reward sometimes that of seeing fashion later adopt the thing with which he failed. Madeleine et Madeleine first brought out skirts with flares, and they fell flat. Two years later every *couturier* was making a few of them. Bernard exhibited a three-quarter length coat when all coats were short and sold two during the season. In two years they were a success in Paris.

Nevertheless the individualists are undiscouraged. They

are always trying to pull skirts down, or push them higher, or to change fundamental lines or silhouettes. The drastic innovation is dangerous. Nobody can tell whether fashion will adopt it. You might as well try to predict earthquakes.

And—the perennial American question—what chance is there of New York becoming the world's style center? The answer can be given with complete confidence—practically none. None at all, so far as this generation is concerned.

As a demonstration of their security the Parisian dressmakers cite the failures of other cities in their several attempts to wrest style supremacy from Paris—the Viennese fizzle during the war, Redfern's disappointing experience with a self-contained branch in New York, Caret's inability to exist independently in London. An even more ambitious effort in New York was that of John Wanamaker, who imported a celebrated Parisian designer and a whole atelier of French workpeople and still could not make it go.

Why has Paris been able to put down so easily these uprisings in the provinces of *couture's* empire? The composite answer of the great Parisian dress creators is as follows:

It is Paris's *"ambiance"* that makes her supreme—her atmosphere—art everywhere, museums, sculpture, the French tolerance of the new and even of the bizarre, the perpetual bubbling of this preeminent city of ideas—ideas everywhere, in hats and shoes and gloves, and even in umbrellas, ideas in furniture, house decorations, perfumery, jewelry, in architecture, in painting and sculpture, in music, in magazine illustration, in motor-car bodies, in hair dressing, in dolls and toys, in a thousand other things. And, in addition, the French legacy of taste in dress and the French genius for dress design—a combination invincible, answers our composite *couturier*.

But if these were the only defenses of the Parisian citadel, New York would seem to be not without hope. Though unlikely, a New York style leadership might some day be possible. The Parisians do not seem to get quite down to bedrock in analyzing their position. They all start off with the assumption that style is something created in Paris. But style, basically, is not that. Style is whatever the women of the world accept. It happens that they now accept and always have accepted the Parisian mode, and so long as this is true, to be out of style simply means to be out of conformity with Parisian style.

And so long as Parisian creations remain the criterion it will be impossible for any other city to compete with Paris. The movement of style never halts. New York, three thousand miles away, can not keep in touch with it; London, four hours away by airplane, can not. Poiret in Paris is supreme; Poiret in New York would be outdistanced in a few weeks.

But it is conceivable, at any rate, that style headquarters might move. New York has a stimulating atmosphere, too, and it has museums, great works of art, and architectural beauties. New York is not devoid of ideas and creative genius. And the Parisian *couturiers* themselves admit that American women in French clothes are as chic as their own adored Parisian customers. Perhaps some great American campaign might persuade the feminine world to turn to New York for its fashions. Then all the Parisian atmosphere, ideas, taste and talent would go for naught. Paris would find it as impossible to be original and still be in style as New York now does, for style then would amount to conformity with the New York mandate.

Fortunately for the great Parisian industry, it has two inner defenses mightier than any its principals ordinarily

mention. The first is that child who stitches ten hours a day in the atelier—the midinette. There are three hundred thousand of her in Paris. Like the grand Parisienne who chooses her gowns in the salon, she too has her tradition inherited from generations of grandmothers—the heritage of craftsmanship. She is working for a great deal more than her wages of fifteen dollars a month, for in her small way she is sharing in the joy of artistic creation. While admiring American tailoring, the Parisian opinion of American work with soft materials is a low one. Before New York or any other city can take the Paris citadel it must recruit a working army of the same quality as the midinette, and the guild feeling is something that is not kindled in a generation.

Even more spiritual is the other rampart. Jean Charles Worth, the designer of the house whose name he bears, touched upon it when he said: "Here we are never satisfied with anything we make. We are always trying to reach perfection."

Worth's, a house approaching its diamond jubilee, and still striving to reach the unattainable! Too bad some clever modern business man can not get hold of Worth's with the marketable prestige of that famous name. We can all see the improvements that would be made—no more of these costly, wistful experiments, but the whole stock standardized down to a few sure-fire sellers, system and efficiency installed everywhere, labor specialized upon small routine processes that unskilled hands could learn in a few hours, models progressing through the assembling department and dropping upon the delivery tables one every fifteen seconds. By these methods the house could cut the price of Paris gowns in two, monopolize the business, and begin to sell a hundred thousand dresses a year instead of a paltry five or ten thousand.

However, *la couture* insists upon being the only one of the world's great industries that prefers quality in its work to quantity production; and as long as it maintains this medieval attitude it is likely, madame reader, to continue to bear the responsibility of telling you what you must wear.

CHAPTER III

FASHION'S HIERARCHS

INTERVIEWING M'sieu' Paul Poiret, who is by several kilometers the most arresting personality in the curious Parisian business of setting women's styles, is something of an adventure. M'sieu' Poiret is big game in his own not unimportant world, and you must stalk him warily.

You pass through salons echoing with the ghostly laughter of Charles Tenth's pages whose palace this building was in last century's twenties—through rose rooms and green rooms, past rooms improvised by black velours curtains suspended on lacings of silk cords, on through typing rooms that once knew only the click of elegant heels on their waxed floors, and so up- and down-stairs until you come to a door—the one behind which Poiret does magic with satins and brocades—and there you bring up short.

What halts you is a square of cardboard tacked to the door on which is rudely but emphatically lettered this bit of timely advice:

DANGER! ! !
Avant de frapper demandez-vous
3 fois—
Est-il *indispensable*
de LE Déranger
?

You translate: "Danger! ! ! Before knocking ask yourself three times—Is it *absolutely necessary* to *disturb HIM?*"

There is something about this sign—that monitory word at the top, or the large capital HIM, or perhaps the query at the end—bigger and more ominous than anything the typesetter can express; anyhow, you consider whether taking thought even twice is not sufficient to persuade you that the prospective interruption of the den's inhabitant may be inadvisable.

Into your head flash little memories of things you have heard about HIM—nothing important—just trifling items like his ungovernable rages, his public quarrels—duels, for all you know—his temperamental frenzies wherein he bursts from this door, dashes distractedly through the salons, and discharges outright some trusted employee to relieve his artistic feelings. At this moment too you are apt to recollect all those stories about innocent journalists who have blundered up to this door at moments which the inhabitant regarded as inauspicious. Their fate was to be violently ejected from the establishment by the hands of none other than HIM HIMself.

Therefore it is reassuring that the private secretary accompanying you evidently classifies the visit as *indispensable,* for he raps and opens the door almost before the surprisingly mild "Entrez" comes from within. And Monsieur Paul Poiret is as distinctive as his sign. Is this the face that launched a thousand ships—presumably all filled with American shoppers bound for Paris? It is a rotund little man before you with a bullet head, a face full of cropped whiskers that the owner's fifty or more years keep from being jet black, hair carefully brushed to conceal the bald areas in the scalp, and small gray eyes set wide apart and

unusually high in that queerly shaped cranium. Other people fall into types—the stranger always resembles somebody you have seen before—but Paul Poiret looks like nobody else on earth.

In America we would smile at a dressmaker setting up as an artist, but in France the fraternity of brush and clay hails the great style designers as brothers. The best in the land have rejoiced to caricature Poiret in wood and stone and ink, for his is a countenance that lends itself to such antics. Being an artist and a Parisian, Poiret shares none of the American horror of dressing the part. His brown velvet jacket is buttoned and permits only a glimpse of the scarlet waistcoat beneath. He wears a low soft collar and a dark green tie. His gray trousers are impeccably creased, and over his shoes he wears spats.

This day the lion is in gentle humor and can almost conceal his dislike of being interviewed. He gets his inspiration here—tapping his forehead—and in *le voyage*—travel—and in something you Americans haven't got: good French wines—*hein?*—and good French cuisine. His tools are only these—and from the velvet pocket is produced a shining pair of scissors. The ideas in his models are his, but Parisian women fix the mode by all choosing the same ideas.

As he talks you look about the studio and discover it to be, with its lay figures and absence of ornament, a workroom and not an artist's retreat. The walls are lined to the ceiling with shelves filled full of pieces of antique fabrics—"documents," they are called in the trade—samples of many an ancient weaving, especially Persian. There is a fortune tied up in these shelves, for Poiret has been collecting all his life, and he has dozens of friends to look out for him on their travels. He probably makes a larger use

of documentation than any other Parisian *couturier,* for many of Poiret's models are made of fabrics which he himself has designed.

This man is the arch rebel of *la couture.* He got his training as a designer with Worth and with Doucet; and then, at the beginning of the present century, he opened his own establishment and proceeded to jar *la couture* out of the ladylike slumber into which she had fallen. His older competitors complacently awaited the day when his artistic excesses should break him, but that day never came. Fashion flocked to Poiret's doors, and he began giving fêtes as gorgeous as his creations. Paris dressmaking has not been the same since. Poiret forced the others out of their conservatism and brought into the art a tang which it has never lost. The years may have toned down his rebelliousness a bit, but his house is still the rendezvous for the woman (whose name is legion) who wants striking clothes.

The house itself is a study in personality—its master's. Almost all the other Parisian *couturiers* go in for neutrality in their salon decorations, but Poiret is not afraid of the surroundings damping the peacock glories of his gowns. His rooms are a riot of color—cerise window hangings, checker-board carpets, black and gold panelings. Even his private office is papered in colossal green leaves of imaginary aquatic plants flung out in no recurring design upon a red background. It is like looking into a paleozoic swamp.

If you see any odd piece of furniture about the place, don't make the mistake of asking Monsieur Poiret if it is an antique. Except for his cherished documents, Poiret loathes antiques. And why should he not? He deals in a commodity as fleeting as breath—style—and in such an establishment ancestor-worship is bad business. You may be sure that anything unusual in the Maison Poiret has been

designed on the premises especially for the house, and probably by Poiret himself.

He produces five hundred or so dress models a year, but these consume only a portion of his time and artistic fertility. He maintains a school for designers, the apprentices of which he trains in the creation of embroidery and fabric patterns—all for the use of the house—and when they have produced a glut of these there are still reservoirs of energy left to effervesce in original designs for furniture, glassware and house decorations.

Martine, the dealer in furniture and art objects on the Rue Faubourg St.-Honore, is, as sophisticated Parisians know, none other than Paul Poiret. Most other Parisian shops of the sort sell antiques; Martine's exclusive specialty is Poiretiques. Everything in the crowded emporium—couches that are simply floor mattresses terraced, startling wool rugs, black furniture queer in line, lamps with uneven shades of crystal beads like fountains falling raggedly, Venetian glassware—everything is designed by this extraordinary man and his paid disciples. You may be old-fashioned enough not to like what you see here; but the true *moderne* who admires free verse, cubist painting, the cave-man hackings that pass nowadays for sculpture, and the Pound-Antheil idea in music, can revel in Martine's.

Monsieur Poiret's antithesis in *la couture* we find in the house of Molyneux in the Rue Royale. Here is another place expressive of the personality of its presiding genius. The dovelike salon is typical of *la couture,* but this one is more dovelike than the rest, for there is scarcely a touch of color to relieve the level grayness of everything—of carpets, curtains, walls, ceilings, furniture, even the employees, who wear gray working clothes furnished by the house. There are few, if any, men executives to shatter the mon-

ochrome. The head of the establishment is a male island entirely surrounded by women—in gray. Within the house there is what the French call the *"tu-toi"* atmosphere—thou-thee stuff—corresponding to the American establishment wherein the employees sweetheart and dearie each other.

It is all quite characteristic of Molyneux himself. He is an Englishman and a young one. When he was a lad not for him were the rude sports of cricket and the football fields; he stayed in the house designing things for dolls. He mentions this point with some pride, as indicating a predestination for the art which he now adorns. In early youth he came to Paris in search of an atmosphere in which he might find expression for the inexpressible things in his soul. Lady Duff Gordon took an interest in him; and before he was twenty Edward Molyneux was chief assistant to Lady Duff Gordon in her Parisian dressmaking house of Lucile.

Genius as she was, Lady Duff Gordon dared to do what no other dress creator has been bold enough to attempt since the decline of Madame Paquin's dictatorship—she opposed her brilliant ideas to the trend of fashion. Out of the wars of the dressmakers style has evolved as a stream to which hundreds of minds are contributing. The true creator can swim with the current and be not unduly troubled; but let him try to contend against it, and he is lost. Lady Duff Gordon has disappeared from Parisian *couture*.

When after the late Armistice Molyneux struck out for himself, he made no attempt to emulate the ways of his teacher. No eyes had seen Lady Duff Gordon's peril more clearly than his own dreamy gray ones. He, too, is a genius in the assembling of dress stuffs, but he goes with the tide. By being brilliant, original and tractable, he has brought his young house up within hailing distance of the top.

"It is in the atmosphere here to create—that is why Paris will always lead fashion." It is Molyneux himself speaking. "We get ideas from a thousand sources—materials, new weavings and shades, and in embroideries and trimmings, even buttons—marvelous buttons. . . . I close my eyes and visualize a woman at Ciro's or the Ritz, watch her coming through the tables or moving on the dancing floor, and see every line of the gown she needs; and then on a mannequin of her type I bring the vision up into reality. Thus I create a dress not for the dress's sake but for the occasion. My evening gowns are not too tight for dancing; I make coats with bridge clothes, because one has to have a coat, you know, of some sort; and I do not show afternoon frocks at Cannes or Deauville, because at the resorts a woman wears only sport clothes and evening gowns. This practical note is the distinctive thing in my work."

Think you that it is an effeminate nature which these words and this setting betray? Well then, where were some of the shaggy wolves of *la couture* during the fuss with Germany? If they were right in their studios designing models, they were doing the patriotic thing; for the French Government made it a part of the war policy that the struggle must not cost Paris her leading industry. And was Edward Molyneux one of the defenders of his mistress art in the hour of her peril? No; Captain Molyneux basely deserted her to lead a British infantry company into the trenches, where he was gassed, machine-gunned, and crocked with shrapnel on various occasions, and in between zero-hour and hospital engagements he was submitting his bosom for the Military Cross and other decorations. You can't tell a man's virility by his occupation or tastes. The unwritten law of war seems to send the tennis stars to the uniform and the pugilists to the shipyards.

If you left it to the American cartoonist, he would probably select Robert Piguet, the designer at Redfern's, as the ideal Parisian dressmaker. Piguet is a tall, willowy young man—an artist of the yearning world-weary type. His narrow face with its slightly flushed cheeks comes to a delicate point at the chin. He has a little red mouth, a ghost of a mustache penciled on his lip, sloe-berry eyes, and raven hair brushed back from the brow. His studio is papered in red, and on the wall over the fireplace somebody (no doubt Piguet himself, for these designers are usually proficient in other arts) has painted a nude sitting girl. Stuffs—both documents and new weavings—are flung over chairs and tables. In this frame works the exotic Piguet.

There is all the difference in the world between him and old Redfern, head of the famous house. Redfern is a bluff grizzled Englishman, veteran of many a style campaign, who has lived most of his life in Paris and some of it in New York, where he once attempted unsuccessfully to establish a branch house. He is affable, approachable, and when he reads anything he sticks a horn-rimmed monocle in his eye.

Redfern it was whom the French Government picked to act as *generalissimo* of the column which *la couture* sent against the petticoat hosts of Vienna in 1918. Only a Frenchman can understand what the national pain would be if Paris were to lose her style supremacy. The Parisians would erect a statue to Goddess Fashion and keep it draped in black, as they did the Strasbourg monument in the Place de la Concorde, until they had restored the divinity to her sanctuary. The Germans, therefore, among their other attacks, drove against *la couture,* and *la couture* rose in her might to defend her position.

The earliest feint of the enemy came before America

and her followers got into the war. The *couturiers* of Vienna announced that they had wrested themselves from the Parisian style oligarchy and invited the buyers of the neutral world to come and see what Vienna had been producing. The buyers, America's among them, went and looked, and took the first trains back to Paris to stock their regular lines.

Defeated in this skirmish, the enemy reserved his most serious onslaught until the spring of 1918. With the whole world now at war, it was no longer possible to bring buyers into Vienna; and the Viennese *couturiers* therefore sent a great exhibition of models to the neutral ground of Zurich, Switzerland, and told friend and foe that the Parisian dictatorship was at an end and that if the world wanted style according to Vienna, which was to be the only style, it would have to come to Zurich to get it. Synchronously Big Bertha was sending her fatal calling card into Paris every twenty minutes, the German military drive was on, and the Nauen wireless was boasting that *la couture* was in flight.

But *la couture,* though under fire, was not shaken. One day a Gotha dropped a bomb into the nest of dressmaking houses surrounding the Place Vendôme and shattered their fronts. Premet's salon retains a souvenir of that occasion—two shrapnel holes drilled so neatly through a mirror that there are scarcely any cracks radiating from either; and under the holes is etched the date: "28 Juin, 1918." Not long before that an air bomb cleaned up the goldfish pond in the Tuileries Garden under Redfern's windows; and the Redfern midinettes bent over their stitching as the spent shrapnel pattered on the roof, and the Redfern mannequins controlled the trembling of their knees.

The Zurich challenge was not to be ignored. General

Redfern, commissioned to lead the counter-attack, recruited the flower of *la couture*—her choicest models, her most chic mannequins, her most persuasive *vendeuses*—and boarded a special train for Zurich, where battle was joined in the presence of the world's commercial clothes buyers. The rout of the mannequins of Vienna was complete. As General Redfern himself said, it was a wash-out for the Austrians.

When Redfern took young Robert Piguet away from Poiret, it was a great business stroke for the house, which had fallen into one of those aristocratic declines which sooner or later overtake all the older establishments when their designers grow conservative and come to regard the latest fancies as just a little bit mad if not actually out of taste. Of course, such a house as Redfern's, which gowned Queen Alexandria and most of the British nobility, can never lapse lower than the plane of dignified mediocrity; but the clients who remain faithful will be older women who have themselves begun to think that the signature on a gown is more important than its lines. But Piguet has brought gorgeous youth back into these salons, and once more the name of Redfern is heard on the lips of the ultra-chic.

An opposite to Piguet is Jean Patou, head of a house which though young is a ripping sensation in the empire of *la couture*. There is no better evidence of Patou's success than the jealousy exhibited toward him—his exclusion from the group of allies around Madeleine Vionnet, the lifted eyebrows at the mention of his name. One can guess at some of the reasons for this trade dislike—Patou's spectacular expenditures of money in adroit advertising; his belief in high wages and (worst of offenses) low prices. Before the jury of the clientèle Patou has nothing to fear. He has tremendous vogue, especially among Americans. He clothes many of the fashionables of the French stage, the Dolly

Sisters among them. You hear ardent women followers declare that the rest of *couture* might perish, and Patou would keep the world well dressed.

Patou is a tall young chap. He has a vibrant bass voice and a clean-shaven face that resembles a powder burn one hour after it has bid farewell to the razor. He affects nothing of the artist in his appearance, and his office is as plain as the man himself—low bookcases, desk, numerous telephones, a desk set of Chinese porcelaine, and a jar of Vichy pastilles. You would never suppose that this smart business man in this office, with its pile of correspondence and its attendant squad of stenographers, creates some of the loveliest things a modern woman can put on her back.

Eminent as he is as an artist, it is of his business ideas that he is proudest, and he has put numerous original ones into practise, such as the daily staff meetings to consider house problems, and the profit-sharing plan that enables seven of his executives to own stock in the company. He was first to extend the bonus system to mannequins. His entertainments for the clients are as closely calculated for their effect on the business as is the elegance of his salons and Patou's own frequent presence on the floor, for he makes a point of personal contact with his customers. His chief business secret is his atelier organization, for he seems to have been able to introduce to some extent the piecework and assembly plan of production.

The trade's valuation of the mannequin as a piece of necessary furniture is not Patou's, who regards her as an important factor in the sales organization. In his showrooms there is none of that posturing so typical of other salons. When Patou is hiring a mannequin and she begins to pirouette, he inquires mildly, "What's the matter, my dear; got the stomach ache?" He wants her to stroll in as if she were in her own drawing-room and unaware

of watching eyes. He says his mannequin Lola is the best in the world. While she is a striking-looking girl, in beauty she is overshadowed by golden-haired Gladys, a Scotch mannequin in Patou's establishment. But Lola sells twice as many gowns as Gladys, and Patou says she can outsell an ordinary mannequin six or seven to one. The reason is her great chic, a seemingly spiritual quality whose value in actual francs and centimes Patou's efficiency department shows to him in graphic business charts.

Most of these ideas Patou gained before 1914 as a designer and executive in several celebrated houses; and he was ready to open up independently with the backing of his family's capital, having even rented his present premises, when the war broke out. So Patou became a soldier on the Western Front and in Salonica instead of *couturier* in Paris, and it was not until 1919 that he was ready to go ahead with the interrupted enterprise. He opened at the top, a position he has never lost.

Another Parisian *couturier* of the same type is Lucien Lelong. He, too, is a young man and his house a young house. His rapid success, taken with that of Patou, indicates the advent of a new era for *la couture*. This new spirit is deferring more to the client, giving greater consideration to her comfort and her feelings, and paying greater attention to the scientific management of the dressmaking plant. It is subordinating the art of dress production to the business of it.

Lelong himself is of slighter physique than Patou. He is of middle height, slender, and has a pair of high square shoulders and a long head on top of which his dark hair is slicked down with brilliantine. He is always plainly but impeccably dressed, and on the street would be taken for almost anything else than a Parisian dress designer.

His house on the Rue Matignon is one of the most

luxurious in Paris, and it embodies many unique features. The saleswomen, for instance, have a private room of their own and take their turns with the new customers. There is none of the usual swooping down upon the stranger. In the second place, Lelong always exhibits his model gowns in artificial light. He is the only *couturier* of Paris who does this. In the other salons the visitors are seated around the walls as the mannequins parade through, and those unlucky enough to be facing windows see mainly a procession of dark silhouettes.

At the time of the afternoon show in the Lelong salon the chairs are placed like theater seats facing a small stage at one end. Heavy curtains cover the windows. The directrice of mannequins, who manages the exhibition, turns an electric switch, and one notices a faint lightening of the atmosphere of the stage. Actually she has turned on masked footlights and winglights of twelve thousand candle-power, but the stage cubicle is enclosed by a semicircle of velours curtains of a gray-brown color that drinks up all the radiance.

It is only when a mannequin parts the curtains and steps on the stage that you realize the intensity of the illumination. She seems to be standing in sunlight, or at any rate in the high white light of a faintly clouded summer day. The effect is gained by batteries of blue-tinted, gas-filled bulbs which illumine the stage. It is artificial daylight. Every hue and shade of her gown comes out in its correct tone.

Every Lelong gown that is to be worn by daylight is shown in such lighting. When evening gowns come to be displayed, ordinary incandescent lights are substituted for the blue ones. And all Lelong day dresses are designed either in actual daylight or in artificial daylight that floods down from powerful blue lamps in his studio.

This attention to scientific detail goes all through his establishment. He is unique in making duplicate copies of the same model dress to fit two mannequins of different physique, so that the customer may see how it looks upon some one of approximately her own build. His house produces a thousand models in a year—and it *is* the house producing them, and no individual, not even Monsieur Lelong himself. His models represent the consensus of taste and opinion of all the designing talent in the establishment.

Unlike other Parisian *couturiers,* he does not encourage the habit of clients, particularly French clients, in demanding changes in the copies of models to suit their own whims. The processes in his workrooms are sharply standardized. Each model carries a specification card that shows to the centimeter just what quantities of materials are required to make it; and any tampering with the model throws the system out of gear. The master of the establishment, in fact, regards his business primarily as a manufacturing enterprise. He believes in honest workmanship—staunch needlework—and it is the boast of the house that a Lelong creation will hold together until its fabrics are worn out.

Every great Parisian dressmaking house has its individuality; but after sunning ourselves for a few minutes in the friendliness of Worth's we shall have time only to taste the flavors of some of the others.

And the name, please remember, is "Vort"—all true votaries of style's Olympus pronounce it that way. Jacques Worth is "M'sieu' Zhack" and Jean Charles is "M'sieu' Zhong Shall Vort." In their salons we come upon the historic beginnings of modern dressmaking. To be sure, Paris has been setting the world styles since Catherine de Medici in the fourteenth century dressed wooden dolls and sent them throughout Europe to serve as the mannequins of

their time. But of existing houses Worth's is the oldest; and here to these genteelly mellow rooms, where Empress Eugénie ordered gowns that made her the first lady of fashion in her day, and to those ateliers back there in which fingers, long since dust, stitched on fineries to lend distinction to historic coronation days, there clings like "faint sweetness from some old Egyptian's fine worm-eaten shroud" the aroma of tradition.

You are likely to hear a denial of the forgotten slander that the panic-stricken founder of the house fled from Paris in a balloon when the Germans besieged the city in 1870. You may hear of the origin of the sash—how Worth got the idea by seeing a Seine waterman with his muffler tied about his waist as a belt. They tell of Worth overtaken by night in Burgundy and putting up at a village parsonage and after the frugal supper being fascinated by a chair upholstered in a faded tapestry the like of which the dressmaker, a collector of such things, had never seen before.

Worth supposed that the abbé would be glad enough to make a present of this tapestry to his illustrious guest, but the good father was deaf to all hints, as he was to all offers of money that then ensued. Well then, a sample—a little patch cut off? No? What difference was a patched chair in a place like this, where nobody ever came? Midnight sounded, but the abbé could not be moved; the tapestry was his, and he would not part with a thread of it. So Worth went back to Paris, and with his marvelous memory for design he reproduced the pattern in a sketch which he sent to a Lyons weaver. Later he had the pleasure of sending the abbé a square of tapestry with the word that the priest might use it to replace the original when that should wear out.

Worth's friendship with King Edward of England is

another house tradition. As prince and later as king, Edward never failed to call on Worth when he was in Paris. But though Worth was intimate with the Prince of Wales and clothed the more fashionable women of the English court, he never made one gown for Queen Victoria. That most moral of rulers would have nothing to do with the fripperies of Babylon.

Although Charles F. Worth emigrated to Paris from England in 1846, it was twelve years later before he opened his dressmaking establishment. Parisian *couturiers* then had nothing more than local fame. One of the best-known was Rouff, in whose house worked a midinette who dreamed of greatness over her sewing much as thousands of midinettes dream over theirs to-day. This child, however, became Madame Paquin, who in her day exerted greater authority over style than any other single person who ever lived. The son of Rouff is now Worth's house manager. In those early days the Parisian woman of fashion bought materials, took them to the *couturier,* and helped plan the gown, much as the average American woman does with her neighborhood dressmaker. Worth refused to work with brought-in materials, but bought his own stuffs and made up model gowns among which his patrons could choose. Thus he laid the foundation for the universal practise now.

At first the fashionable world did not take to the innovation; but one day Princess Metternich, wife of the Austrian contemporary of Bismarck, came to Worth for a gown to wear to one of Empress Eugénie's receptions in the Tuileries. The gown was a sensation at the palace, one of its chief admirers being the empress herself, who lost no time in making the acquaintance of the English dressmaker. It was the beginning of fortune for Worth, who in gratitude

for the empress's patronage fell into the custom of sending her flowers on her birthday, a custom faithfully continued by his successors until the death of Eugénie in comparative obscurity after the close of the Great War.

Not until 1893 did American women begin buying Paris gowns. In that year the Parisian *couturiers* sent an exhibit of models to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in charge of Monsieur Rouff, who secured the first direct American customers. For the next ten years only the richest American women, those who were fashion leaders in the days when New York society was receiving the name of the Four Hundred, were purchasers of Paris models—they and one or two New York and Chicago department stores.

Then came the Paquin dictatorship, the sensational advent of the directoire and empire fashions, and the terrific style upheaval that put an end to big sleeves, wasp waists, and other late Victorian absurdities. The American woman looked at her first pictures of the Parisian mannequin and became aware of Paris as spiritual headquarters. In response to her demand mercantile houses in every section of the United States began sending their buyers to Paris. New York and Chicago no longer held the monopoly in Paris models. Ginsberg's of Omaha and the Bon Ton of Jacksonville jostled shoulders on the Rue de la Paix with Wanamaker's and Marshall Field's.

So it went until after the Great War, when there came another evolution. American tourist travel to Europe jumped to new proportions; and just ordinary folks—wives and daughters of college professors, dentists, small-town bankers, insurance men, realtors, auto dealers, and people like that—discovered that after their experience with war prices at home they were not afraid to look a Parisian *couturier* in the face.

"It is the great change in the business," says Monsieur Rouff of Worth's. "*Luxe* in dress has become democratic. As for the rich American woman of the sort that once formed our exclusive patronage from your country, her first words to us are: 'Don't show me a thing you have already sold to an importer.' "

Twice young members of the Worth family have rescued the house from those slumps that seem bound to occur in a business where youth is served as in scarcely any other. The original C. F. Worth was succeeded by his sons Gaston and Jean Phillipe, who themselves in time went the way of all flesh, bringing the Worth style prestige to another low ebb during the years of the war. Again two young Worths—Jacques and Jean Charles, sons of the now deceased Gaston Worth—were ready to carry on, Jacques becoming commercial manager and Jean Charles the designer. Their uncle Jean Phillipe still comes to the shop and designs an occasional model; but he is getting along in years, and his real function is to serve as an old head watching that the youngsters do not go too wild. Even the skeptics who doubted that one family could produce a true designer in each generation now concede Jean Charles Worth a place among the great. Worth's is again at the top. It turns out more gowns than any other dressmaking house, and its clientèle is the most international.

Try to talk dressmaking to Jacques Worth, and he is likely to insist rather upon telling you about the lovely surgical operation he has just seen. Thus you discover that only the hard fate of being director of the largest style-creating business on earth kept Jacques Worth from becoming a sawbones himself and sending inoffensive folk to untimely graves via the successful but fatal operation. He has everything that entitles him to practise—medical school

degree, natural aptitude, and all—except opportunity, which ironically condemns him to the trade of making it more delightful to live. Whenever the celebrated surgeons of Paris have anything special in the carving line on hand, they invite this exiled brother to be present.

Jacques Worth is the chief fun-maker of *la couture*. Whenever the dressmakers in convention want to be cheered up, they call for a speech by Jacques Worth. His reputation as a wit gives him a prominence in Parisian life that is quite apart from his business position. He is neck-deep in French politics, too. In physique he is of more than average height and running a bit stout, and his hair is thinning back from his gleaming brow.

His brother Jean Charles is taller, slenderer, and a temperamental opposite—quiet to the point of shyness and diffident about discussing himself. He likens designing a gown to composing a poem.

"We read the poem, and its lines seem to ripple off spontaneously; but the poet probably had a painful time of it finding the words that put in the ripple. And the finished poem was probably not what the poet contemplated when he sat down to write. So with designing—you start with an idea and begin draping an actual dress to embody it, modifying it as you go. New ideas come to you, and sometimes the original one is lost altogether; but it may have fathered something better."

At Paquin's, almost next door to Worth's on the Rue de la Paix, there is another tradition—that of Madame Paquin's sole dictatorship in the empire of style. Fashion once simply did not know what to wear until Madame Paquin brought out her season's models; and as for competitors, their plight was pitiful—their models unsalable and themselves faced with the humiliating and costly necessity

of bringing out new lines in slavish imitation of the Paquin mode. Then it was a trade calamity; to-day it would be a disaster—for, as against the small lines once exhibited, it is nothing now for a *couturier* to put two million francs into models in a single year. It is one of his heaviest items of overhead expense, for the return from end-season sales of worn models is negligible. With twenty houses exhibiting on this scale and nearly two hundred others following as far as their resources permit, an individual power to overturn fashion in a single season would soon send *la couture* into bankruptcy.

But the days of dictation are gone—style is subject no longer to conscious direction or violent changes, and the house designer expends his genius upon variations within the mode—and with those days has passed the chief of the dictators, Madame Paquin, from the house whose name she made illustrious. Paquin's is now run by a company, which is keeping it safely among the leading half-dozen houses. The managing director, Monsieur Clement, is also president of the Parisian dressmakers' syndicate, and Paquin's takes the lead in welfare work among *couture's* employees.

Near by—on the Avenue de l'Opéra—is that most Parisian of *couturiers,* Bernard. He started as an exclusive maker of tailored suits, but soon went into the more typically Parisian business of creating frocks and gowns in soft materials. Monsieur Bernard is still head of the firm, but his younger partners are Monsieur Hirsch and Monsieur Judah, the last being the designer. The cozy salons with their bright walls, painted panels, silk window curtains, rare rugs, and delicate gilt furniture have a charming boudoir effect. Bernard, whose clientèle is largely Parisian, is a persistent innovator.

And the women designers who wield such authority in

the kingdom—and first Jeanne Lanvin, who is hard to catch between her frequent inspiration tours. She visits cathedrals, picture galleries, ancient châteaux and monasteries, in a perpetual search for artistic ideas. Few nooks in Europe have not felt her restless feet. Hers is a "one-man" establishment, with Madame Lanvin the autocrat—sole designer, sole arbiter of the policies. Beginning as a milliner in the late 'eighties, she began designing gowns in 1902. Her house was made great by the patronage of the wives and daughters of the early Argentine cattle millionaires, to whom her dress designs appealed with particular force. She now maintains a branch in Buenos Aires, and her clientèle in Paris is predominantly Latin-American.

Time has not checked the rich flow of Madame Lanvin's ideas. *Couture* not offering a field broad enough for her fertile genius (although she added a children's costume department to utilize her surplus fancies), she has gone in for interior decoration, undertaking big contracts. One of her decorative triumphs is the smart Théâtre Daunou of Paris.

On the Avenue des Champs-Élysées next to the Claridge is the house of Jenny, whose full name is Madame Jenny Sacerdote, a not inept designation for this high priestess of style's temple. Madame is a small woman with brown hair and eyes, fond of dressing herself in brown shades mixed with greenish blue, coppery, and old-rose hues; and she customarily wears two or three strings of queer beads—pink quartz, dead turquoise, and such things. She goes out into society a great deal and—such is the kindness of *la couture* to her favorites—owns a villa near Nice and a fourteenth-century château in the west of France.

But she has not always been a châtelaine. Once she was a *vendeuse* with the now vanished house of Bechof-David, and in 1909 she began as an independent dressmaker. Four

years later she had attained the Champs-Élysées. Extreme youth, extreme simplicity—"a smart dress out of nothing"—such is the distinctive fashion of the house of Jenny. Her chief contribution to style has been the "Jenny neck"—the straight cut across the front and back meeting in shoulder points. Jenny is one of the few who contend that the customers have no part in the creation of style. She has many clients, mostly extremely young, from both American continents.

A brilliant, almost blinding gray—that is the impression which Madeleine Vionnet's grand salon leaves with you. The room is as full of impalpable light as a painting of a beach scene. On the dark days the light floods down artificially through the suspended glass ceiling, and on sunny ones it pours in through frosted studio windows along one side of the big room. The whole central part of the floor is covered with a gray wool rug an inch thick, spongy as Scotch turf, with a border of huge splashy leaf designs. The wide steps at either end, flanked by rose trees and leading into the mannequins' and lingerie departments, give the room a sunken-garden effect. With its recessed seats, its semi-backless *fauteuils,* its upholstered stools and benches, its wall paintings of Greek maidens in classic poses and ultra-modern gowns, this salon, every bit of which was designed by Vionnet herself, is the loveliest which Parisian dressmaking has to offer.

Throughout the establishment, which was a famous private hôtel on the Avenue Montaigne, remodeled according to Vionnet's own ideas, you find similar novelty and charm. At the rear she has put up for her thousand work people a modern American factory building, all glass and concrete and embodying such installations as a ventilation system that changes the air every three minutes and a dispensary

that includes even a dental office. The soberest room is madame's own studio where she designs gowns as beautiful and unusual as the surroundings in which they are sold. Here, too, she inspects every garment that goes out, making sure with her own eyes that it is correct before it is sent to the customer.

And when she has approved it she stamps on its label her famous finger-print. Nor does she do this conveniently and cleanly with some sort of mechanical printing device. No, the artistic finger-tip itself comes down on the indelible pad and is transferred into firm contact with the label bearing her facsimile signature. The wet ink leaves its pattern there, and an all-seeing providence has arranged it that no other *couturier* or no other human being of any calling whatsoever has quite that identical trade-mark.

Thus far it has been *la couture* at work; but *la couture* can play, and Paris pauses on the twenty-fifth of November to help her celebrate her chief play-day, the féte of Sainte Catherine, patroness of spinsterhood. Among the French, age twenty-five is quite old enough for an unmarried girl to begin regarding herself as an old maid, and according to the legend all old maids have to help dress Sainte Catherine's hair. So, on the Sainte Catherine's Day following the fatal birthday the spinster must advertise her sad lot by wearing a lace cap with some orange and green in it. Long ago *la couture* adopted this festival as her own.

November dark comes early in Paris's foggy latitude, and with the lighting of lamps the sidewalk crowds thicken with celebrants. But the boulevard horseplay is not the true Sainte Catherine's festivity. The blazing upper windows at Maxim's show where Molyneux is giving a tea to his employees. At Beer's and Premet's in the Place Vendôme dances are in progress. On the sidewalk of the Rue de la

Paix, standing patiently in the rain, is a male crowd gazing up at the solid block of *maisons de couture*—famished Lazaruses subsisting on such crumbs as a girl's figure silhouetted on a window shade. *Agents de police* in force guard the entrances against possible student-storming parties from the Quartier Latin.

In Worth's there is a typical celebration. The grand folk in the salons are holding a dance, but it is in the ateliers among the midinettes to whom this fête more emphatically belongs that we shall find the principals of the establishment. The girls of each workroom have costumed themselves beautifully out of paper, of scraps of cloth rescued from the trash, or of odds and ends teased from the *premières*. In this atelier they are gaudy butterflies, in the next little red imps, then a roomful of pulchritudinous garden vegetables, a fourth exhibiting a progressive history of costume. It is strictly a house affair—no outsiders invited. Each atelier, with a two-piece orchestra and a table of cakes and champagne supplied by the house, is "at home" to itself. For privileged guests, admitted to the family for this occasion, the girls will go through with their programs of fancy dances and songs (which they learned heaven knows when!); or else the whole atelier will fox trot together with the midinettes solemnly chanting, "Yeas-s, ve 'ahv no bah-nah-nahs."

What a din of beaten tinware is coming from this room! It is bedlam when Monsieur Rouff flings open the door. Here the midinettes have costumed themselves as *la cuisine,* but they are now using their kitchen properties to produce just plain noise. Well, they'll hush up pretty quick with the house manager looking in. But that stout figure in the chef's cap and white coat, breathless with laughter, sweat pouring down his beaming countenance as he pounds on

his dishpan—good gracious, it is the eminent surgeon M'sieu' Zhack Vort himself, head of the establishment, now ringleading pandemonium! And in another doorway, uncostumed, but smiling faintly at the hilarity, leans M'sieu' Zhong Shall.

Half past eleven—so read Jean Patou's Sainte Catherine's invitation—P. M., of course, this being Paris—but it is one o'clock before certain mysterious rehearsals going on within the Roserie hall of Luna Park are over and the guests are admitted, and nearly two before the hoop-skirted midinettes (for Patou is reviving the 1848 period at his fête) disappear and the mob pushes back to clear the great dancing floor and give you your first unobstructed view of the wide red-carpeted stairway at one end leading down from the gallery. A fanfare, and brigadiers and grisettes appear to form a guard of honor for King Louis Phillipe, Queen Marie de Bourbon, and their court—personified by well-known Parisian stage people. They take their places on the dais at the opposite end, and the show is ready to begin.

A pause, and then at the head of the stairs stands a debonair beau of Disraeli's time wearing a wine-colored suit of the period—tight trousers, long-tailed coat, stock and cravat, and a wine-color beaver hat of ancient bell shape. It is hard to recognize this resplendent personage as the soberly attired Jean Patou of business hours. Now as court tailor he is leading forward the cohorts of his ateliers to present them. Eight abreast though they march, it seems as if girls will never stop coming down the stairs. Each atelier carries its own banner; and though every costume is of the same tight-bodiced hoop-skirt design, each atelier has a distinctive shade—Atelier Jane's midinettes in pale blue, Atelier Georgette's in cherry, and so on—with a sprinkling of Sainte Catherine caps among them all. These Parisian

sewing girls have done it all—used their evenings to make costumes, and thrown themselves heart and soul into rehearsals that their fête might be an artistic success—and Ziegfeld would have been proud of the spectacle.

Finally when they crowd the floor from end to end and begin to sing their song of homage, colored flood-lights come on; and lavender costumes magically turn into brown ones, green into maroon, and a dozen other chameleon effects. Normal lighting restored, the midinettes squeeze out a central space somehow and all sit on the floor, their crinolines billowing about their ears, to give the guests behind a chance to see the professional part of the entertainment.

Comedians, singers, Russian dancers, finally the Dolly Sisters—all contributed by the Parisian theaters. It is a glimpse of fairyland for these work girls, most of whom have never been inside a first-class theater. Parted lips, shining eyes, and in the midst two befeathered flashing rushing figures—the "Do-lee Sees-stair."

Then general dancing—no waits—one orchestra spelling another and scarcely room to take a step. Even so, papa in his painfully polished boots and stout maman in her best black dress, who admired their Germaine so audibly when she appeared with her atelier, may be induced to tread a measure or two. And it will go on until the late winter dawn; and unaccustomed revelers will mingle in the Métro with the provident returning from early market and the pious from early mass. . . .

There is more to a Paris gown than three yards of material and a few stitches.

CHAPTER IV

THE COMMERCE OF VANITY

In the course of his explorations in Paris, the author of these chapters found himself one day in a factory room which, except for the color of the dust floating in the air, might have been the cake-mixing department of a modern bakery.

Flour there was in barrels and sacks, but such flour—blue flour, violet flour, even green flour, but mostly flour in dull shades of red. The motes that arose as the workmen shook out emptied sacks or dipped from barrels, mingled in reddish-brown mist; but in the air, instead of the smell of browning crusts, were the odors of musk, of amber, and of the attars of flowers.

One of the mixing machines was at work upon a batch, oppositely revolving blades creaming a tubful of crimson batter darkened by some perfumed liquid poured in according to precise formula. Mandarine, the shade was called—an oriental thing. Soon the batch, homogenized, would be carried to an adjoining room where girls with stained fingers would form it into little pâtes rounded upon glass bases. Trays of these would then be taken into hot rooms to dry; and after that—and after the red briquettes had been polished against spinning screens and glued into tiny round boxes with powder puffs in their covers—they would

go into the vanity bags of thousands and thousands of women in all quarters of the world.

For this was face rouge.

A generation ago respectable persons held that paint on a woman's face was the badge of loose character. How is it now? In this factory room the rouge-mixing machine could take a new charge every twenty minutes. Each charge became fifteen thousand briquettes—each one put a rouge box into fifteen thousand vanity cases. Three mixings to the hour, if the trade justified it.

Moreover this (the plant of the Parisian *parfumeur* Bourjois) was only one of scores of Paris factories making rouge. Bourjois was manufacturing it at the rate of eighteen million boxes a year. Coty, Houbigant, Roger & Gallet, and half a dozen others were turning it out by the scores of millions. Paris has no near rival in the manufacture of perfumes and cosmetics, and for nearly every one of her two hundred and fifty producing companies the preparation of cosmetics has, since the war, become a more important branch of business than the making of perfumes themselves.

Thus the mixture in the vat might have been seen as something more than fifty pounds of blood-red dough. It was also a symbol, a peculiarly concentrated manifestation of modern feminine vanity.

We can call it vanity. Actually it is a new spirit alive in the world. Before it ancient prejudices are crumbling; and post-war woman, wherever she may live, is frankly searching for the means of making herself as lovely as she can.

Paris exists to guide her to this ambition, for it is Paris's chief business to enhance the charms of her who has beauty naturally and to bring beauty to her who possesses it

not. It seems sometimes to be Paris's only business. This magical city is said to do something with automobiles and plumbing fixtures and such like, but she keeps such industries hidden in her suburbs and only permits them to betray their presence behind show-windows on the Champs-Élysées. Take these away, and allow also for the occupation of those that feed, house, clothe and amuse the people who live in or visit Paris, and you will find the commercial element of the city almost exclusively preoccupied with the adornment of women. Half the population is dependent upon it for its livelihood.

It has always been so to some extent. Since there has been such a thing as fashion as we know it Paris has adored the chic woman and lent the cunning of Parisian artificers to make her more chic. Not until the close of the Great War, however, did the full Paris idea conquer the women of the earth; and to Paris the conquest has brought an enormous commerce in the cantrips of vanity.

The *luxe* industries, as the Parisians call these enterprises which supply the things of the boudoir, are, in short, flourishing. It is not only to dressmaking—to *la couture*—the showy front of the luxury file, that prosperity has come. Goddess Fashion's handmaidens—millinery, shoemaking, jewelry, perfumery, hair ornamentation, hosiery and a dozen others—are sharing it; and farther in the background the weavers of silk and wool, the embroiderers, the producers of materials which the others use, are warm in the shine of universal feminine favor. The Paris idea triumphant—Paris, backed by the tradition of her style leadership and by her inherited taste and genius and skill, making her fancies fiats in the universe of fashion—hundreds of thousands at work and profiting!

Nevertheless, as a theme for readers its interest would

not rise much above the level of cost sheets and ledger balances did not the Parisian luxury manufacturer succeed in making an art of his business. Never does he become so rich or celebrated that his business ceases to be a personal thing with him, that he does not work shoulder to shoulder with his employees, who may be numbered by the thousand. They in turn recognize in him the most essential man in the place; for these creative enterprises are delicate, dying quickly when their originality becomes dim, and the head of the house is almost invariably the one who, by being the designer, supplies the originality. He is artist as well as business man, and the Parisian practitioners of the fine arts recognize him as such.

In the interplay of the *luxe* industries upon one another style originates, but style, as we have seen, becomes what the women of Paris choose from the bewildering profusion of beautiful things which the *luxe* creators spread out before them. Whether the deepest impulses of style spring from the dress designers or the materials designers is like whether the chicken or the egg came first. The dress designers tell you they get half their inspiration from the materials. The materials designers are no less certain that they are directed by the trends proceeding from the dress designers.

However, a new fabric may influence dress styles even fundamentally. Bianchini's fabric crêpe romain undoubtedly had great influence in bringing about straight lines in gowns. In 1921 the dress designer, Madeleine Vionnet, became the chief promoter of the straight line. She found in crêpe romain a fabric which draped exactly according to her idea. The line became style; and crêpe romain, which incidentally had been created by Bianchini in 1910 but which had fallen flat on the market for eleven years, was soon one

of the most familiar of dress goods, copied and imitated by weavers everywhere.

Wherever style may originate, it must be conceded that the designer of dress materials follows a more uncertain and a more hazardous art than his brother in the dress-designing studio. The latter is creating things to be in style only a few weeks in the future; and so unerring becomes his observation of the course of style's progress that his mistakes and futile experiments are lost among his successes—but the designer of materials must work a whole year ahead of the style. In the spring he has already produced his designs for the coming autumn and winter and is working on materials for the spring of the following year.

How he does this successfully—how at that distance he produces things which whimsical fashion will accept—he himself can scarcely explain, except that familiarity with his work begets in him a sort of second sight. Like the designer of frocks, he haunts the theaters, the race courses, and the smart restaurants of Paris to watch the progress of fashion; but his discerning eye is marking out in a far future the goal he thinks that progress will reach. He has certain mechanical aids—his knowledge, for instance, that probably not again in our generation will harsh, stiff and ugly fabrics be worn. The weavers are agreed that with the advent of bobbed hair and short skirts the day has passed when women will sacrifice their comfort to fashion. He knows, too, that fashion is becoming more and more liberal in granting latitude in the choice of materials, so that any beautiful new design is at least capable of being chosen by the Parisian arbitresses of style. The beautiful new thing may be at first neglected, as crêpe romain was; but the designer's consolation is that fashion is likely to come around to it some day.

Sharp sudden fashions, especially in color or decorative design, usually spring from plain causes like, for instance, the discovery of Tutankhamen's tomb, although Egyptian designs proved not to work up well in modern fabrics and therefore attained no great vogue. An orchid ball at the Opéra in Paris a few seasons ago sent orchid shades sweeping around the world on the backs of women. A much discussed picture in an exhibition of Dutch paintings in Paris—the portrait of a girl wearing an effective blue ribbon—bought from the weaving establishments a flood of ribbons of similar hue.

In the spring of 1924 there was a flurry of red in women's clothes. How did it happen that in the spring of 1923, when nothing red was being worn, the weavers unanimously began producing red fabrics for the spring of 1924? There is nothing mysterious about it, once you know the explanation—it was the Parisian milliners who brought in the red vogue. Milliners for some reason like to make red hats, red had not been worn for some time, and so in 1923 the millinery trade journals began talking red as the color for the coming year. The weavers, who produce for milliners as well as for dressmakers, naturally took notice and in a cautious way produced a number of red dress materials.

Their caution was justified. Parisian women are no longer swept off their feet by crazes as they used to be before the war. In fact their American sisters are to-day much more prone to follow closely a single fashion. Never was there so much independence of designers' dictates as now—a growing independence, too. The Parisiennes did not reject red, but neither did they fall down and worship it; and in a few weeks other bright colors made red frocks on the Paris sidewalks less conspicuous.

It is seldom that the foreign woman shopper in Paris ever steps into the salesrooms of the great French weaving establishments; and it is a pity, too, for there she could see things that would delight her quite as much as the creations paraded in the dressmaking salons on the backs of the mannequins. Sometimes the great of the earth avail themselves of the privilege. Queen Marie of Roumania is a periodical visitor in the Parisian establishment of the great weaving house of Rodier. There she has a special desk reserved for her, and the proprietors spread before her their newest creations that she may take joy in them by sight and touch.

Once they brought to her a new and still unnamed fabric and begged that she christen it herself. It was a tricksy sort of material suited to sport clothes. Queen Marie, who is author as well as ruler, had just finished a story of gipsy life in which the heroine was named Baragladine; and this was the name she chose. It became one of Rodier's leading materials.

The house of Bianchini-Ferier, most celebrated of French silk weavers, facing as it does down the Rue des Pyramides, is one of the landmarks on the Avenue de l'Opéra. Of the partnership Monsieur Bianchini is preeminently the artist and Monsieur Ferier, who is in charge at the mills in Lyons, the manufacturing expert. These two with Atuyer, who died in 1911, founded the firm in 1889. Lyons was weaving silk when Marco Polo voyaged to the East and the bales of raw silk were brought out overland from the unknown Orient, to be levied upon by the Saracens at Suez and brought in high-sterned Venetian ships to Marseilles. It is said that Lyons originally became the silk center because the water there was suitable for dye-mixing; but no other French city, whatever its water supply, can now threaten the Lyons monopoly, for the centuries have be-

queathed to Lyons a breed of hereditary artisans who are the finest silk weavers in the world.

Bianchini himself does not design, but he selects and approves designs submitted to him by his own staff men and outsiders who sell design ideas to him. The staff men work in Lyons. They travel much in a search for forms that have never been used in the decoration of fabrics; and they adapt, recombine, and otherwise freshly treat these forms to make patterns actually new in weaving. As creative work this, of course, ranks much below that of producing new designs out of sheer genius. Yet Bianchini's is celebrated for its designs of outright creation. Monsieur Bianchini buys these in the art colonies of Paris. Painters, even the most celebrated, are glad to submit their ideas to him. He pays the artists what they ask, and this gives them the chance to turn their fantasies into profit. Bianchini calls his regular contributors from Montmartre and the Latin Quarter his stars—*"mes étoiles."*

One of them is Raoul Dufy, a well-known painter of the ultra-modern group whose pictures are sought by galleries, collectors and the most exclusive art shops in the French capital. According to Monsieur Heu, one of the executives at Bianchini's, Dufy is not only a great artist, but he is without dispute the greatest living designer of cloth patterns.

"Monsieur Bianchini himself is so expert," says Monsieur Heu, "that he can tell in a minute whether a design idea has ever appeared in the hundreds of thousands of patterns that have been used in weaving. An ordinary artist may bring in several hundred designs at once, and Monsieur Bianchini is not likely to find over half a dozen that are new and suitable to our purpose. Dufy will bring in twenty, and nineteen will be acceptable."

Rarer than the new design for adorning cloth is the creation of a new weave—some entirely new dress material. Weaving is so old that almost all the combinations of threads that can come out of looms as beautiful tissues have already been found. Nevertheless all French weavers constantly try to invent new materials. In Lyons Bianchini maintains five or six experts constantly experimenting with new weaves. It is nothing for them to spend a whole year fruitlessly, while two or three new fabrics invented in any year is a great achievement. Sometimes, however, they score their triumphs of the weaver's art. Besides many materials less celebrated, the Bianchini experts are the creators of charmeuse, georgette, crêpe romain, and fulgurante—names that were once house trade-marks but which have passed into the language as common nouns.

Contrary to the general opinion, the vagaries of style make little difference to the volume of the weaver's business.

"When skirts are small, less material is used, and prices of gowns are lower," said Monsieur Heu of Bianchini's. "Lower prices make more buyers, and thus it all comes to the same thing with us. Also, when the style is economical in materials, the materials themselves tend to become richer, and that keeps our looms busy on the finer stuffs."

Back to back with the Maison Bianchini is the house of Rodier. What Bianchini is to silk Rodier is to woolens and cottons, although silk mixtures emerge from the Rodier looms, too. There are few establishments in the world more prolific of ideas than the Maison Rodier, which brings out an average of four thousand new patterns and weaves every year. And since the house never goes outside itself for an idea, all this enormous creation comes from the four heads of the firm—Paul Rodier, his nephew Jacques

Rodier, another nephew Henri Favier, and his son-in-law Jean Bignon. Each one creates four or five new design forms every working day.

They hardly know how they do it. Designing has become second nature to them all, and it seems easy—to them.

"It is a thing which we French call *imponderable*—this designing," said Monsieur Paul Rodier, who with his iron-gray hair and beard and his studious eye looks more like a university savant than a manufacturer. "It is in the air of Paris to create; and, when you are trained to search for ideas, almost everything affords them to you. I may be out shooting—a pastime of mine—and a pheasant falls, silhouetted for an instant against the sky. It gives me a form that can work into a design. Or when the poor beast lies dead on the ground, its feathers may fall into an arrangement that is beauty.

"But that is just an illustration. Wherever we go, whatever we do, we are always seeking inspiration. You see us here out on our sales floors, talking to buyers, taking a hand ourselves when the salesmen seem perplexed, and you say to yourself, 'Why, these are just merchants selling cloth.' And so we are—merchants. But there comes an end to every day here in the house; and after that, in the evening, for us it is the opera, the play, music, art, books. . . ."

"No, we really never stop working," put in Jacques Rodier, the nephew. "We come with the employees in the morning and quit after them at night. For them it is the end of the day's work, but not for us. We keep on, turning all our experiences into usefulness for ourselves."

Here he brought out his note-book and showed its pages filled with rough sketches, some drawn in colored crayon, hastily done, as ideas had come to him. And Paul Rodier showed his, too, a similar thing—thick filler in a leather

cover, pages scrawled over with drawings, penciled words, brief phrases—the raw materials of artistic creation. He said that the other nephew and the son-in-law, also carried such books constantly, and that each one of the four had to insert a new filler every month. Each one sent his ideas to the factory and had them worked out in experimental squares of fabric. These samples came in to Paris every morning, and every morning the four designers met and approved or rejected the trial patterns by consensus.

Walk along the Rue Réaumur in the Bourse district and you penetrate the center of French luxury production. A broad canyon with walls on both sides a level seven stories high jammed to their mansard eaves with the makers and marketers of *furnitures pour modes*—feathers, furs, silks, woolens, laces, embroideries, buttons, trimmings—and not just dealers in these things but originators, creators of fashion for the world. Everywhere the same restless search for new forms and new beauties. Out of these establishments pour the thousands of artist-merchants who, mingling daily with the art and wealth and fashion of the city, interknit the mode in everything into one harmonious development.

Here are buttons—for example, the leading Parisian house of Parent, an old establishment. You can read the story of nearly a century of women's dress in the eighty thousand button models in the company's historical file; and new models are being added at the rate of three or four hundred a year by the two Parents, father and son, who are the proprietors and the sole designers in the establishment.

They show you their current sales leader and give you an instance of how almost accidentally the successful design comes about. It was a bit of cheap figured tape bought for some house purpose at a department store; but in its

crude decoration the artist's eye caught a form that pleased him—a little whirl or spiral. He worked this out, amplified it, had it hand-painted on big galalith buttons in shadowy hatching in various color combinations; and it was a big success—thousands of dozens sold.

More interesting than button designing, however, is button manufacture; for this is an industry deeply rooted in the medieval spirit of the guild craftsman that still survives in France and holds to France (because of the quality of its work) her position at the head of these de-luxe enterprises. The French craftsman, the artisan who inherits his skill from generations of forebears who worked in the same materials and with the same tools, is always a narrow specialist. The result in the button industry has been to center in various French communities (mostly near Paris) the making of buttons of various sorts. The town of Beauvais makes the bone buttons, Meru the pearl ones, Pont-a-Moussons paper buttons, while peasant women in the Vosges fashion buttons of passementerie.

Paris herself, however, is the chief button-maker. Here are produced the marvelous jeweled buttons that have such celebrity, and also most French metal buttons of any sort. Paris produces silk-covered buttons, and ivory buttons, and celluloid and galalith buttons. Galalith is a beautiful product obtained synthetically from cow's milk. Fashion favors no button that is not made in France except the brilliant buttons of colored jet. These, the handiwork of another guild, come entirely from the town of Gablontz in Czecho-Slovakia.

To find an even sharper example of inherited craftsmanship in French manufacture we must look at the making of combs. French combs are and always have been such a superior product as to be almost beyond the competition

of the combs of other countries. Now, of the millions and millions of French combs that have been and now are being exported and sold throughout the earth, every one has come from an obscure village in southeastern France close to the foot-hills of the Alps—the town of Oyonnax. There is no other place in France where combs are made at all, and Oyonnax makes nothing else—it has no other occupation.

Oyonnax has been making the combs of France since the barbarian Gaul women, touched by Roman civilization, bethought themselves of ornaments for their hair. Oyonnax made combs for the coiffures of the queens of France from Marie de Medici down. Oyonnax makes them now for the modern Parisian queens of fashion and for their millions of obedient subjects. At first Oyonnax worked in such crude materials as bone and horn and wood. Exploration opened up the seas, and then came shell as a commodity. Modern chemistry developed celluloid, and that largely displaced shell. These events have made epochs in the history of Oyonnax.

All the five thousand inhabitants of Oyonnax, down to the small children, are comb-makers. Once they worked entirely in their cottages. Now the trade is so large that some of the big Parisian comb companies have established factories in Oyonnax. The factory of Auguste Bonaz employs half a thousand work people, and there are two or three others nearly as large.

But you can not get the finest craftsmen into the factories, and so the most beautiful of the French combs still come from the Oyonnax cottages. The factories make only ordinary stock varieties, and for fine combs turn out blanks and send them to the cottage craftsmen to be finished. Specialization is drawn out to a wire edge. The inmates of one

cottage will understand only the application of gold to comb material, but they will understand that better than anybody else that lives. Another cottage will occupy itself exclusively with setting brilliants into patterns on combs; a third will work with seed pearls. Each craftsman is jealous of his own particular skill and teaches it only to his own children. These specialists are well paid, and prosperity dwells in the town.

Style in combs—that is, an advancing style—is pretty much a development that has occurred since the war. Combs used to be manufactured simply in types, with little change year after year. Now the comb designers bring out new lines of models every season, aiming to produce combs in harmony with the prevailing mode in clothes. The bobbed-hair craze worked a revolution in comb design, sweeping the big decorative Spanish combs almost off the market and substituting small fine-toothed combs of exquisite shape, color and adornment.

While France is dotted with specialty communities like Oyonnax and the button towns, it is in Paris that you find the *façonnier* (as the lone home workman with some beautiful and rare talent is called) most numerous. The venerable district known as the Marais—once in the days of swords and chivalry the residence of the great aristocracy of Paris—now houses in its tenements hundreds of craftsmen with curious specialties, all guarding their secrets and keeping them within their own lines of descent. Only in Vienna does such another colony exist, and in their guild communities these Continental cities retain the two chief pools left by the long-vanished tide of the Middle Ages.

There is a man in the Marais who knows better than anybody else in the world how to mount stained lizard skin upon ivory. The umbrella makers have a demand for this

product, and yet in no Parisian umbrella factory is there any workman whose output compares in quality with that of the *façonnier*. Consequently the umbrella people have to beat a path to the tenement door of the man who works in lizard skin better than anybody else. He has taught the craft to his four daughters but will not hire a single outsider, although he might make much money by increasing his output. He prefers to keep up his quality—and to hold the umbrella-makers waiting for months to get their orders filled.

There is a man who carves dogs-heads out of boxwood better than anybody else, although he has a near rival in a certain Viennese expert. And the Marais teems with workmen of his sort. From here come many of the most beautiful carved briar tobacco pipes. Here is done exquisite beadwork admired the world over. In bare-floored and dingily lighted tenement apartments are produced wondrous pieces of jewelry. The Marais district indeed is the chief source of those unique objects of beauty which find their way eventually into shop windows along the Rue de la Paix and Fifth Avenue and which are known under the generic name of *articles de Paris*. When a person buys one of these objects, he acquires a bit of that medieval quality which stands represented to-day in the carvings on Gothic cathedrals, in still sturdy walls a thousand years old, and in treasures of jewelry, glass, furniture, armor, and dozens of other classes of antique articles that enrich the Continental museums.

The men who continue into our high-pressure times the leisurely guild-spirit of the Middle Ages scorn to exploit their fine artistry for mere gain. They let the commercial world find them out and make it none too easy for that world to do so. They do no advertising and have no marketing system at all of their own devising. Their wares

From a painting by A. G. Warshawsky. Reproduced by courtesy of the Minneapolis Art Institute

RUE DE LA PAIX

reach the public through the medium of brokers who have to spend years searching out the *façonniers* and their different specialties. The brokers sell to the commercial luxury buyers from all the great cities of the globe.

Meanwhile the guildsmen refuse to be hurried by this insane modern rush for the products of their handicraft. They toil peacefully by day, guarding their secrets, teaching them only to their children, and putting out nothing until they are willing to pronounce it finished. Only occasionally does one yield to the temptation for gain and become an *industriel,* and even then he will not go far with it. Four or five workmen at the most are all he will admit to his calling.

At night the *façonniers* gather in little cafés along the Boulevard Sebastopol near the ancient St. Denis gate to sip *vin blanc,* smoke their pipes, and play tric-trac with drafts on the backgammon boards or *manille* with the cards. To these cafés must come those who would deal with them, to catch from the gossip clues leading to craftsmen yet undiscovered. To certain of these cafés, too, come swarthy men from the East carrying loose in their pockets such things as pearls, bits of queer glass, faded old Mecca beads, pieces of raw amber, and other materials in which the craftsmen work. Bargain and sale go on. It is hard to imagine one's self in the heart of modern rushing Paris.

A wide acquaintance with the tenement craftsmen enables William P. Wilson, the Parisian umbrella designer, to be the success that he is. Wilson is an Englishman who has lived most of his life in Paris. Out of his little bandbox of a shop in the Rue Duphot came the original short, thick umbrella which revolutionized the style. He designed this in 1915, when skirts were extremely short and the long umbrellas carried with them jarred upon Wilson's artistic senses.

This man follows closely the ever-changing fashion in clothes and brings out umbrellas to conform, although the conformity is principally in covers, borders and tassels. It is in his umbrella handles that Wilson shows that he has no little of the medieval feeling himself. He haunts obscure antique shops and the queer little markets and fairs that Paris is always holding; and there he picks up such things as monks' beads, rosary boxes, little vases, old leather scent boxes, and anything which his eye tells him can be worked into umbrella handles.

These he takes to the craftsmen of the Porte St. Denis district, and between them they work out the designs. It is interesting to learn that a single umbrella handle may have to go to the home shops of three or four *façonniers* before it is finished, for not one of these workmen will step a hair's breadth off the narrow path of his own specialty. The handle of monks' beads will go to one man for the mounting of the beads themselves, to another for the gold bands between the beads, to a third for the ivory disk capping the handle, and so on. You have to know your people to get such work done.

But our interest in the guild workers has taken us away from the Bourse district without a visit in the embroidery factories, wherein are to be seen some of the loveliest things that come from Parisian hands. In a house such as that of Lefranc & Cie., which seldom sells anything outside the ten greatest dressmaking establishments of Paris, you see these triumphs and hear something about the embroiderer's art. You hear how the designer has practically a free hand, since anything that is new and beautiful in embroidery is always in style. You learn about the vogue for embroideries which arose partly as a reaction from the poverty of the war days, but is due more to women's passion for exclusiveness, since embroidery on a gown makes it exclusive.

The embroiderer is not like the weaver, having to set a machine to a new pattern and then turn out a large quantity in order to keep the price of the goods within reason. It makes no difference to the embroiderer's needlewomen what pattern they work on, and the embroiderer therefore makes only a few copies of each design—sometimes only one copy. He buys lengths of cloth from the weavers, embroiders them, and sells them to the dressmakers to use as they choose. He is one of the most prolific creators in the Parisian industries.

Monsieur de Monaco, partner and one of the two designers at Lefranc's, had something to say to those who bemoan the decadence of the embroiderer's art.

"We can make to-day as fine embroideries as were ever produced. The reason we do not equal the museum pieces nowadays is simply that of cost. The museum specimens were usually owned originally by kings, who had only to command and the work was done for them. This house has made court robes for the English, Spanish and Italian thrones, but nowadays even a king puts a limit upon expense. The French embroiderers used to take a year to make a king's robe; we have to turn one out in fifteen days."

Hats, shoes, furs, gloves, jewelry—it would require many pages to tell how Paris designs, sells and sets styles in them. A whole chapter might be written about French jewelry alone, and another about furs. The milliners and the shoe designers run their establishments about as the dressmakers do—with season lines of models from which the customers select and have duplicates made to fit themselves. A big millinery establishment like Leontine's at full season employs a hundred work girls in the ateliers behind the gorgeous show salons—fashioning hats at tables with mirrors

in front of them, so that they can try the hats on their own heads as they trim them. The house operates a kitchen of hotel dimensions and a dining-room in which the employees are fed at lunch time.

Incidentally Madame Leontine is one of the business romances of Paris. Many of the smart Parisian milliners have had friends to set them up in business, but Leontine went to the top by her own effort. Once she was a midinette lugging big flowery hat boxes about the Paris streets. Then she learned the milliner's trade as a work girl in Rebaud's on the Rue de la Paix. As a *première* and chief of an atelier at Esther Mayer's she displayed her designing genius and attracted to herself the big personal following of clients that enabled her eventually to open her own beautiful establishment in the Rue de la Paix, with the windows of its salons overlooking the Place Vendôme. The prices of hats at Leontine's range from eighteen to thirty dollars in the American equivalent, although an insistence upon feathers will run the price higher.

Madame Julienne, whose shoe shop is in the Rue St. Honoré just off the Rue Castiglione, will tell you that the shoe designer follows the hardest *métier* in the *luxe* industries, partly because a shoe is so small, affording little space on which to work, and for the rest because the shoe's basic lines must be always the same season after season—because it always must fit. Novelty being denied by change of line, the designers must get their effects by the use of new materials and by fresh treatment of old ones. Nevertheless Madame Julienne succeeds in bringing out about one hundred and seventy-five new shoe designs every year. Parisian shoes are designed to be in harmony with the style in clothes; and in this Madame Julienne is particularly fortunate, for her husband is Monsieur Rouff, the house manager at Worth's.

Just as we have seen changes occurring in some of the other *luxe* enterprises since the war, so in that most typically Parisian of them all—the manufacture of perfumery—we find a new attitude and a radical new trend since the signing of the Armistice. Before the war the plain scents of flowers—essences of rose, violet, lilac, and what-not—the scents which the perfumery trade knows as "florals"—were most in favor with fashionable women everywhere. Smart Parisian women used to obtain individual scents by mixing various florals, about as the finicky male pipe smoker mixes his own tobacco. The fashion has died out, and the perfumers themselves are producing new odors more ravishing than any ever diffused from flowers. The French *parfumeur* is trying to outdo nature herself, and he thinks he is doing it.

However easier it is to change the basic lines of woman's dress, much easier it is to create new fabrics out of which dresses are made, than it is to produce a truly successful new odor in perfumery. The simple substantiation of this statement is the fact that whereas since the middle of the last century women's styles have drastically changed again and again, and whereas the looms have produced scores of marvels in fabrics, the successful scents created by the French *parfumeurs* in that period can be counted on the fingers of both hands.

There are in fact only nine of them. Three—Roger & Gallet's "Violette de Parme," Gerlain's "Jicky," and Bourjois' "Manon Lescaut"—were in fashion fifty years ago and have survived. Houbigant created his "Ideal" at the close of the last century, and it has continued in favor. No new success appeared until close to the end of the war, when fashion grew tired of flower odors and the *parfumeurs* began their present effort to produce delights surpassing na-

ture's own. Houbigant brought out his amazingly popular "Quelques Fleurs." Coty, the only great French *parfumeur* who did not inherit his business, developed "l'Origan" and "Chypre," both lasting successes. Carron's "Narcisse Noir" and Bourjois' "Mon Parfum," newest of all, complete the list.

It should be mentioned, however, that Madame Chanel, the dressmaker, has a new perfume, her "Number Five," which connoisseurs believe has every quality to give it title to the small company of the elect. As we have noticed, nearly all the Parisian dressmakers sell their own brands of perfume as a side-line. The extravagantly artistic Paul Poiret insists that there should be a special scent for every gown, but few *parfumeurs* go along with him that far.

What constitutes a really great perfume that it is so hard to produce? We can let Monsieur Thibault, the chemist-artist at the Bourjois factory, answer that question—in indirect discourse. A great perfume must in the first place be *distingué*. That is, it must "fit" a woman of fashion, so to speak, be characteristic of her, and give her an aura that carries a sense of preciousness with it. Secondly, it must be *raffiné*—subtle—something rare and exotic—a quality such that a woman smelling the scent for the first time will long for courage to ask the woman shedding it where she bought it. If she knows Paris, however, she will not ask; for however willing the chic Parisienne may be to tell who makes her hats and frocks, she will guard the secret of her *parfum* as she would the secret of her past, if, as often happens, she has one.

Then, the great perfume of the ideal type must not be found in nature, but it must be based on nature, and it must be more entrancing than any scent found in nature. The nostrils need not recognize the odor as one ever experienced

before, but they must recognize the odor as capable of existing in nature.

After these esthetic considerations comes a mechanical thing—the chemical difficulty in securing such a combination as a commercial possibility—and this is the rock on which almost all the perfume experiments come to grief. Marvelous scents the chemists obtain in the perfume laboratories, but scents most of which are destined never to be smelled by nostrils other than those of the experimenters; for the combinations that produce these new and ravishing odors almost invariably prove to be impermanent ones. Subtle changes go on, changes which the chemists themselves do not fully understand. The experts call it "drying out." The perfumes change scent altogether, or lose odor and become faint; and from a commercial standpoint it is fatal for a perfume not to retain a level quality year after year. It was the chief defect of the straight "florals" that they became weak with age; and this instability of perfumes explains the failures of the thousands of ambitiously launched brands that disappear from sight after a few seasons.

It is to obtain the element of permanence that the experiments must go over such a long period. The chemist has to keep his mixtures for months at a time, watching and testing them and, when they change, trying to find out why. And when the chemist has a combination that seems to have struck equilibrium, then he must wait months and months to make sure.

Monsieur Thibault, who does those things for Bourjois, is a tall, big-boned, long-faced and clean-shaven individual, spare of speech, and having the contemplative calm of a philosopher—as different a man as may be from the American idea of a Frenchman. His employers, Messrs. Paul and

Pierre Wertheimer—who incidentally own the celebrated race-horse Epinard—inherited the business from their father, whose father was partner of the original A. Bourjois. The company is one of the oldest in France. It originated rouge in Europe, importing it from China, where it had been used for many centuries. Before the advent of rouge the European women applied dyes to give themselves artificial complexions.

A trip through a great French perfume factory throws light on many a curious fact bearing on the vanity of the human animal in his various haunts on earth. The business office tells us that there are ten thousand shops in Paris selling perfumes exclusively—more, probably, than in all the rest of the world put together—and fifteen thousand Parisian coiffeur establishments which sell them as a side-line. You learn that talcum powder is almost exclusively an American product, both in manufacture and consumption; that thousands of chic French women bathe in water seldom but sponge daily in eau de cologne, a fact accounting for the enormous quantities of that product consumed in France; that a good eau de cologne must be aged in the wood for years, like wines and spirits, before it is mellow.

Then, on in the factory itself, are other things to be seen and heard—and smelled: storage rooms filled with the raw materials of perfumes—the so-called "bases," several hundred of them in variety—jars filled with oils, or attars, of flowers—"greases," as they are called in the business—greases of violet, rose, mimosa, jasmine, bergamot—the animal bases civet and musk—and amber and other fragrant products of the balmy East. Among these elements the chemist searches for his new combinations.

You learn that the most excellent attars, or flower greases, come from the sunny town of Grasse in the French

Riviera; that Bulgaria is the greatest producer of attar of rose, but that the much scarcer Grasse attar is regarded as superior; that there is something in the soil of the Grasse gardens that makes flowers there more fragrant than elsewhere; that flowers, as well as grapes and wine, have their vintage years, and their years of failure, too, when because of blight or adverse weather conditions the blossoms do not develop or lack perfume. For this reason it is only the great manufacturing houses that can keep their perfume qualities uniform, because only the wealthy house can afford the millions it takes to carry the base stocks in quantities ample for blending.

Then on into the workrooms—women pouring hot scarlet fudge into shining brass molds, their quick fingers a few minutes later flipping out the cooled greasy lip-sticks upon trays, whence soon other fingers will insert them in gold containers for vanity cases. Other women pouring inky fudge, which will be eyebrow pencils.

Powder-mixing rooms, choking with redolent dust—one machine, mixing powder scented with the perfume known as Mimi Pinson, mixing it exclusively for the olive-skinned women of Havana—several million boxes of this powder sold in Havana every year, and not another box anywhere else on earth. Manon Lescaut powder for New York; Java powder for the Orient; Bouquet Aida powder exclusively for tattooed, beringed women of the dark Sudan. Black skin or white, half naked or clothed in the latest triumphs of Paris, women everywhere using the arts of the French in their quest of charm!

Rods of soap, all colors and all scents, moving into stamping machines—thump-thump—dropping out as trim cakes sleek and lettered. Rouge of many sorts—violet rouge to give a transparent look to the skin in artificial light—

ashes of roses and mandarine for Europe and America—bright scarlets for slant-eyed yellow girls along the China Sea. Last of all, the perfumes themselves in rooms laden with sweetness—poured by hand from tall copper pitchers into bottles like jewelers' creations.

It is the heart of the traffic of vanity. It calls up a picture of the whole commerce of it—ships steaming away from France, their holds filled with cases and crates—rich stuffs, silks and satins, downy woolens, embroideries, laces, gowns and hats, furs, feathers—adornments all, bedeckings for the women of the world. And the inbound freight, raw materials—naked men plucking live plumage in steaming African swamps, bales of worm-spun silk in tramp steamers wallowing in tropical monsoons, caravans freighted with wool crossing bleak Asiatic deserts, hands red with wet and cold lifting rotted flax out of Irish bogs, turbanned merchants collecting amber along hot noisome coasts, half-breed hunters mushing out of the North on snowshoes beside their packs of furs lashed upon dog-sleds—all coming to Paris to be touched by the magic of the French designer.

It is one of the great traffics of the world.

CHAPTER V

AN APERITIF ON THE TERRACE

It is, one must grant, primarily a woman's city we are observing. Paris's chief and most characteristic concern is with the outer adornment of women. But Paris has a secondary passion and one to which she devotes almost equal artistry—the inner garniture of man.

At this point, therefore, our chapters must turn from themes intimate to women and enter a domain in which the suppressed male—thus far only a mute spectator in these shopping excursions, marveling perhaps at fineries he has seen, but actually knowing nothing at all about them—can lift a voice of greater authority.

In short, it is time to eat.

Prohibition is three thousand miles away; and so we can, with no violent shock to our principles, dine in the Continental fashion. That means a wee drop of something appetizing before we look for a restaurant. What shall it be? We can remain incorrigibly American and have cocktails, which we can obtain either in our hotel or at one of Paris's numerous French-owned "American bars." We can find cocktails also in a hundred varieties at a certain American saloon that exists in Paris—one of the last few genuine American barrooms remaining on earth.

With America dry, these law-abiding pages will afford

no clue to the location of this exiled place beyond assertions that it is in plain sight from the entrance to Ciro's restaurant and that its owner's name is Harry. It is, however, a saloon of the legendary type down to its smallest details.

Harry's place has everything once familiar in America—a lipped mahogany bar so well oiled that the beer slop leaves droppy streaks under the wiping cloths, a brass foot rail, a free lunch of pickles and cheese and crackers, all the usual hootches on the shelf, several white-jacketed bartenders expert with cocktail shaker and full of pharmaceutical advice of a gray morning, swinging front doors, a back room where the boys sit, a mahogany-framed bar mirror decorated frostily with soap at Christmas by one of the last bar artists left in the world, and (also at that festive time) a big bowl of Tom-and-Jerry on the bar surrounded by china mugs—everything.

We shall not, however, visit this establishment for our appetizers. It will serve only as a contrast. There is a better thing for us to do—a Parisian thing. We shall go to an institution of another sort, one that exists in hundreds and thousands of examples in Paris and superficially seems to resemble the saloon, though actually as unlike it as day is unlike night. We shall go to a Parisian café and there order *apéritifs*.

But we must be careful in what direction we turn our steps. Many of the big down-town cafés, crammed usually with foreign tourists, are no more typical of the French than are the swagger terraces along the Champs-Élysées. It is in the outlying neighborhood café, the café of the districts in which French people live, that we shall sip our drinks and at the same time observe an intimate and important phase of French life.

It is profitable recreation. Any one who would know

Paris must give attention to the Paris café, for there he finds the Parisians. Parisians spend a great part of their unemployed time in cafés. The study of cafés in Paris is a piece of research not to be accomplished in a day, but it is one conducted under such pleasant conditions that nobody would wish to hurry it anyhow.

To get at the thing scientifically, a person should note first the café's physical appearance and general scheme—how it consists of three principal departments: the barroom, the interior assembly rooms, and the outdoor terrace. To be sure, some Parisian cafés are so low, so unambitious, so utterly callous to the pleasure and comfort of their clients, that they do not go in for terraces; but we shall not waste a second glance on such. They are mere guzzling places. Our café must have a terrace, even though it be only wide enough to admit of a single row of tables jammed back against the building wall.

In strict truth, the Parisian café terrace is not a terrace at all as we understand the word, but only a section of the sidewalk expropriated by the café *patron* for business purposes, with municipal sanction and no doubt following the payment of the inevitable fees. It is only one of many commercial uses of the Parisian sidewalks. There is nothing the stranger notices sooner on his first visit to the French capital than the part played by Paris's sidewalks in her trade.

Parisians use their sidewalks, as we have seen, for their neighborhood vegetable markets, and also for flower markets on permitted days at the Madeleine church and elsewhere, for the Sunday morning bird market on the Ile de la Cité and along the Quai de la Mégisserie, and for the old-clo' market in the Square du Temple. There are the famous book stalls on the sidewalks of the river quays, and on the

down-town sidewalks the equally well-known newspaper kiosks. Department-store proprietors use the sidewalks for their bargain tables. The showmen who make a perpetual round of the Parisian neighborhoods with their street carnivals, set up on the sidewalks their steam swings, their gingerbread booths, and their merry-go-rounds—the "wooden horses," as the French children call them, although they are oftener rabbits or elephants or gilded-horned cows with waggish tongues curved out of their mouths. At Christmas and Easter red-cheeked merchants, who keep themselves mysteriously hidden the rest of the year, haul out wooden shops on the sidewalks of the Grand Boulevards facing the plate-glass fronts of the regular establishments and there sell home-made candies and toys.

If this occurred in America no doubt the Defenders of the People would thunder against such encroachment upon the People's Streets, but the Parisians do not seem to mind it. Their sidewalks are broad, and as a rule there is plenty of room for trade and traffic both. Her extensive use of sidewalks for business and amusement gives Paris the appearance of being a city living perpetually out-of-doors.

Of all the commercial occupiers of Parisian sidewalk space, the most extensive are the café and restaurant proprietors. Their terraces cover an untold acreage of sidewalk. The restaurant terraces are usually screened behind privet trees growing in green boxes that are set back against the wall when the tables are removed at night, but the café terraces are open to the public gaze.

There is scarcely a street in Paris so short and so narrow that it does not display at least one café terrace, even though it be a terrace with only three or four tables. On the broad avenues the terraces are so numerous and so conspicuous that if a person's only glimpse of Paris were to be taken

from a taxicab window speeding through from the Gare du Nord to the Gare de Lyon, he would be justified in thinking that the capital of the French knew no home life whatever but was a city almost exclusively engaged in consuming food and drink and in the commercial supply thereof.

When he has secured his sidewalk terrace concession, the Parisian café proprietor next proceeds to enclose and shelter it against winter tempests and summer heat. This he does with an awning and with end windbreaks which range, depending upon the pretentiousness of the place, from mere painted wooden partitions to great slabs of thick glass held staunchly in ornamental wrought-iron frames. The windbreaks can fold back on hinges against the wall in hot weather; but it must be exceedingly hot, for the French dread drafts as they do serpents. On the glass the café, if it has a restaurant department, posts noon and night its bills of fare, that the passer-by may appraise the menu both as to toothsomeness and as to its suitability to his financial state.

The overhanging awning reaches from glass end to glass end, sloping downward from the window-ledge level of the second story—a gentle slope when it is a big terrace thirty or more feet wide. The canvas is held taut by hinged rods resembling braces of a one-man auto top, and it always seems to be new canvas, and it is usually tan in color. Along the awning front is hung a valance on which is lettered the name of the place, the name of the beer it sells, whether it has a restaurant, and certain other data, including that most important item of whether the proprietor holds a concession from the French state tobacco monopoly to sell its wares.

To the chorus of lamentation raised against the practises of the French tobacco régie let still another voice be added. American smokers are pampered at home. They can buy the pernicious weed in any drug store, at any news

stand, in any restaurant or hotel, at almost any grocer's, and at other sorts of places, not to mention of tobacconists themselves. In Paris, if we disregard the scant half-dozen down-town shops dealing exclusively in tobacco, you can buy smokes only in cafés—and in mighty few of them.

The régie seems to give out its monopolies as political favors and without much thought for the convenience of the consumers. Almost invariably it will not be the big fine place on the boulevard that holds the district concession but some little struggler three or four blocks away around the corner. A smoker's first duty to himself upon taking up a habitation in some new part of Paris is to spend the day or two it takes to locate the nearest tobacco counter, or even any tobacco counter at all. And to the stroller no experience is commoner than to run out of cigarettes in some strange quarter and then to walk exasperated miles in search of solace, the while thinking hard thoughts about all socialistic experiments in life's necessities. No wonder the café *patron* lucky enough to secure the concession, head-lines on his awning the word TABAC in his biggest and blackest letters. It brings in many a customer.

Beneath the awning the *patron* sands the sidewalk and distributes tables and chairs over it in rows. The chairs do most to make the terrace conspicuous, for they are made of brilliantly painted strips of cane plaited—orange strips, yellow strips, violet strips, strong green ones and strong blue ones—but with orange nearly always the predominant note whatever the combinations. Orange is much the most favored color among French decorators. Artists think of Paris as gray-white, but the frequenter of Parisian cafés and of the salons of small Parisian hotels brings away a memory only of orange.

Many of the terraces display tables with orange-hued

tops, too; but whatever the color of the table tops, they are always round and of genuine or imitation marble bound with brass or nickel-plated rims and are supported on iron pedestals with three feet. Here and there through the terrace are nickled spheres on low standards, and the upper hemispheres of these fold back as lids, revealing them as depositaries for soiled napkins.

In winter a deeper valance is sometimes tacked to the awning, bringing the apron of it down so low that a tall man has to stoop to get under it. The big round charcoal braziers are brought out and fired. They glow brilliantly at dusk and radiate a genial but sulphurous heat; and with the deep awning to hold in the warmth and the end shelters to keep out the wind, sleet may drive upon wet pavements and biting fogs close down upon shivering mankind, but the terrace will be as cozy as the vicinity of a winter camp-fire.

Next to the terrace in interest is the bar. The French barroom shows none of that guilty feeling which its deceased cousin, the American bar, once betrayed and its curtailed and restricted relative, the British pub, now manifests—namely, by concealing themselves behind swinging doors and opaque glass. On the contrary, the French café proprietor would undoubtedly set up his bar right out on the sidewalk, were it not for the difficulty of guarding it against thief and robber during the brief hours of inactivity. Finding it infeasible to do that, he does the next best thing and sets it up at the front of the café and usually facing the sidewalk. Then he makes the barroom itself a shallow cubicle with a front composed almost entirely of doors which magically disappear when the café is open for business. Thus the bar is so exposed that it might as well be on the sidewalk itself.

As to screens, frosted glass, and that sort of thing, it

would never occur to the *patron* to think of such concealments, there being in his mind no moral obloquy in entering his establishment and drinking there. Also, his café is what its name indicates—it sells coffee, and it sells more coffee than any single alcoholic beverage. In the *patron's* view, there would be just as much sense to drinking a cup of coffee in hiding as in any furtiveness about taking a glass of beer or wine.

And among the French, at least, drinking in a café carries no obloquy with it. French women visit the neighborhood bars almost as much as men—honest virtuous women of the community—housewives, store keepers, and shop girls and stenographers pausing on their way to and from work to snatch hot coffee. There are few Parisian cafés, even in the poorer quarters of the city, in which any woman tourist would not be safe in entering alone, if she chose, and taking coffee or any other drink. She would be subjected to no comment or other annoyance. The customers at the bar would think nothing about it at all.

The bar itself in the typical French café is narrower than the old American bar used to be. It usually has a zinc top, but sometimes a marble one, and it is usually built along a symmetrical curve. It almost always lacks the brass foot-rail and sometimes the bar mirrors that were such conspicuous features of the American saloon. The back part of the bar fixture, except for brass taps and beer pump, is of zinc. There are sinks for the washing of cups and glasses, zinc draining-racks for their drying and for the overflow of beer glasses (scraped off with a black rubber ruler, just as it used to be in America), and a cistern with a zinc cover perforated with large holes through which bottles that need chilling are let down into an ice-water bath below.

The rear counter, behind the barmen, is occupied by

From a painting by A. G. Warshawsky. Now in possession of J. Wideman Lee, Jr., Esquire

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX

shiny steaming coffee urns, piles of cups and saucers and glasses, and shelves on which stand rows of bottles with green, white, amber and brown contents. These are the stronger drinks which the café sells—the *apéritifs,* the spirits and the *liqueurs.* Most of the *liqueurs* are brands known the world over. Of the spirits, it should be noted that they are extremely expensive in France, except for brandy, a domestic French product, and rum, which is imported from the French colony, Martinique. Scotch whisky sells for prices that, to an American, are high and to a Frenchman prohibitive.

But even were the prices of spirits low in Paris, the true Frenchman would not drink them as long as he could get his beloved *apéritif.* The French *apéritif* has none of the rending ferocity of the American cocktail (which, by the way, most Parisian barmen mix surprisingly well) but it gives the same result. Moreover it is cheap. Some of these *apéritifs* have a high voltage. Nearly all are palatable. However, except for one or two varieties once sold in a few French restaurants in New York, the *apéritif* never crossed the ocean, nor has it ever spread widely over Europe. It remains a French thing.

Absinthe, of course, was known in America, but not as an appetizer, as the French used it before their government excommunicated the poison. That ante-prandial period each evening from five to seven o'clock used to be called the "green hour" in Paris from the quantity of green absinthe consumed then on the café terraces. The French have sedulously observed their absinthe prohibition law, and there is little or no bootlegging of contraband absinthe.

But France since the Armistice has discovered a substitute for absinthe which may account for the complete success of the prohibition law. The substitute is made from anise,

and it has the licorice taste of absinthe and much the same appearance, in that it turns to a chalky opalescence when mixed with water. Its manufacture is getting to be a tremendous business in France. Fortunes have already been made out of it. A dozen anise brands are on the market, and new ones appear constantly. The advertising of all of them crowds on the Parisian bill-boards the posters of the divorce lawyers. The anise *apéritifs* are extremely powerful, and those who have sampled them testify to a dreamy effect from them—a fact which gives rise to a popular but perhaps erroneous belief that they contain some of the narcotic principles which led to the banishment of absinthe. At the *apéritif* hour in post-war Paris you see more Frenchmen in the cafés drinking anise than any other alcoholic beverage except beer.

But there are dozens of other *apéritifs,* each with its vogue—cassis, a black-currant sirup which is mixed with vermouth and siphon water to form a pink, tart and only mildly alcoholic drink; mandarin, a charge of liquid dynamite derived from orange peel; picon, another tanglefoot; a host of bitter tonic wines, quinine being their medicinal ingredient; and lemon, grenadine and *curaçao* sirups for sweetening various *apéritif* mixtures.

And the grogs and rums, betraying their cane origin in their taste—winter *apéritifs* these, drunk steaming hot with sugar, and a slice of lemon, and only mildly intoxicating, because the heating drives off the alcohol. The French set great store by hot grog as a preventive of influenza. The most celebrated is "grog Américain," a drink never known in the United States, although every French bottle of it displays the Stars and Stripes on its label.

All in all there must be forty French *apéritifs,* with possible combinations of them almost numerous enough to give

every Frenchman his individual potation. The American visitor in Paris seldom makes their acquaintance, for they are a subject too intricate to be mastered in any brief time. They play, however, an important part in the daily alcoholic experience of the French people.

Besides drinks most Parisian café bars dispense food in light varieties suitable for late suppers. Such cafés usually publish the word *soupers* on their awnings. Certain viands are common to all of them—onion soup, pork and sauerkraut, sausages, calves' brains, hard-boiled eggs (often with colored shells like Easter eggs), and sandwiches. This borrowed word, however, the cafés invariably spell "sandwichs"; and to eat a Parisian café sandwich, which is made by concealing a slice of ham in the heart of an iron-clad bun known as a *petit pain,* you need farm-harrow teeth, the assembled sandwich demanding great jaw spread and power for its clean severance.

Besides these stock commodities many cafés in winter serve various shell-encased beasties. There is no surer harbinger of autumn than the appearance of the brown oyster baskets in front of the Parisian cafés. The baskets are set on low tables with rush screens in front to make them look like counters. A few cafés go in for fancy-priced Belon and Marenne oysters, but the great majority stick exclusively to the humble Portuguese varieties. The Portuguese oyster is a green, gelatinous mollusk, paper thin in parts and having a metallic flavor that improves with familiarity. Paris frightens itself annually with the report that the *Portugaises* harbor typhoid germs. Nevertheless the Parisians are so fond of them that they consume great quantities, and the oysters are cheap—ten to twenty cents a dozen in the equivalent—and abundant.

With oysters, come into favor at the cafés those black-

shelled tender yellow mussels called *moules.* They are steamed and served hot in their liquor, shells and all. The cafés also serve snails—and beware, oh, friend, of the café snail! Unless it is properly prepared that Burgundian tidbit is about as digestible as a mouthful of rubber hose, and the places in Paris where it is properly prepared are few.

No sooner do the oysters appear, it seems, than out on the terraces of many cafés come the chestnut roasters. These are big round black stoves of sheet iron, fire pit below for charcoal and roasting pan above for chestnuts—nuts big as buckeyes and (when raw) as hard to digest. From time to time the chestnut man lifts the lid and stirs the nuts. Shells crackle and blue smoke puffs up. He roasts also filberts and peanuts, selling them in newspaper bags of home manufacture.

Behind the café bar stand two or three blue-shirted and blue-aproned servitors as unlike the starched and enameled philosophers who used to preside over the American bars as may be imagined. The French bartender looks like a laborer fetched in from the paving gang. One would never think of making a confidant of him or of soliciting his professional opinion upon one's ills. He has a frowsy head, a chin that needs shaving, hairy arms, stubby fingers and black nails. He washes his cups and glasses in a way to horrify an American inspector of soda fountains—in infrequently changed cold water and without soap or rinsing. Nevertheless he is quick, skilful, good-tempered and obliging.

If the *patron* holds a régie concession, his tobacco department adjoins the bar. The tobacco counter is in charge of a maiden who is usually black-haired and buxom and whose chief function it is to look haughty, pretend to misunderstand your French, and insist that you pay your money in such denominations that she can give you back your

change in even franc and half-franc pieces. There may be twenty customers waiting to be served, and Pallas of the cigarettes may have a change drawer overflowing with big and little sous; but if any culprit making a purchase amounting to three francs and sixty centimes dares tender her a five-franc note in payment, she insists on ten centimes more and waits in frigid calm as he searches his pockets, her manicured fingertips tapping the marble impatiently and the throng of the unserved milling in rage behind. But if a protracted hunt fails to turn up two sous, then she opens the cash drawer wrathfully, makes change in a jiffy, and lets the guilt-stricken customer understand that he probably came up to the counter on purpose to annoy its presiding divinity.

This tobacco-stand girl is an unpleasant young person, but she has a compeeress at the ticket window of every subway station in Paris. The first-class Métro fare nowadays is sixty centimes, another odd amount that gives the change harpy opportunity to demand two *petits sous* in addition to the *franc jeton* offered. The two sous will sometimes be demanded regardless of the length of the line at the window or the quantity of sou pieces on the glass shelf. *C'est l'habitude en France.*

Yet we must not be too severe upon these worthy girls. They shine as models of obligingness beside that black-aproned female in the Parisian branch post-office who fills a page of a blank book writing down the names and addresses appearing on the last batch of special-delivery letters—thirty in all—before noticing that you are there to buy a stamp.

And she in turn yields in queenly indifference to the trifling affairs of the rabble to another of her own sex and approximate age who holds forth at the Parisian railway stations making advance reservations of seats. She, too, is

always writing in a blank book; but she seems to be some sort of official historian of the line charged with the duty of setting down in her own deathless chirography the daily adventures of the rolling stock, car by car. As soon as she finishes the chapter she gives you a hard look and asks you what you want. She pumps you for information, listening critically to your French pronunciation; and when the conversation lesson is over she tells you that you will have to make out an application blank—a *fiche*—and waves you away to a table on which is stacked a pile, or school, of them.

When you have complied with the exactions of the *fiche* as to your age, color of eyes, number of prison terms served, or some such data, you return to the window and find yourself set back twenty-two numbers and the lady historian now engaged in getting up her source references.

She would hold the gold medal for exacerbation were it not for the functionary—a male—in the police commissariat who holds you three hours before he gets around to the three-minute job of noting a change of address on your identity card. Or the surly individual who warns you off the sidewalk when exterior building repairs are going on. Or the Parisian concierge, whom any other people but the long-suffering French would long ago have exterminated with pogroms and St. Bartholomew nights. Or any number of other servitors whom the traveler meets to his sorrow.

But why pile up unpleasantries? Let it go that the French man or woman is rare who can hold a subordinate job with momentary power over the public and not work that power to its disagreeable utmost. It is one of Paris's marvels that her charms triumph so serenely over the annoyance of her tyrannical underlings.

The tobacco-counter girl in the café sells various things—

American cigarettes, for instance; the kind you walk a mile for, the ones that satisfy, and the kind toasted—at prices about double those at home, so staunchly does the French tobacco monopoly protect itself with tariff duties. She sells also British cigarettes, and notably "Eezh Leaf" cigarettes, the Parisian way of saying "High Life." She sells at terrific prices certain excellent American and British brands of Turkish cigarettes and at reasonable prices good medium-grade oriental cigarettes made in Belgium.

But more than all these put together she sells of the régie's own cigarettes, the "Gaulois" brand, which for sheer lack of tobacco quality are probably unrivaled on earth. They are made of tobacco grown along the Potomac in Maryland below Washington, a crop which the régie buys outright every year and fashions into villainous smokes put up (according to strength) in yellow, blue and red packages and therefore known simply as Jaunes, Bleues, and Rouges. Not only the French but a surprising number of English and Americans in Paris seem to like them. Their cheapness may be what recommends them.

She also sells pipe tobacco—the régie's own Maryland brand, which is beneath contempt, and several familiar English and American brands. Her cigars, however, are good—imported Havanas, and not dear.

And then she sells postage stamps—half her customers, wise creatures cured of the post-office habit, come to her for them. She sells post-cards and stamped envelopes and that convenience, the *carte pneumatique,* which, folded, sealed, addressed and dropped into a special box at the post-office, is whisked through underground tubes to any sub-station and delivered to destination within the hour by a bicycle boy—a much more satisfactory means of communication than the Parisian telephone.

Where are the letter boxes in Paris? A person coming from America or England is quick to notice that omission from the Paris streets. At first there seems nothing to it but to take your letters to the post-office yourself or tip the hotel *chasseur* to do it; but gradually to the explorer Paris reveals some of her true conveniences, and one of these is the post box which is an adjunct to every café tobacco counter. It is a modest inconspicuous slot half hidden in the exterior wall beneath the tobacco window; but the mail is collected from it every hour, and it does just as good work as if it were a mail box tall as a lamp-post and painted red as a three-alarm fire.

If hauteur presides at the tobacco end of the café bar, at the other end—the fiscal end—sits majesty. It is the *patron's* wife who occupies the four-legged backless throne, high enough to permit her glance to sweep over the cash register and into the farthest confines of her empire. In physique she is, with her rich lines, but the fulfilment of the promise implied in the figure of the cigarette girl—and indeed in her own youth she may have been a cigarette girl herself; for what is more natural than that René the waiter, when he has saved enough out of his *pourboires* to set up his own place, should marry the girl displaying business acumen at the tobacco counter? Apparently it is impossible to run a Paris café without a wife. A capable one supervising from the cash desk is a piece of equipment as necessary as the bar.

Though it is an ample figure on the café throne, it is a firmly contained one—held in, hard in outline, surmounted by a head equally cameoesque, with a pair of snapping unhumorous eyes and an unfrivolous coiffure in which not a gray hair shows. From this august quarter there is no menial condescension toward the clients. Her majesty at the cash desk meets the patronage eye to eye, with even a pleas-

ant retort and a cold-chisel smile for the favored; but her mouth is ever the tight-lipped mouth of commerce. Any perforated five-centime piece that can escape her vigilance deserves its liberty.

In comparison with his consort the *patron* seems to occupy a subordinate place in the establishment. His is a reception-committee sort of post, soothing the neglected, taking a hand at the beer tap during a rush, circulating among the guests, passing a word with friends, and generally displaying a good nature which lacks the dangerous undertone of his wife's. He wears no apron or other badge of office but dresses in a dark suit, goes bareheaded, cultivates a heavy mustache, and carries in his eyes the look of eagles.

He is lord not only of a terrace and a barroom but of certain interior rooms which as to size, shape and number depend upon the space available and the builder's exigencies. Attached to the walls of these rooms and running around them are leather benches, with tables and chairs in front of them, and above the bench-backs all perpendicular areas are plated to their last possible square centimeter with mirrors. One gets the idea from the cafés that the manufacture of mirrors is a major industry in France. At night the rooms are almost blindingly lighted—lighting that the mirrors accentuate—and the terrace also is strongly illuminated by arc lights hung under the awning.

In these rooms the *patron* provides the materials for entertainment—cards (together with brightly colored woolen mats on which cards and counters can fall without slipping or sound), checkers, dominoes, backgammon boards, chess boards and chessmen. No charge for any of them. He also maintains a newspaper file with the daily papers and current magazines. The use of this also is free. You can consult gratis the café's business directories or the tape issuing from

its news ticker, you can listen free to its evening orchestral concert, and at small cost use its telephone booths or billiard tables. The café gives its clients free slips—*billets de faveur*—affording reduced prices at the movie theaters and circuses. In whatever combinations these facilities and amusements may be provided at various cafés, it is the universal rule that the café will supply free to any one ordering a drink, pen, ink, paper and envelopes for correspondence, together with portfolio and blotting pad. Thousands of Parisians write all their personal letters in cafés, and in some cafés there are letter racks for incoming customers' mail.

Parisian cafés specialize themselves to the wants of their customers. There are some in which curbstone jewelers meet their clients, some in which the pocket brokers in queer commodities gather for barter and exchange, some in which the craftsmen of the Marais tenements assemble. Houses and apartments are rented and sold in cafés, auto schools are conducted from them, bicycle clubs and sporting clubs have free headquarters in them, the chess clubs meet in them and conduct their tournaments there.

To know Parisian café life you must observe it around the clock—from cockcrow to the after-midnight closing. Not that all cafés close so late. Hundreds of the little ones put up their shutters at nine or ten o'clock, and their *patrons* go virtuously to bed; but the bigger places remain open until one or two in the morning, depending upon how much their proprietors pay for their licenses. If they pay enough, they can remain open all night, as some of the big downtown and Montmartre places do. Hundreds of cafés buy special all-night licenses for such special occasions as Christmas and Bastile Day. Sunday to the Paris café means only an increased patronage.

Visit the café at dawn of a spring morning when the sun

is sending a slanting radiance across the terrace. Early as you are, René and César, the waiters, have beaten you and have already lugged out the terrace furniture, opened the doors to blow out the reek of the common rooms, and are slicking up the place as fast as brooms and dustcloths will do it. Over the terrace they strew sand or sawdust, dipping it from portable wooden sandboxes and broadcasting it as a sower does seed. Then they attack it with pushbrooms, sweeping clean aisles and leaving under the tables what appear to be rugs of sand cut into symmetrical shapes. Such anxiety that each aisle shall be fleckless, each sandy margin sharp, each straight line beyond reproach, the precision of every curve absolute! No gardener could take more pride in his paths.

Choose a table where the pattern-cutting is accomplished, and César will bring you your *petit déjeûner*—brown, featherweight, spongy brioches warm from the oven, and a big glass of *café au lait,* its gleaming surface so conserving of heat that the coffee remains scalding hot even against the nip of a spring morning. If the race of tourists knew the goodness of Parisian café coffee, there would be wholesale desertion of hotel breakfasts taken in tousled, sleep-heavy bedrooms. The hotel breakfast—a tough roll, a pat of marmalade, a potful of either corrosive sublimate or colored hot water—there seems to be no mean—yclept coffee, and a pitcher of membranous hot milk! But the café coffee, it is another thing. It may not derive from the Brazilian berry—rumor hath it indeed that it is pure chicory—but it is fresh and hot and just strong enough; the heated milk has been rid of the chiffonlike cloggings which boiling develops; and the two ingredients together form a brown fragrant drink which is the nearest approach to the genuine American breakfast article that man can find in Europe.

It is an hour when Paris is in an electric mood. The sun feels good as your clothes drink its warmth, and Paris is having her shining morning face washed. Motorized batteries of flushing and mopping carts thunder past, leaving a clean but slippery pavement behind them, next to be followed by foot auxiliaries armed with fagot brooms who flood the gutters from hydrants debouching through slots at curb level, directing their streams hither and yon with burlap irrigation dams. Each oncoming tide bears on its muddy crest jetsam of cigarette stubs, abandoned bus tickets, burned matches, twigs and leaves; but just behind the cradle-swung broom of the sweeper it clears suddenly to the limpidity of a mountain brook; and cats come down to drink of it, early shopkeepers wash out their dust rags in it, the unfastidious make their morning toilets there, and concierges scoop it up by the bucketful for the lavage of their halls and areaways.

You eat your brioche with the zest which morning air gives to appetite, you warm your interior with a second glass of coffee, you light cigarette and open your Paris edition—a pindling thing you thought the four-sheet affair when you first saw it, but one that has grown in magnificence with the fading of your memory of thirty-page American dailies. After all, it gives the essential news; and you read the things tourists read in Paris—first, of course, the exchange rate, and then the weather, and after that the comic strip, the arrivals in Cherbourg, the Daily Walk in Paris, and the other familiar features.

You give yourself frequent intervals for basking and watching Paris getting about its daily business—the bakers' push-carts full of long thin loaves corded upright, the flower women arranging spring blooms in the corner stand, the Métro entrance swallowing passengers, milk tumbrels with

seven-foot yellow wheels and skeletal yellow bodies carrying deckloads of battered cans and clashing overflows of them slung underneath.

None of your tourist's indolence pervades the café barroom at this hour, for there workaday Paris is grabbing its *petit déjeûner* and grabbing it on the run. Of all repasts swallowed by peoples of the earth, this one is the swiftest. It consists of a glass of *café crême* and a tubular roll known from its waxing-moon shape as a *croissant.* The *croissant* is of a crisp flaky texture, and if one attempts to eat it dry it explodes into flying fragments at every bite. It is, however, not eaten dry—it is dipped into coffee. It is not only good form in Paris to dip one's *croissant* but practically necessary. It is a bun specialized for dipping. Its crescent shape enables it to hang balanced over the rim of the coffee glass, one end absorbing moisture, while its owner employs both hands to turn the page of his *Petit Parisien.* The thirsty substance of the *croissant* works fast, getting utterly coffeelogged long ere any newspaper page can be turned. Three dips and three bites finish off a *croissant,* three more swallows engulf the remaining coffee, and the breakfaster jumps for underground or omnibus and is off for the day's toil.

Except for a slight *apéritif* and coffee stir at lunch time, from the end of the breakfast rush until five in the afternoon the Parisian café belongs to the outdoor workman. They all come in regularly and frequently for their white wine—lime-dusted plasterers, taxi drivers, delivery men, postmen, porters, gas-meter readers in company uniforms, even an occasional policeman. Parisian laborers are said to spend a fifth of their wages for white wine over the café bars.

At five the café really comes into its own; and from

then until late at night there is a steady crowd, first of *apéritif* drinkers, then of after-dinner coffee drinkers, and finally of evening beer drinkers. It is the waiter's harvest time. He staggers among the tables with tray-loads of coffee, China tea, linden-flower tea called *tilleul* and verbena tea called *vervaine,* with beer, with *apéritifs,* with *liqueurs,* and—with *soucoupes,* those little round saucers so typical of French cafés.

They are of uniform size, the *soucoupes,* but have rims of different colors, and upon each is boldly kiln-burned the price in centimes of the drink which the *soucoupe* accompanies. The price figure is for your information; the corresponding rim color for the waiter's. Every drink is served upon a *soucoupe;* and if new drinks are ordered, new *soucoupes* will be brought to join their predecessors. Thus your stack of *soucoupes* becomes your current account with the café, and the waiter can stand at your table and tot up your score merely by running his eye down the rims.

However, it is hard to induce him to tot it up. If you wish to be served with drinks, he can hear your *"Garcon!"* half-way across a noisy terrace; but let him get the idea that you desire his presence in order to pay him, and he will resort to any device to evade the issue. Wave your money in his face as he passes, and he will "toot-sweet" you and promptly forget his promise. Try to catch his eye from a distance, and he will pretend to look elsewhere. There is only one way to bring him to his knees. Get up as if you were going to leave without paying. Then he will dart from his hiding, a model of smiling courtesy, and will add up your amount, give you your change, thank you for the tip, and bid you au revoir as if there had been no unpleasantness about it at all.

Evening after dinner is the best time of all in the Pa-

risian café, for then the bourgeois French families come out of their apartments, and you can see French life more intimately than anywhere else outside of French homes. There is stout mustachioed *papa,* with his gold watch chain and his war or honor ribbon tied in his lapel; there is domestic *maman,* wearing black and having just a shadow of a mustache on her lip, too; there are the two little girls, aged twelve and ten, each with a silky braid down her back and each dressed exactly like the other; and finally (on a cord) there is the family dog.

In the summer such family groups sit on the terrace, the children having small glasses of wine or beer, or sirups with sodawater, or a greenish-yellow synthesis credulously thought to be lemonade. The elders have taller drinks, but they all manage to make one apiece do for the whole evening. In winter an even larger number of complete families turn out, but then they crowd into the steamy but undeniably warm interior rooms. And after a while one gets to know why so many are there. It is cheaper to sit in the café and drink than to keep home fires burning with coal at several hundred francs a ton—and much pleasanter.

When terraces are crowded come those who have goods or entertainment to hawk—news women, flower women, lone violinists, lone accordionists, lone vocalists, sellers of roasted peanuts, sellers bearing trays of candied plums upon sticks, of nut brittle, fondants and pastes, tarbouched Orientals offering silk rugs in screaming colors and in patterns in which human and animal motifs prevail, Indo-Chinese selling sculptures cut from horn, bone or soapstone. *Soucoupes* stack up on the tables of the convivial. Waiters thread the throng —waiters familiar and probably impertinent if the truth were known, but any impertinence is in slang so outrageously Parisian that no alien understanding can grasp it.

Within, under the fierce light, the orchestra plays an occasional piece. Along the walls, as unmindful of the Bessemer-furnace glare as they are of the throng itself, sit the lovers, arms around each other. And the throng is equally oblivious to them. It is used to public love-making in Paris. It sees it daily—in the Métro stations, on the river quays, in the parks, along the sidewalks everywhere.

There is the young childless couple sipping beer and both reading current paper-bound romances with contents that fail to live up to the promise of their sensational titles. There are the letter writers, the chess players, the backgammon players rattling their disks, and the family card party—father, mother and grown daughters, the girls cheating their male parent openly and outrageously, and he pretending to grumble as he hands over the centimes he loses. And at eleven the music will cease and they will all go home except the absorbed few who remain to help the *patron* close up the place.

In France there is a growing prohibition movement that may yet cast out the brandies and other strong waters after the proscribed absinthe. But not the most ardent French prohibitionist has ever suggested that the café be abolished. Foreigners in Paris marvel at the number of the cafés. If they looked closely at French life they might be astonished at a corresponding dearth of other institutions which in other countries are common—a dearth of clubs, for instance, and of secret societies—a dearth of French equivalents for Masons, Elks, Rotary Clubs, and various other familiar American enterprises in organized social contact.

All peoples require such contact. Their café supplies theirs to the French. It is their club. It is the poor man's club and the rich man's club and the prosperous middle-class man's club. It is, in short, everything the American saloon professed to be and was not.

CHAPTER VI

THE ADVENTURE OF DINING

In Paris there are two ways of dining. The easier way, and necessarily the commoner with the hurried tourist, is to sit down amid familiar surroundings—in one's own hotel dining-room, or in some central, conspicuous, and much-patronized restaurant wherein you hear more English spoken than French. In such places you are apt to dine well—but without excitement.

Then there is the other way. You can make dinner an adventure.

Paris holds out rich reward to the explorer of her eating places. The Parisian dining-out habit sustains thousands and thousands of restaurants. The field of research is broad. It sometimes seems as if one might spend a lifetime in Paris eating every day in a different place and never twice entering any one establishment.

To find excitement, however, one must know where to look for it. It is not to be met with—not the true excitement of discovery—in the score or more of celebrated Parisian restaurants whose recipes have been copied by chefs the world over and whose guests ordinarily dress in evening clothes. It is true that you get distinguished fare in such establishments, but so do you in celebrated restaurants of New York and Chicago and numerous other American cities.

Nor do you find excitement in the several hundred medium-priced restaurants of the inner, tourist-trodden precincts of Paris. You find good food in them, food that will grade somewhat better than that served in medium-priced American restaurants; but the adventurous dining experience, never.

That you must seek farther on. There is a third class of restaurants in Paris, numbering thousands, the ones in which the Parisian masses themselves take their meals. Often small, unpretentious, or secluded, they pepper Paris from Villette to Vaugirard, from Vincennes to Neuilly. There is no quarter of the city so mean that it does not exhibit a generous quota of them, no side-street so alleylike that it does not maintain an eating place or two; though in either there be room for only half a dozen diners at once. These thousands provide for the prospector of good things to eat an inexhaustible placer of gastronomy.

Parisians of all classes are apt to be finical about their table fare. Even the taxi drivers—especially the taxi drivers, one should say, for in Paris flourish scores of restaurants advertising themselves as chauffeurs' resorts and enjoying the chauffeurs' patronage, too—know what is what in food; and other sorts of laborers have a taste for quality in what they eat. The result is that the obscure, outlying restaurants of Paris strike a level of excellence that American establishments of the same grade do not attain at all.

It is, however, only a level, an average maintained by restaurants of all degrees of merit. Not every one is excellent. Even in Paris you come across detestable beaneries the memory of which you blot out as soon as you can. Such places are to be regretted, but they are nevertheless necessary to the adventure of dining in Paris. They are the perils that lend it piquancy. If every prospecting pan gave

the shine of pay dirt, gold-hunting would lose its lure and gold its value.

Few there are who can remain long in Paris and not succumb to the universal passion for searching out for one's self new and unknown places to eat. A sojourner is plagued by the certainty that along this same lode, which so often disappoints him, lie hidden nuggets waiting to be found—unsung genius presiding over kitchens and creating ravishments for the hungry that the master chefs of the Opera quarter might envy. Or if not a culinary triumph, then it will be some other delight, some intimate touch of service, some picturesqueness in surroundings or company, to make the meal charming and to turn your steps back to that establishment again and again.

And when you have found such treasure, you straightway become a miser with it. You lock the secret within your bosom and never divulge it to more than one or two choice friends. This is a necessary selfishness. To advertise the hidden jewel of a dining place is often to ruin it by influx of custom.

Adventure being the theme and the tale likely to stray toward the picaresque it is fitting to begin on a creepy note and consider that secret and (for some) sinister band of Paris known as the Hundred. Wherever men of a certain numerous profession in France get together, there are the deeds of the Hundred talked about. The band pursues its ends with inflexible justice, enriching those upon whom its favor falls, blasting others who bring down its vengeance upon their luckless heads, but swerving never through influence or pity.

In these equivocal sentences, however, lodges all the shuddering to be evoked by the Band of the One Hundred. Admittedly it is a confederacy trafficking in espionage; but

nevertheless we are not here dealing with white-faced listeners at keyholes nor yet with camorrists carrying hushed death in their daggers. We confront instead ninety and ten prosperous middle-aged Frenchmen, most of them with unsleuthly whiskers growing genuinely out of their chins and most with ample waist-lines and red, pendulous lower lips. They are the captains and commanders of the noble army of French gourmets, the members of the celebrated Club des Cent of Paris.

In its early days the Club of the Hundred was a much more secret organization than it is now. To-day it is an institution of Paris—its dinners public events, itself a force in French life. Louis Forest, one of the most noted of Parisian journalists, is the club's president; and the other ninety-nine members do not conceal their names. On the contrary, a membership in this exclusive society is an enviable thing. Many a prominent Parisian lover of food would trade anything but his good digestion to belong to it.

Though its activities have expanded, the Club des Cent nevertheless still pursues its primary mission in life, which is to search out the restaurants of Paris and the hotels and inns of France. In this—since it is as much a member's duty to warn his colleagues away from the bad places as it is to guide them toward the good—some discretion is necessary. Consequently to each member is assigned a number which he uses instead of his name upon confidential communications. His pledge to the club is that whenever he finishes a dinner he will, during coffee, make out a report for headquarters, giving his frank estimate of the place. He carries a special form for this, signing it with his number and sending it to an address not twenty steps off the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris—to Monsieur Louis Forest's office, in fact. There all such intelligence is collated, indexed

and printed once a month upon perforated sheets, which are mailed to the hundred gourmets for insertion in their loose-leaf holders. Every member thus keeps a running and most expert guide to the best places in France in which to dine.

Evolution has carried the Club des Cent into a destiny greater than its founders foresaw. It is the recognized patron and propagandist of the French chef and the French cuisine. It decorates deserving cooks with medals and publishes beautifully its members' dithyrambs upon food and wines. Its contemplation of the individual landlord goes beyond mere cookery and concerns itself with questions of hygiene and good taste. It is the unofficial secret service of French dining, the stern monitor of French commercial hospitality—a Parisian Ku Klux Klan of the kitchen.

And where else but in Paris could such an organization flourish? Where else would gourmets think so much of their gourmandizing that they would devote themselves to it with such fervor? Where prejudices are strong and theories are held hotly, there is apt to be contention; and indeed a schism once arose in the ranks of the Hundred. A group broke off and recruited another band of five score, calling themselves the Pure Hundred—the Club des Purs Cent. The Pure Hundred, who also report by number, center around Paul Poiret, the dressmaker; but this club has never come so much into the public eye as Monsieur Louis Forest's Hundred.

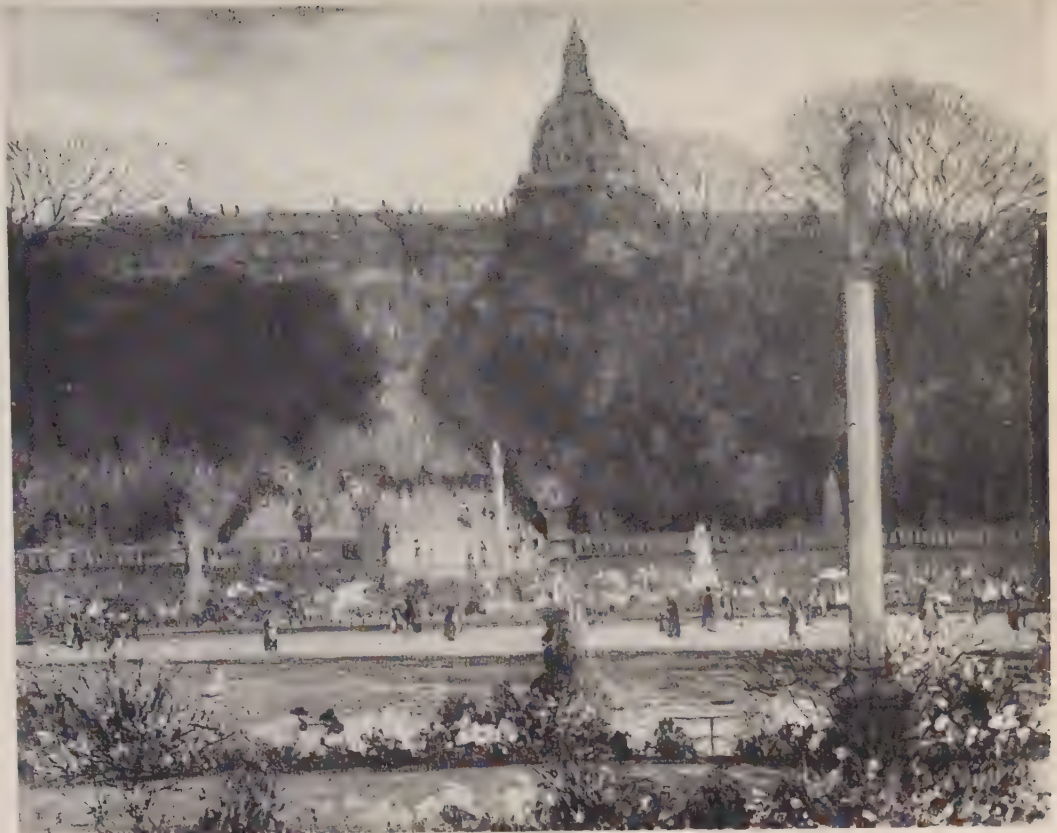
Too constant association with gourmets, however, is not good for the soul. They relish food too much. It is one thing to like good eating, and quite another to make it the end of existence. If the indifferent plate is to be a sorrow and the mediocre meal a tragedy, then we shall have a

wretched time of it prospecting among the little-known Parisian restaurants. Not that we shall often fare badly; but the French standard of cuisine is so high that only the place exceptional indeed can we score as a genuine discovery.

Food-hunting in Paris, if followed persistently, makes experts of its devotees. Luck and chance play their part in it, to be sure, but nevertheless one is no more left entirely to the whims of fortune than is the miner erudite in interpreting dips, outcroppings and other superficial indications of treasure. Disappointment may await the latter at the bottom of his shaft, for nature has a way of contradicting her rosiest promises; but at any rate his is the satisfaction of having made a scientific search. So also with the dinner prospector—the hidden pockets of gustatory gold lie usually at the end of clues which a practised eye can read.

One of the best of these indications, for instance, is the regional or geographical stamp which rests upon numerous small restaurants of Paris. French food is highly provincial in its flavor and the restaurants of Paris reflect this characteristic. Every province of France has its own special dishes, and so have many French cities. Paris, therefore, is dotted with eating places, run almost always by *emigrés* from the country, in which the fare is decidedly regional—Alsatian, Burgundian, Norman, or whatever the origin of the patron happens to be; and it is in such places, rather than in restaurants which draw without favor upon all districts for their recipes, that most of one's memorable dining experiences seem to occur.

All but the highest-priced restaurants of Paris post their daily menus outside for public inspection, and these give the searcher his most obvious clues to the quality of the fare within. They are usually in pen script duplicatd by the stencil process, a method enabling the *patron* to emphasize



From a painting by A. G. Warshawsky. In possession of Robert Anderson Pope, Esquire

LUXEMBOURG GARDENS

his food specialties in red ink. There is a fascination about these posted schedules. It is as hard for the idle stranger to disregard one of them as it is for him to pass the window of a Parisian shoe store without stopping to inspect its offerings. Why á well-shod and recently fed man should pause before either is a mystery of tourist psychology—but he almost always does.

At the dinner hour, of course, there is reason for his interest. In the first place, the menu will tell him whether the establishment be one of those metropolitan outposts of the gourmandizing provinces wherein one is likely to dine with such cheer. It will show him also the prices and the general attractiveness of the spread within. These data the wary prospector supplements with his own inspection of the tables, although their popularity is by no means an infallible guide to their excellence. In a cheap place a crowd may mean only that the establishment is better than its neighbors of the same grade; in a place charging high prices for the locality a crowd is an indication of fare exceptionally good. Nevertheless, it not unfrequently happens that a restaurant serving food of rare quality will be only sparsely patronized.

Once you enter, your first concern—and it is an invariable rule to follow in Paris—is to discover the house's specialties. Nearly every Parisian restaurant has them—or claims to. It is typically French for an eating place to present a few dishes upon which its chef exerts himself. Sometimes it is only one dish prepared with superlative skill that brings gourmets from far and wide into an establishment otherwise not much above the general run. A single *spécialté,* in fact, is all that that fastidious Club des Cent demands of the small *patron.* "Any innkeeper," reads its dictum, "who has not one specialty, one recipe in which he excels, is unworthy of the patronage of the Club des Cent."

It is well not to rely entirely upon the menu card for this information, but also to inquire, and having inquired, to believe—difficult instruction for the skeptical American, who is apt to suspect the waiter's answer of being prejudiced by prices. Yet he, and the *patron* too, for that matter, will usually give honest advice; and if you disregard it and follow your own judgment, you will have only yourself to blame if you fare indifferently in a place ready to serve you with something exceptional. You may even be missing a triumph of cookery. If on top of the waiter's counsel you see others partaking of his recommendation, hesitate no longer. In a restaurant with a real specialty, three of every four diners order it.

So much for the superficial indications of good food. The prospector should also be able to recognize the sorts of neighborhoods likely to provide the best hunting. There is no fixed rule about this, perfect marvels of restaurants existing in Paris where there is no reason to expect anything out of the ordinary at all. Yet certain regions are more promising than others. Any prosperous bourgeois quarter is likely to have a good restaurant or two tucked away in its side-streets. Bohemia, when in funds, is prone to dine well; and therefore studio districts—Montmartre and the Latin Quarter, for instance—are usually well endowed with *recherché* places in which to eat.

But the best field of all to prospect is the vicinity of a market. Markets the world over seem to breed good restaurants, and especially in Paris, where even the stock market provides an atmosphere in which they thrive. There is no particular mystery about it. Market people know good quality in food, and they take care that they themselves get it by the simple method of supplying their choicest produce to the restaurants they frequent. If you want to eat good meat, go and dine with the butcher.

It was by prospecting in the neighborhood of a market that the author of these chapters came upon the restaurant wherein is served, he is convinced, the best beefsteak to be found anywhere on earth. Outwardly the place held forth no great promise. Its own district was against it—Villette, a squalid turbulent slum on the far northeastern edge of Paris. When the police have to venture into the back streets of Villette after dark, they travel in pairs. In Villette is the café in which the socialist leader Jean Jaurès was assassinated.

And there was no recommendation in the restaurant's name. It violates the first rule of the food explorer's code to reveal the identity of discoveries, but the name shall here be given. It was the Cochon d'Or—the Pig of Gold. To an American the word pig is not distressing; but in France it is a fighting epithet, and its associations keep it from any great popularity in the nomenclature of trade. Even in the meat business a slain pig is no longer a *cochon* but a *porc*.

Yet Golden Pig was the name of this restaurant—a small place in a wretched neighborhood. Its little terrace was partly concealed behind boxed shrubbery. The front part of the establishment was simply a narrow barroom with a file of tables down one side and a rear door that might lead to dining-rooms farther on; and, though the dinner hour was well advanced, only two or three customers were to be seen at the tables. Next door was a larger and more pretentious place. Except for two facts, any one would have been justified in walking right on past the Cochon d'Or.

But these were arresting facts. In the first place at the curb in front were parked three private automobiles. Now private automobiles are none too thick anywhere in Paris; and when one chances upon a cluster of them standing in an unexpected place at dinner time, any one truly infected by

the food-hunting virus is bound to prowl around some and try to discover, if he can, the reason for them being there. They may, of course, indicate only a family party, some christening or other grand domestic event to which the rich relatives have come; or they may be a sign-post to guide the observant toward that rare treasure, a perfect cook ensconced in some out-of-the-way dining place in side-street or alley or even up a flight of stairs, drawing his coterie of epicures as inevitably as sugar draws flies.

Here were limousines, and—the second fact—across the Avenue Jean-Jaurès the palisade of the Abattoirs de Villette, the great northern stockyards of Paris. It was enough. This prospector turned in and was met at the door by a fresh-complexioned young man who proved to be the proprietor himself, by name René Ayral. A third good indication. In the indifferent eating establishments of Paris the proprietor pays scant attention to his customers; but where cookery is an art and hospitality as much a pleasure as it is business, the *patron* is almost always at pains to get on friendly terms with his guests, to hover over them anxiously as they are served, and afterward to bask in their hosannahs.

Reneé Ayral assured *monsieur* that he could be served with dinner if he would follow the waitress through the rear door. There proved to be only one dining-room behind, and that so small that the automobile party (which was indeed here) half filled it. But what luck! The host of the automobile party was the proprietor of one of the most celebrated restaurants of central Paris, and celebrated Parisian *restauranteurs* do not motor five miles out to obscure little eating dumps on the edge of nowhere for nothing.

Nor was there need to inquire for the attraction. The automobile crowd was eating thick steak. René, who had

followed the waitress to make sure that a good dinner was "commanded," confirmed what was already a certainty. Steaks were his specialty—steaks and mutton chops. It took some time to prepare one—a half hour perhaps. *Monsieur* might like to sit on the terrace. He would be called in plenty of time for the *hors d'œuvres.*

A good restaurant is good all the way through. It will proclaim itself in its *hors d'œuvres,* which, in Paris, will—as those of the Cochon d'Or did—include in their bounteous array both Norwegian anchovies and butter. But all the auguries put together—the proximity of the slaughterhouse, the solicitude of the *patron,* the presence of the gourmets, and the anchovies—failed utterly to prepare one for the excellence of the steak that eventually arrived. It could only be likened, and not to its disadvantage either, to ghostly T-bone cuts eaten ages ago in hungry boyhood when meat was meat and not the insipid substance that passes to-day for sirloin or porterhouse.

René himself, white-aproned, flushed from standing long over the grill, brought in the superb thing and displayed it with the half-deprecatory confidence of an artist unveiling a masterpiece. To say that it was three inches thick is to understate the truth. It was nearer four—a veritable paving block of meat. Outside it was brown but not charred; within, an even pink clear through, but not raw. So tender was it that the steel knife would almost sever it of its own weight—and not tenderness gained by chilled storage, for French meat is eaten freshly killed.

As to its flavor, this was beef cut from a Normandy steer larded and savoried throughout his fibers by green grass eaten twelve months of the year—a beast from the cradle of bovinity, that warm-washed coast of northwest Europe upon which cattle bloods never degenerate, the

region indeed which supplies the breeding stock to the herdsmen of the Americas and Australia.

The fatted animals from Normandy and Brittany enter Paris and are slaughtered at the abattoirs of Villette. When some flat-backed yearling from the seaside meadows, his shaggy coat still bedewed by Channel fog, flounders down the ramp, the butchers mark him for their own. A slap of paint identifies him in the corral; and anticipatory eyes watch his progress through the abattoir, until finally, when his dressed haunches reach the place of sale, his filets go exclusively to three restaurants on the Avenue Jean-Jaurès wherein the butchers themselves eat—René Ayral's Cochon d'Or and two neighbors, the restaurants Dagorne and Eden. The great establishments of central Paris whose dinners are functions of fashion and society, take second choice; their *maitres d'hôtel* never see such cuts.

Every Monday and every Thursday is market-day at Villette. On those days each of the three restaurants feeds three hundred drovers, master butchers, and other grandees of the stockyards. At six o'clock in the morning the grills begin working, and there is no rest for René and his competitors until three in the afternoon. Across from the great market troop the hungry bovicides, most of them men of bright complexions, nearly all wearing caps and soiled aprons and bringing with them the smell of stables. They park their long whips against the walls and demand to see the ungrilled pieces that they may make expert selection among them. On other days the restaurants are quiet, their prices being high for the inhabitants of Villette.

With the steaks and chops grilled in these restaurants go of course, *pommes de terre soufflées*. If you must have potatoes fried, that is the best way to fry them. It is a mystery that the French chef, whose taste is so excellent

in so many ways, never seems to have discovered the baked potato. Nor, for that matter, creamed potatoes either, nor yet mashed potatoes. True, he does mash potatoes in a residue of their boiling water, adds some salt to them, and calls them *pommes purées* but they are not within radio distance of the American variety made with butter and cream and beaten to the hue of the snowdrift. In fact, the French chef, when he comes to this commonest of vegetables, is lamentably weak—except when he fries it.

And he is at his best when he fries it souffled. The *pommes soufflées* at the Cochon d'Or were served by a fat little kitchen boy swathed to the neck in starchy linen and wearing a towering chef's cap on his head. To all and sundry he repeated his stock joke that he inflated the potatoes himself by blowing into each one through a straw. *Pommes soufflées,* as all who read this perhaps know, are cross-section slices of potato that puff up into balloons when dropped into smoking lard for a second cooking. Not every chef can do them well. Only a few are able to produce the Zeppelin-like proportions of René's *pommes soufflées.*

Discoveries such as the Cochon d'Or are what give the Paris food hunt its fascination and keep the searcher perpetually upon his expeditions. A bizarre and entertaining company—for politicians, actors, journalists, and boulevardiers know the axiom about dining with the butcher and mingle democratically with the proper patronage of the place—a landlord who treats you as a personal guest rather than as a customer; food that is the reincarnation of memory—where but in Paris will you find this combination? And René can always find "behind his faggots," as the French say, an encrusted bottle of Pommard or Château Larose to go with the good red meat.

By long odds the best prospecting field in Paris is the

vicinity of another market, the great central one of the city, Les Halles. Although the restaurants of this region are generally modest in size, there are at least a dozen of them widely celebrated for their food. In the quarter lying between Les Halles and the Bourse are scores and scores of restaurants, some of which are no doubt producing monstrous good specialties which a few epicures in each instance are carefully covering up, but which are nevertheless there awaiting the explorer.

Almost in the shadow of the pavilions of Les Halles is a place wherein you get the best tripe to be had in Paris. Tripe is a food with slight appeal to American taste; and yet it is here submitted that to produce a culinary triumph with tripe is a feat resting close to the summit of the art of cookery. To take what certain other peoples reject and consign to their glue factories, to take this and turn it into nourishment grateful to the palate—there is no finer attainment of the kitchen.

The French excel in this sort of thing—the production of fine dishes out of what might be considered waste. They come closer to making the ankles of sheep edible than any other people. At one popular restaurant near Les Halles mutton foot—*pied de mouton*—is the specialty. The French are exceedingly fond of it. Their cooks can do miraculous things, too, with calves' heads; and the flayed and pallid countenances of infant beeves staring pathetically at one from the counters of Parisian butcher shops attest the local popularity of *tête de veau vinaigrette*.

But tripe as cooked by a French chef—and most of them cook it well—is something more than merely palatable. It joins the select company of dishes for which one finds himself yearning periodically—that is, if you like tripe at all. You either like it or you don't. Sometimes Americans, who

would never think of tasting the horrid stuff at home, go a little mad about tripe in France; and when the fits of tripe hunger come over them, they will travel miles to reach some place preparing it in a favorite way.

Like many other well-known foods in Paris, tripe is a regional dish. It hails, like the best beef, from Normandy; and the town of Caen near Cherbourg, where the big ships call, seems to contain the chief tripe artists of France. At any rate *tripes à la mode de Caen*—a stew of tripe and slices of fat beef, all cooked together until the lean is ready to fall apart and the fat has almost lost greasiness—is the favorite Parisian recipe for it. Tripe addicts have even been known to make special trips to Caen to taste it there, where it is said to be better than in Paris.

In the tripe restaurant near Les Halles, a place haunted by French gourmets and known also to a few Americans, the service of the dish is as fascinating as the tripe is good. The tripe department is at the rear of the establishment; and its equipment consists of a charcoal furnace, a couple of big copper kettles filled with tripe cooked and ready for serving, and a counter covered with small three-legged iron braziers, each one just big enough to support an individual plate above its fire pit.

When your order comes to him, the chef scoops a trowelful of coals from the furnace and puts them into one of the braziers. He ladles a helping of tripe from a kettle upon a thick stone plate, crackled by frequent contact with heat, places it upon the brazier, and sends it to you. By the time it reaches your table the stoneware has chilled the stew down to the congealing point; but be patient. Your coals, which had at first blanched with discouragement at being removed from the glowing heart of the main furnace, again take courage in their new surroundings and cooperate in a

satellite glow; and presently your tripe is bubbling. You consume it boiling hot, having, like a true gourmet, no shame about sopping up a good meat sauce with bits of bread. The French can not understand the American punctilio which leaves something uneaten upon a plate; it is the other way with them. And as you put away tripe the fumes of the stew and the charcoal rise and warm your face and hands. It is a most comforting dish on a raw wet day.

If some uninformed or obtuse person were to enter this establishment and fail to order tripe, his waiter would probably drop dead with astonishment. The restaurant serves it usually as an *hors d'œuvre;* but the more abandoned order two or three dishes of tripe and then proceed immediately to the *fromage* Pont l'Evêque. And this being a Norman establishment, one preserves the unities by taking Norman beverages—cider with the meal itself and afterward, with the excellent coffee, a *liqueur* glass of calvados, which is a glorified Jersey lightning distilled by the cider-makers of the north.

Not two blocks away from the tripe place is the restaurant celebrated for having as good snails as are to be found in Paris—the Escargot Restaurant. To most Americans the mere eating of snails for the first time, no matter how well they may be prepared, is an adventure in itself. It is an adventure, moreover, on which it is practically impossible to induce an American woman to embark at all, women being more conservative in their exploration of new food dishes than men. Indeed, the difficulty in persuading an American woman to try a snail is one of the best proofs that the unknown benefactor of the race who ate the first oyster and demonstrated its edibility, was without question a man. His woman mate stayed on shore and picked cranberries or whatever familiar food grew there.

The American aversion to snails is due to a national insistence upon regarding them as worms. Of course, they are not worms. The snail is a mollusk, which is a fairly noble thing for an animal to be. At any rate, it is nobility enough to raise him into the category of the food possibilities. He is simply a muscular cousin of the clam and the oyster, but a landlubber. If he dwelt at sea with the rest of his tribe, no doubt he would be a popular fellow in the United States.

He deserves a wider world popularity than he enjoys, although he suffers from the disadvantage of requiring highly expert treatment to make him digestible. Being an athlete—and a big Burgundian *escargot,* it is said, can drag a weight of five or six pounds along behind him—he is natively tough; and moreover he is cursed with a rubbery taste which only skilful cookery can dispel. To make him both toothsome and innocuous takes culinary genius.

Although genius is not invariably applied to his preparation, great care always is. Few things come to any tables of the earth that have been the subject of preliminary treatment more painstaking. French edible snails, though once gathered by hunters in the woods, are now nearly all grown commercially in Burgundy—for, like so many French delicacies, the *escargot* is a regional food, with Dijon the city in which he reaches greatest renown. A big snail park of Bourgogne may have several million mollusks within its enclosures. The mere item of food for so many snails is no small one.

Labor, too, is always a big charge, for many helpers are needed on a snail farm. Constant attention is the price of success for the snail grower. Various plants to give shade have to be grown in the snail enclosures; moss has to be brought from the woods; if epidemics set in, the uncontam-

inated snails must be quarantined; and once a year the whole stock has to be handled over to separate the breeders from the young snails destined for the market. Finally the harvesting is a laborious thing; for the snail-consumption season is the colder half of the year when the snails are holed up in the ground. They have to be dug out like potatoes; and since they are not so obliging as to plant themselves in hills or rows, the workmen have to prod over acres and acres of ground with their excavating sticks.

And when the baskets of *escargots* with the dirt clinging to their shells are brought into the packing house, the commercial snail producer has yet much to do. There are numerous washing and cleansing operations, followed by a long boiling of the mollusks in their shells to make them tender. When they have cooled after this, they are taken out of their shells and then repacked with a snug *pâte* made of good butter and numerous minced savory herbs, of which garlic is the most emphatic. Then the attractive-looking things in their yellow striped shells are packed into neat cardboard boxes with little compartments like egg containers, and are shipped off to the city consumers, who need only heat them once more in the oven to have them ready for the table.

This is the usual way in which the snails reach the market, and the consumption of them is enormous. Almost every restaurant in Paris keeps them on the bill of fare during the autumn and winter months, and besides that hundreds of Parisian cafés serve them as light-lunch fare. The snail-growers themselves estimate that if all the snails eaten in France in one year—some seventy million of them—were combined into a single snail, he would overtop the Arch de Triomphe. Although many varieties of snails are native to France, only two kinds are eaten abundantly; the large Bur-

gundian "vineyarder"—so-called because he is often seen on the vines that produce Burgundy wine—and the "little gray," the *petit gris*. The latter is smaller, cheaper, and less esteemed for its flavor than the Burgundian snail.

The time of marketing snails is of high importance. This mollusk lives to a great age—at least twenty years—but an old, or even a fully matured snail is too tough to be eaten. Snails are right for eating their second year of life. They have then not yet attained full growth, but they are big enough—twenty-five Burgundian snails weighing a pound—and their flesh is at its best.

Whereas the average restaurant or café buys its snails ready cooked and merely heats them up for customers, in an establishment like the Escargot Restaurant, where they are a specialty, they are imported alive from the country and completely prepared for the table on the premises. Connoisseurs believe that the sooner they are eaten after the first boiling the better. They come in from the kitchen blistering hot on special plates with recesses into which the round shells fit. They are served with a pair of special snail tongs which grip and hold a shell solidly while you extract the snail with a narrow two-tined fork. You find it a black and solid morsel of meat with a bitterish but attractive flavor. Snails are, however, preeminently a luncheon dish. The memory of a dozen *escargots* is apt to abide with you for some hours, and exercise is indicated after you have eaten them. Partaken of at night, they are as provocative of dreams as a Welsh rarebit.

Burgundian is the snail and Burgundian also some of the other choice food specialties to be obtained in Paris. There is an outdoorness to Burgundian fare particularly appealing to a hungry man. Game is a Burgundian specialty. In the Burgundian restaurants of Paris you find

during the hunting season that most toothsome of undomesticated flesh, the meat of the wild boar, prepared most deliciously.

Moreover, the Burgundian is a born host. As a *restauranteur* he is likely to put so much heart into his work that the satisfaction of his guests becomes an almost painful anxiety with him. Sooner would he inflict physical injury upon some unoffending client than mediocre or poor cooking. If you were some rich, childless uncle come to dine at his table, he could not treat you with more solicitude. He does everything but feed you with his own hands.

Such a host is Monsieur Maillabuau, late of Dijon, whose restaurant is in the Bourse district of Paris. Monsieur Maillabuau is stout, ruddy, mustached, talkative and amiable; and when forming a reception committee for his restaurant, he is assisted by a large red cat, full of purrs and guileful affection for the stranger. This committee escorts one into a discreet little dining-room, all pink silk cushions and warm papering and carpeting; and there, instead of ordering dinner, one has it prescribed for him by Monsieur Maillabuau himself.

On a certain evening in early September—the evening, in fact, of the discovery of the Restaurant Baillabuau, so far as this volume is concerned—a stranger entered the establishment and inquired after its *bécasse,* the French woodcock. He was following a confidential tip that here one could find *bécasse* fit to turn an ascetic from his vows. The shooting season was then a week old, and this moment culminated a three months' period of waiting.

Monsieur Maillabuau was desolated to reply that no *bécasse* worthy of the ministrations of his *chef de cuisine* had yet reached him from the hunting fields of Burgundy. But he could recommend a worthy substitute, a partridge;

and while that was being prepared *monsieur* must eat (over his protest) some of the peasant soup known as *potage fermière.*

A digressive word here about soup. This mainstay of the *table-d'hôte* is generally to be shunned by the searcher after the masterpieces of the Parisian kitchens. A thin *consommé* is the utmost that can be allowed. Many French soups are so rich and thick that only the most robust appetite can bring proper zest into the appreciation of any triumph of cooking that is to follow.

There is, for instance, Paris's onion soup—a meal in itself, as is, almost to the same degree, *petite marmite,* with its chunks of chicken, its slabs of broth-saturated toast, and its sticky top-covering of Parmesan cheese. As for that Marseilles specialty, *bouillabaisse,* one can eat it for lunch and drop straightway to dessert and coffee assured that he will be sustained for the afternoon. *Bouillabaisse* is a seafood bisque so well supported by solid ingredients that they have to be served apart on adjacent side-plates—sea mollusks of various sorts, that sweeter and tenderer cousin of the lobster, the *langouste,* and a whole collection of spiny and gorgeously colored fish from the Mediterranean. It is a tremendous favorite with Parisians, both native and by adoption; and you can get *bouillabaisse* in the full Marseillaise tradition at Weber's restaurant in the Rue Royale, at the Restaurant de la Biche in Montmartre, and no doubt at other places unknown to the present writer.

However, Monsieur Maillabuau placed so much reliance upon the cunning of his chef that he insisted upon *potage fermière.* Like Alice's beautiful soup of the evening, it came in a hot tureen, which was filled with it—thick potato soup loaded with green string beans and other garden produce, delicious, but filling—and Monsieur Maillabuau

stood by to see that every drop of it was consumed by his apprehensive client. Monsieur Maillabuau's eye could discover certain unsuspected pallors of his guest's skin, hints even of emaciation—one could so easily go into a decline in this climate—but the good soup of the Burgundian farms was a sovereign cure for that sort of thing.

When he had ladled the residue of the *potage* from the tureen, Monsieur Maillabuau disappeared to form part of the escort to the partridge. The order of march was (1) the waiter bearing the *perdreau,* (2) Monsieur Maillabuau, and (3) the red cat, expectant tail aloft. The cat, however, was destined not to remain. One had no idea of the perfidy of that *méchant*—a beast fully capable of leaping upon the table and making off with the *bon oiseau.* So saying, Monsieur Maillabuau shooed him out.

And the *oiseau* was indeed *bon.* Monsieur Maillabuau risked nothing in serving thick soup ahead of such a bird. His partridge would have aroused hunger after Thanksgiving dessert. It had been grilled within a wrapping consisting of a green Burgundy grape leaf and a thin blanket of fat pork. The heat had crisped the pork to a golden brown, leaving the *perdreau* inside juicy and delicious. Monsieur Maillabuau hovered, watching every succulent bite go to its proper destination, talking about that most favored spot on God's footstool, Burgundy, and now and then snatching a knife and fork to carve off some tidbit that his guest seemed to be overlooking.

From his brief wine list the *patron* had recommended the Mercurey, the cheapest of his Burgandies, its price being seventy cents in the American equivalent. At that price, and particularly since there was no dating on the wine card, one had no right to expect anything better than a young Mercurey of an indifferent year. It proved, however, to be

a bottle of Nought Six in perfect condition—a truly glorious wine, a thing that in most restaurants would sell at the price of champagne. But Monsieur Maillabuau is the kind of *restauranteur* who would not think of dishonoring his *bonne chair* with anything less than a vintage wine; and like a true Burgundian, he decanted the bottle in the presence of his guest.

Alsatian restaurants are numerous in Paris, and most of them provide good fare. *Foie gras* is, of course, the great Alsatian specialty (if we forget Strasbourg sausage and sauerkraut) and it is served not only in the celebrated *pâté,* but in all sorts of dishes. And in Alsatian restaurants and cafés one drinks the Rhine wines of Alsace served in tall-stemmed green glasses. The gourmets of Burgundy and Bordeaux regard a colored wine glass as an abomination. They assert, perhaps, with truth, that the tinted glass is a German invention, though probably less just is their further comment that it was invented to conceal a lack of clarity in German wines.

Alsatian dishes are well prepared in the Cigogne Restaurant in the Rue Duphot in Paris. *Cigogne,* which means stork, is a popular name for Alsatian establishments, the stork being Alsace's official bird. Like Burgundians, Alsatians are fond of game. Quail *flambée* as prepared by the chef of the Cigogne Restaurant is not a dish to be lightly passed by. The roasted bird reposes upon a couch of toast upholstered generously with *foie gras.* For fuel nothing less is poured on than champagne brandy, and as the blue flames rise the fat goose liver melts and runs down to form with the juices of the quail a most joyous gravy.

Here, too, the Alsatian *liqueur kirsch* is served in the native way—a thimbleful of it in a vast stemmed goblet two or three times as broad as a champagne glass. But first a

block of ice has been placed in the goblet and whirled until the glass is frosty. Then the *kirsch* is poured in and whirled into a thin sheet upon the cold crystal, a motion that at once chills it and releases its aroma.

To the Parisian diner-out, the Norman, Alsatian, Burgundian and other provincial restaurants give the variety that is supplied in cities of the United States by foreign restaurants. The foreign restaurant has invaded Paris almost not at all. There are a few Italian restaurants along the Grands Boulevards and in the Bourse quarter. One notes also a growing number of American eating places serving baked beans and brown bread, chicken Maryland, griddle cakes and sirup, and such familiar things. Although Paris houses an extensive colony of French Indo-Chinese, the chop-suey restaurant, so common in America, is rare in Paris to the point of non-existence. There is, however, a good one in the Latin Quarter—in the Rue de l'Ecole-de-Médicine just off the Boulevard Saint-Michel. As for German restaurants, Spanish restaurants, Hungarian restaurants, Greek restaurants, Mexican restaurants, and all the other sorts that make dining-out a diversion in America, they do not seem to have entered Paris at all.

Exception, however, must be made for the Russian restaurants. Since the Russian revolution, Russian food has come into great vogue in Paris. In the old days St. Petersburg and Moscow, especially the latter, were famed among Europeans for the excellence of their restaurants, which were sometimes proclaimed the best in the world. Whether the Bolsheviks do not like good food, or whether they regarded the *restauranteurs* as undesirable aristocrats, at any rate certain of these establishments moved to Paris, bringing their menus with them.

Such a place is the restaurant Au Caneton near Bourse.

It was once the establishment called Charles of Petrograd. One can find those who maintain that Au Caneton is the best restaurant of post-war Paris, although a poll of the gourmets would probably award this honor to the Restaurant Voisin. The great specialty at the Caneton is Finnish grouse—*gélinotte*—a dish as distinguished as anything served in the world.

Such places as Au Caneton, however, are Russian usually only in their menus, for even their proprietors have a way of turning out to be French chefs who once followed their profession in Moscow or Petrograd. They are, moreover, as a rule expensive places, too expensive for the French and far too expensive for the Russians. But the Russians are a real and pathetic factor in the modern Paris. There are more than fifty thousand of them in the city—almost all of them gently born and gently reared aristocrats, who as penniless exiles are forced to turn to all sorts of menial and poorly paid occupations to support themselves against the day, which they all believe is coming, when they shall rout the Bolsheviks and restore themselves to their lost estates. They have become taxi drivers, factory hands, street laborers, porters, floorwalkers, embroiderers, mannequins in the dressmaking establishments, interpreters, bank clerks, anything to make a living for themselves—princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses, counts and countesses, generals, colonels, diplomats, all in the same plight and all turning bravely and without complaint to whatever affords a living.

Although the Russians do not colonize but mingle with Parisians throughout the city, they nevertheless have a powerful common interest—the cause of restoration—to keep them together; and they therefore often meet. Their favorite meeting places are their eating establishments. And

there is an interesting experience in store—and good food, too, at small prices—for any one who can discover one of these places.

In the Etoile section, for instance, in a section of street shabby for that aristocratic neighborhood, there exists a little, squalid, one-story business entrance connected with what was once an unpretentious house. Over the door is the canvas sign, "Restaurant Moskou"; and of this lowly place Colonel Narishkin, a former commander of Cossacks and a member of the first family of old Russia, and his wife, who was born Princess Cantacuzene, are the proprietors.

When you approach the place of an evening, you think that the sensation seekers must have found it out, for many a smarter restaurant of Paris can not boast of so large a parking of taxicabs in front. You pass through the doorway and down three narrow wooden steps into a shadowy barroom that suggests apaches and the Paris underworld. With a side-glance at the forms gulping a slippery-looking white liquor at the bar, you turn right, mount three steps toward a brighter illumination, and find yourself in the *salle à manger* of the Restaurant Moskou. It is a typical Parisian dining-room of about the fifth class, with pock-marked mirrors, naked electric bulbs, screwed-in coat hooks, painted matched boarding behind the wall benches, a plank floor, and iron-pipe ceiling supports.

To be wise you must visit the Restaurant Moskou with a Russian friend to point out the celebrities to you. And first comes Narishkin himself, seated with his slender dark-haired princess and a company of friends at a table at one end. A grizzled, hard-bitten man of middle life, this Cossack colonel, who strikes an incongruous note in the well-dressed company by wearing a blue-denim tunic buttoned to

the chin. His bitter explanation is that so long as he is forced to be a Boniface he does not propose to ape the dress of gentlemen. The Narishkins are untitled, but the Narishkins declined a principality from Peter the Great, who, in fact, went to this family for his empress.

Next you discover the secret of the taxicabs outside: it is the chauffeurs themselves who have come to dine. But here in this place, at this hour every day, they are not taxi drivers, nor are these others factory hands and buttonhole stitchers. Your guide rolls their high-sounding names off his tongue—generals, barons, princesses, even a grand duchess. H. I. M. Nicholas II sought no better company for his levees—sought this same company, in fact.

The air grows thick with cigarette smoke, for Russians of both sexes like to smoke as they eat; vodka is being swallowed; tongues are loosed. There is visiting among the tables, exchange of ceremonious bows, hand-kissing, and through it all a machine-gun fire of Russian talk. It is an hour's taste of restoration, a sixty-minute respite from reality.

And old Narishkin knows what to give them to refine the illusion, to bring back the days of city palaces and country *oussadbas*—the familiar dishes of happier times. He gives them *bortch,* a beet soup, rich and red; *shashlik,* alternately spitted morsels of mutton and bacon grilled over charcoal; and *kissel,* a jellylike dessert of pink potato starch that only a Russian could love. But if your guide wishes to enslave you utterly to the Russian cuisine, he will introduce you to *blini.*

There is a dish for the gourmet's note-book. The *blin* is the Russian pancake. You order a stack of *blini* and on your side-plate help yourself generously to caviare and sour whipped cream. Spread out the *blini* and drown them in

hot melted butter from the boat of it which comes with them. Cut off a section of *blin,* in its midst place a bite of caviare, cap its peak with a cloud of cream, wrap the filler snugly in its wheaten blanket, and pop the whole into your mouth. A miracle transpires. The cream subdues the caviare, the caviare sophisticates the sour cream, and all the ingredients unite in holy (though plural) gastronomic wedlock. Like that of the provocative *casha* (steamed buckwheat kernels and minced beef) which you eat with your *bortch,* the flavor is unique.

Channel sole, as served in Paris, is theme enough for a chapter. This sovereign fish almost defies the kitchen bungler—although he who fries it flirts with ruin. A master chef, however, is exalted to rarified heights of culinary inspiration by red sole fresh from the chilly North Sea brine. He is not content to allow the most delicate of sea foods to rest on its own supreme merits, but must needs poach it and then do celestial things in sauces for it, working with such materials as truffles, olives, mushrooms, white wines, minute crustaceans, salty pickles and cheeses.

As a result, you can order the *sole maison,* as the house recipe is usually called, in any first-class restaurant of Paris and be sure of getting something memorable. Sole Valeska at the Boeuf sur la Toit and the special sole recipes at the Hotel Lutetia and the Restaurants Druant, Radlé and Lapré, for instance, are transcendent examples of the French cuisine; and sole Marguery, most famous of all, retains its old-time excellence at the Marguery Restaurant. If some fiend in human form wished to take exquisite revenge upon an enemy, he could do no better than introduce his victim first to the *sole maison* of the Brasserie Maire and then maroon him upon some foodless rock. A starving man's sufferings as he remembered every detail of that

dish—the rolled filets stuffed into the scarlet corselets of crayfish, the covering sauce in which tomatoes, shrimps and cheese play the leads, and finally the oven-browning—would atone for the blackest of crimes.

Any chronicle of dining in Paris to be legal at all, as it were, must include mention of the Restaurant Tour d'Argent, for the service of roast duck in that establishment is a cherished theme with the English or American journalist. You order a duck, and the waiter brings you a card upon which is written your duck's serial number—a device evidently intended to protect you against the fearsome calamity of getting somebody else's duck. Of course, you may be one of those provoking persons of literal mind who are indifferent as to whose duck they get, arguing that ducks are not non-interchangeable like babies and that one duck ought to be as good as another. But why spoil a pleasant conceit by analyzing it? You get your card and number, at any rate, and after a while the duck himself, who, if he ever wore any identification stamp, has now lost it in the roasting. Your original duck or not, his aura does not drive you from the place. Not exactly.

And the more interesting part of the service is now to come. A servitor appears and with a sharp knife proceeds to lop off your duck's legs and wings and then denude his frame of its sheath of roasted flesh. Finally the ribby shell of what had lately been a most personable fowl is dropped into a silver press, and your good man and true applies muscle to the turn-screw. As the upper millstone descends, from the crushed bones runs the marrow juice through a spout upon a silver platter, to serve as stock for the brown sauce. The platter having been set above alcohol flames, this sauce is concocted before your eyes; and since it takes many minutes to make it, and since every guest orders duck, din-

ner proceeds to the obbligato of spoons stirring upon Sheffield plate. It is a stunt, a piece of theatrics staged for the tourists, who contribute the chief patronage of the Tour d'Argent; but you forgive all in the result.

At that, the result is no better than the roast duck served in the Restaurant Foyot—that recipe calling for slices of orange in the gravy. Monsieur Louis Forest names the restaurant Foyot among the four best restaurants of Paris, the other three being Voisin's, the Griffon in the Opéra district, and La Perouse on the Quai des Grands Augustins—two Right Bank establishments and two Left Bank ones.

There are the eating places—so characteristically Parisian—in which naive entertainment lends charm to their good cheer—Marotte's, for instance, near the Madeline, Marotte herself being the attraction. She is usually giving a dinner party to friends; and if she sees you looking wistfully at some special dish prepared for her own table, she is likely to bring some of it across and share it with you.

On Montmartre is an Alsatian place whose tables spread out under the trees of an adjacent park. Among the tables at dinner time flows a stream of mendicants—trombone performers, singers, blistered fire swallowers, magicians, old actors reciting soliloquies, alleged poets declaiming verses, and a host of other beggars, staging for you an impromptu and incessant vaudeville.

In Neuilly is an establishment looking on the outside like some vile drinking den but with a true inwardness advertised by a press of automobiles in front. The proprietor is a whiskery, hollow-cheeked and stoop-shouldered man whose hands are the hands of Esau and who goes about in shirt-sleeves and a white satin vest none too clean. He is, however, a minor figure in his restaurant, acting only as impressario for a better half—much a better half—who

presides in the kitchen. She is a woman of cathedral proportions who every now and then brings her vast white-clad form to the kitchen door to beam upon the crowd of diners. And every genuine lover of food gazes back in veneration. What that woman can not do with frogs—or with veal cutlets, or many another thing! If the dour *patron,* whose digestion seems to have succumbed long ago to the richness of his wife's cooking, is not the most jealous husband in the whole Department of the Seine, he ought to be; for should the serpent ever enter his home, with two hundred pounds of spouse would depart not only domestic felicity but business prosperity as well.

When one begins to prospect the Parisian field seriously, his leads and clues accumulate and his note-book fills. There is a sort of arithmetical progression about it—every discovery he makes seems to bring three or four other possibilities within his ken. All sorts of rumors and whispers reach his ears—of spectacular *crêpes flambées,* of rabbit galantines attaining poetic heights, of jugged eel to make one rescind all previous contempt for that wriggler—queer dishes of many kinds, whole new regions to prospect. The placer is scarcely scratched. It beckons ever to the venturous to come and find its riches.

CHAPTER VII

—AND LIGHT WINES

And with the dinner—wine.

In Paris one drinks wine, especially if one is French. Saith the Gallic proverb, the French cock is a wine-drinking cock. If you would with your own eyes measure his Gargantuan thirst—if you would, so to speak, peer into the raw gullet of Paris and see the red and white torrents pouring down, then you must visit one of the two wine markets of the city, the Halle aux Vins or Bercy.

All the wine consumed in Paris must pass through these depots to be taxed and subjected to the laws of honest branding and measurement. And Paris being of all cities much the greatest consumer of wine, at Bercy and the Halle aux Vins one looks upon the most impressive concentration of the juice of the grape to be seen anywhere in the world.

This juice, sucked from air and soil in microscopic molecules of moisture by the leaves and root tendrils of a plant, is within these two enclosures gathered into veritable rivers and lakes and "turned at a city's drought" by an elaborate system of wine mains, cisterns, reservoirs, pumps, gages and switchboards—a city's wine supply handled by hydraulic engineering!

Eighty million gallons of wine flow annually through the two markets, which also impound a reserve of nearly

half that much again. This, if not enough to float a French battle-ship, or the French navy for that matter, is surely ample for the simultaneous drowning of a good share of the Parisian population. And no doubt more than one honest fellow, working in the wine market for an *ouvrier's* wage, has backed incautiously into the opening above some subterranean pool to meet what every gourmet must regard as the most enviable of fates.

The early dusk of an autumn afternoon is a picturesque hour at which to visit the Halle aux Vins. Then the forges of the coopers and the white incandescence of charcoal braziers around which the car shifters warm their hands, cast spectral shadows on the building walls. Rugged-legged horses throw themselves against their collars, and their hoofs strike sparks from the pavement as they strain at their loads of casks. Hose lines—for the washing of barrels and bottles—stretch along the streets as at fires. Electric winches wind cables pulling tank cars to the corner turntables. There is shouting and a scattered musketry—fire of cracking whips. You realize what an industry it is to provide Paris with wine.

American tank cars have an oily smell, but in France they are filled with wine. A new type—a steel tank lined with glass—is making an appearance in the French railway rolling stock; but most wine cars are fat wooden tuns, iron hooped and clamped to railway trucks.

Down the middle of each street of the Halle aux Vins, the twenty-seven acres of which are laid out in blocks as regular as those of an American city, runs a railway track. Upon these tracks the wine cars are shunted to the establishments to which they are consigned. When one is anchored in place, workmen emerge from the building to take its contents from it. Between the rails under the car is a

manhole sheltering the thirsty mouth of an intake pipe. This being coupled with hose to the car's udders, the wine begins to roar into the merchant's receiving cistern, building up drifts of ivory or pink foam and filling the room above with the sour smell of young wine. From this cistern it is pumped into upper tanks to be run out by gravity into barrels for final delivery.

Napoleon Bonaparte built the Halle aux Vins in 1808, and he built it to stay, with eight-foot walls enclosing an underground maze of gleaming aisles between storage tanks. Being Napoleon, he built it for a strategic reason—to be a wine reservoir for Paris. A beleaguered Paris might laugh at a dearth of food—she did laugh in 1870—but a Paris without wine, how long could she be expected to withstand the besieger? You might as well cut off her air.

At cafés one gets the impression that far more white wine must be consumed in Paris than red. Indeed, a stranger is apt to think that too much white wine is drunk for the good of France—a notion, however, stoutly combatted by the adherents of wine. At any rate, the Parisian laborer on the outside job quits work at none too rare intervals to seek refreshment at the neighboring café—and there always is a neighboring café. He almost invariably takes white wine.

The postman on his rounds gets many a free glass of white wine. The taxi chauffeur snatches glasses of it between trips. Omnibus runs usually terminate providentially in front of cafés, and the drivers and conductors have five minutes to spare. Even the fireman, riding to his infrequent task in stiff-backed hauteur atop a red wagon that is the slowest of all Parisian motor vehicles, as the Parisian ambulance is the quietest—even he is regaled with white wine when he has squirted his chemicals and put out the

blaze. Nobody in Paris would think of having a fire without doing the honors to the *pompiers* so brave in their knapsacks and burnished brass helmets.

Vast as the traffic in white wine seems to be, at the Halle aux Vins you discover that the volume of red wine consumed is even greater. Red wine, you are told, is the wine drunk at home with meals. And the whole family partakes of it—grandparents, parents and children, down to the smallest toddlers. The more provident almost always dilute it with water.

It is this trade in ordinary wine—*vin ordinaire*—white wine at the bars and red in the homes—that has covered more than four million acres of French soil with grapevines. French learned opinion holds that wine contains all the vitamins and is therefore one of the most hygienic of beverages; and from this erudite level the national hostility to water grades downward through the more enlightened of the masses, who maintain that wine with meals is a necessary aid to digestion, to the peasant and unskilled laboring classes, who rest upon the certainty that water at any time, with or without food, is not only a danger but a danger of a particularly horrid kind. That danger, as anybody ought to know, is that water contains microscopic frogs.

In such an environment—amid a people who invented the saying, "The wicked are all drinkers of water, though not all drinkers of water are wicked"—it is but natural that the stranger should sample some of the French wines himself.

The straitest-laced of visitors do so. What may seem an enormity at home, in France becomes merely a diversion—indeed, almost a necessary part of one's foreign-travel experience. And if one needs them, there are dozens of other excuses for drinking wine in Paris—the reputed im-

purity of Continental drinking water (though actually the Paris water is safe), the unpleasant conspicuousness of being the only water drinker in a public dining-room, and so on, and so on—anyhow, nearly every visitor does imbibe French wines more or less copiously.

A few sample some exceedingly good ones. However, unless you are one of those rare individuals, a connoisseur of wines, your introduction to a really august bottle is apt to be a gradual process. You go through a preliminary course of good bottled *vins ordinaires*—sundry Graves and Beaunes and Saint-Estèphes—served on trains and in hotels, pensions and mediocre restaurants, all in preparation for the evening when, having ordered a good dinner in a restaurant that happens to have a respectable cellar, you scan a *carte des vins* of unfamiliar length and price-range and decide to do something exceptional for yourself.

If wisdom abideth within you, you will at this juncture seek the advice of the restaurant's wine chef—its *sommellier*. The best bottle in the cellar is not necessarily the costliest. Your *sommellier* registers enchantment to admit you to his secrets and then proceeds to diagnose your case. Would *monsieur* prefer a Burgundy or a Bordeaux? Carefully concealing the dimness of his notion as to what even the names mean, *monsieur* leaves it all to the *sommellier*. Good—the expert sizes you up with a glance: hearty-looking person, fond of good things; and *monsieur* has ordered the *biftek châteaubriant* is it not?—red meat—well, then, the *sommellier* would suggest some of his Vougeot Mille Neuf Cent Quinze. How superb a wine that is, it takes the *sommellier* five consecutive French very's to express.

Pretending to ponder the suggestion judiciously, you run your eye down the list to find the wine's name. And when you see it—my stars! forty francs a bottle as compared

with your hotel's six or seven! Nevertheless you nod consent, and the Vougeot 1915 is "commanded" for you—one of the greatest of all Burgundies and the juice of the second best harvest the Clos de Vougeot has had during the present century; a wine, moreover, just aging into its highest perfection.

It is an anxious moment when the wine is served. The *sommellier* himself, wearing the green apron of state, bears it devoutly in its little rattan casket, a thong around its dusty neck, as if some perverse genie of the bottle might make it rear upright and roil its limpid contents with their dregs. Your table waiter and perhaps a cellar-boy make up the rest of the cortège.

The basket is set gently on the edge of the table, the bottle resting with smudgy label up, just as it has lain in its *caveau* these last five years. Placing one hand firmly on the bottle to hold it motionless, the *sommellier* turns in the corkscrew and begins a steady pull. Slowly, slowly the cork yields. If at this crisis the spellbound waiter is not actually wringing his hands in nervous apprehension, his countenance wears the expression of a man who is. So easily that it makes no pop at all the cork comes out, and the *sommellier* smells of its wine-stained surface. At once his eyes lose their look of worry and beam assurance. All is well; no tragedy has occurred within that bottle during the years of its cellaring.

As the relieved waiter skips for the grilled steak, the *sommellier* wipes off the mouth of the bottle with a napkin and pours the wine so placidly as not to disturb in the slightest degree the dregs that lie along the side opposite the label. He fills your glass only half full; and if he is a true devotee of Bacchus and pities the tyro in you, he may give your goblet a gentle whirl so as to wet its sides

and expand the wine's surface centrifugally to enable it to cast off its bouquet the more heavily.

Do not think that he engages in all this elaboration merely to impress you, a novice in wines. His act is not tourist stuff—he will observe the same ordinance before the most sophisticated who sit at his tables. The rites of correct service he accords not to the drinker but to the drink. He has escorted to its predestined scene of doom—your table—one of the most distinguished inmates of his cellar, a veritable prince of the blood among wines; and the occasion calls for his utmost in ceremony.

And as for you, sitting with a glass of Vougeot Fifteen before you—you may never have tasted wine in your life, you never need even to have seen any before, but you nevertheless recognize that you are in the presence of greatness. A great wine like a thoroughbred horse or a champion terrier, carries an air of aristocratic quality that proclaims itself instantly even to the most inexpert.

Its eminence resides in its aura of perfume, its "bouquet," an exquisite thing vaguely thrilling to nostrils that smell it for the first time, a reminder of violets though not resembling their odor in the least. You read its patrician rank in its color—its "robe," as the French wine-lovers call it—a pool of ruby-heart red through which the chandelier lights strike downward and focus little concentrated points of flame on the table linen—and around the edge, where the crystal attraction of the goblet lifts up a thin rim of liquid, the gorgeous crimson suddenly fading out to the faintly rosy tan of wintering oak leaves. Furthermore your Vougeot succeeds in imparting a tactile sensation of quickness in comparison with which even spring water seems a sluggish fluid.

And besides these delights of scent and appearance,

there is its taste. That characteristic which the French call *finesse* in a wine—an impression of delicacy combined with the contradiction of strength and warmth; a dryness (there is no other word to denote absence of sweetness) but a dryness without either acidity or flatness—the whole is a translation of the wine's bouquet into gustatory sensations which linger in the mouth like echoes.

In such a glass are pleasures for nostrils and palate comparable to those which dancing affords the eye and harmony the ear—and whose authority rates taste and smell lower in the esthetic scale than sight and hearing? But we can concede that they are not so high and still bring to the argument for wine the fact that it also appeals to the mind. Its associations with history, with legends and songs and poems and stories, bring to every glass of good wine emotional ingredients which can raise the drinking of it to the level of other artistic enjoyments.

Down the ages, from the spectacle of the Roman transports carrying Gallic vintages to the palaces at Pompeii, to that of Napoleon with a supply of his favorite Chambertin with him on his Russian campaign, wine has interknit itself with the story of man. No other drink can claim as much. Perhaps the true Kentuckian can grow misty-eyed over the memory of well-matured bourbon whisky, but with this slight exception no drink except wine has ever struck deeply into the affections of mankind. Beer is as old as wine—the Egyptians were brewing it when Greece was still a savage land—but it was not beer that Horace celebrated nor beer of which Omar sang. Erasmus, the scholar, wrote wistfully from ale-drinking England that he hoped some day to live in France, that perpetual battle ground—"not to command armies but to drink there the good wine of Burgundy."

Thus it is something more than a form in which alcohol may be swallowed and something more than a delectation for taste and smell that one samples in France. For those with eyes to see, the potation is half drink and half pure attar of romance. One does not need to be versed in wine's rôle in history to feel it. He can at least call to mind tales read of roistering days when swashbuckling captains hired their blades to cardinal and king, and bold gentry of the road held forth at wayside taverns. Indeed it is not hard, as you drink, to fancy yourself a player in ancient dramas which now people the Parisian streets with ghosts.

With more effort one can learn something about wines themselves and discover certain misapprehensions going current in the world as truth. The most wide-spread of these errors, and one that takes in even French drinkers, is that aging indefinitely continues to give quality to wine. The novelists are probably the chief spreaders of this false deduction. Fine wine, it is true, must be aged; but it can be aged too much, and the beginning and the end of its greatness both come much sooner than most people suspect. It has a raw youth when it is building up its qualities, a prime middle life when it should be consumed, and an old age when it loses its qualities rapidly.

How old a wine may be and still be good depends upon its type. Champagne more than fifteen years old is a risky purchase, for it may have lost effervescence. Red Burgundy is ripe to drink when it is eight years old; and it will improve for another seven years; but the Burgundies that can stand more than twenty years of aging are rare. Red Bordeaux wines mature later than Burgundies and continue to gather qualities after Burgundy has begun to go back; but even so, thirty years is their usual age limit. The white wines of both sorts have as a rule longer lives than their red brothers.

And wines truly have lives. To speak of the life of a wine is no rhetorical convenience. Wine is not a dead liquid preserved by the embalming presence of alcohol. Sealed up hermetically in bottles, sequestered from light in cellars, wine does live, goes through a well-recognized life cycle, and finally reaches the senility that overtakes all living organisms. Science's recent discovery of the vitamins in French table wines only confirms a thing which the growers of wines themselves have known for generations.

Wine is not only alive, but there is a mystic connection between its life and the life processes of the vines that produced it. It is a statement that would seem sheer moonshine and old wives' talk were it not for the unchallenged fact that this occult relationship between living wine and living vine actually controls many of the operations by which fine wine is reared to perfection.

After the autumn fermentation red wines are left in wooden casks for five years that they may deposit their sediment. Twice a year they are drawn off into freshly cleaned and sterilized casks. Several times they are treated by the process known as *collage*—i. e., the whites of eggs are stirred into each cask to clarify the wine therein and give it brilliancy of color. And at the end of five years the wines are bottled and sealed.

Now no skilled producer of fine wines would think of drawing off, clarifying or bottling any of his product during that touchy week in spring when the vines happen to be budding. Nor will he disturb them during another spring week when the vines are in flower. Again when the grapes are turning from green to red the cellar activities are suspended, and so are they during the week of ripeness and harvest. For, during these critical periods in the vine's life—periods which vary in actual date from year to year,

depending upon the forwardness of the seasons—the young wines in their casks become curiously uneasy and petulant, as if in sympathy with their mother vines. They undergo a sort of abortive secondary fermentation and resent all meddling, and the vineyardists have learned by inherited experience that to manipulate them then is to ruin them.

Then after the wine is bottled its life still goes on. If wine were entirely aged in casks, its improvement might be attributed to the evaporation of undesirable elements through the wood; but wine grows to perfection when sealed within glass. When Burgundy is bottled at the age of five it is still harsh and lacking in bouquet and color. Three years later a bottle of it may be opened and all its enchanting qualities will be found there, although every one of these qualities will improve during another seven years in the bottle. Then comes a pause which may last half a dozen years; and then, evolution continuing ruthlessly, the wine begins to feed upon its own excellence. A red wine too old is faded in color, acid in taste, and sour in odor.

Because wine is a living thing the year of its vintage is a much more important thing to the drinker than the mere age it has attained. Aged wine can be only what its prenatal gifts from sun and earth permit it to be. The unfermented juice contains at the beginning all the qualities which can be reared into greatness. If any of these qualities be missing from the juice as it flows from the press, the wine itself, no matter how carefully it be nursed, can never attain distinction.

There are some years when nature lavishes her riches upon the growing grapes, filling them with sweetness and perfume. These years—which occur seldom enough—the English have named "vintage years." There are more numerous niggardly seasons when nature stays her hand.

The grapes of such years are deficient in the great wine qualities, and the wine produced from them even at celebrated vineyards is little better than *vin ordinaire.* Indeed, some of the Bordeaux château proprietors careful of their reputations will not put their château brands at all upon wines of poor years, but sell such wines as *"grands ordinaires."*

Consequently a fairly young wine of a vintage year is better than an old one of a poor or mediocre year. A bottle of 1915 Burgundy costs more ordinarily than a bottle of 1910 Burgundy, and it is worth more, for 1915 was a vintage year in Burgundy and 1910 was not. The vintage years of the famous wines—1904, 1906, 1911 and 1915 for champagne; the same years for Burgundy, with a more recent one, 1923, the wine of which promises to rival even that of the celebrated '04 vintage; and the Bordeaux *bonnes années,* 1904, 1905, 1906, 1914, and every year since 1916—the list of them is the A B C of the gourmet's cult.

The wine-growers recognize the vintage year when it comes around—or rather their knowledge tells them when the juice possesses the qualities capable of great development—but they are slow to predict that a new *récolte,* as the harvest is called, will result in a wine of vintage quality when it is ready to drink. Wine, living wine, is a whimsical thing, almost as uncertain in its rearing as a child and with a future almost as difficult to forecast. Given perfect treatment, a rich juice will usually attain a distinguished maturity, but not always. For instance, great things were predicted for the 1917 Bordeaux pressing; but that wine, while good, has not come up to its early promise. And the best of vintages sometimes have bad years during adolescence when their vagaries drive the wine producers almost to despair. The 1875 Château Margaux, one of the classic

vintage wines of the last century, was at the immature age of eight years pronounced a hopeless failure and sold for a song.

Another fallacy that takes in many is that dust on a wine bottle is a mark of quality. Dust and cobwebs are too easily faked to warrant one's confidence. A dusty cellar will make a young wine look venerable in six months; whereas in the wine districts themselves the cellars are so deep and clean that bottles nearing their age limit are brought to table still gleaming and with labels little faded.

Indeed, among Frenchmen who take their wine-drinking seriously there is controversy as to whether a good wine should be served in the bottle at all. One side believes that there is esthetic enjoyment in looking at the ancient bottle in which the wine has been so long immured. But for this pleasure you sacrifice something of one of the wine's finest qualities—its clarity—for no matter how carefully wine is poured glass by glass, each time the bottle is raised to stop the flow a current runs back along the lower side, disturbing however little the lees. The alternative is to pour the wine into a decanter at a single operation, stopping when the first of the dregs appear. One of the best-known Parisian restaurants decants all its red wines unless the customers demand otherwise—which they generally do, since the average drinker distrusts his own taste and wants to see the bottle as evidence of the establishment's honesty.

Four million acres of French countryside are covered with vineyards—in fact the grape is grown everywhere in France except the extreme north—yet all but a tiny fraction of these acres produce only *vin ordinaire*. The owners of all vineyards would produce fine wines if they could, but the lands of most of them will not permit it. There is something mysterious in this. In Burgundy you can stand in cer-

tain vineyards whose wines have been adored by connoisseurs since the days of the Roman Conquest, and from there toss stones into adjacent grape land from which the proprietors can get only the despised *ordinaire*.

Nor does the variety of grapes planted make any difference. *Vin ordinaire* land always produces *vin ordinaire*. The *pinot* grapes from which the great Burgundy wines are made have been transplanted in every part of France, but no other part of France has been able to produce Burgundy. Mysteries of soil, slope and elevation are what make distinctive qualities in wines. These same Burgundy *pinots* in Germany make the Rhine wines and at the Cape of Good Hope they result in wines that meet with favor in England; but a blindfolded novice could detect by taste the difference among Burgundy and Rhine wine and Cape wine.

Three small choice regions of France, their total combined vineyard area amounting to less than five per cent. of the whole French grape-growing acreage, produce the wines which are not only the best in France itself but which are without rival in the world. These districts are Champagne, Burgundy and Bordeaux. France has other regions too that are proud of their wines—the Rhone Valley with its Hermitage; the valley of the Loire southeast of Paris (the so-called Center) with Anjou and Vouvray; and Alsace with Reisling, Traminer and other brands of the Rhine-wine type—but these wines, though boasting of more than a national reputation and having a place on all good wine cards, are nevertheless concededly of the second class. They are "fine wines," whereas France calls champagne, Burgundy and Bordeaux her "grand wines."

Leaving aside champagne, which is a special-occasion wine and more or less a standardized product requiring no erudite taste for its appreciation, one's choice in a Parisian

restaurant lies nine times out of ten between a Burgundy and a Bordeaux. It happens that the regions which produce these wines are known to thousands of Americans who served with General Pershing; for Bordeaux was our principal receiving port for military supplies before the Armistice and an embarking terminal for troops afterward, while Dijon, capital of Burgundy, was headquarters for several American military services. Chaumont, the old A. E. F. headquarters, is not far north of Dijon.

As our army transports moved toward Bordeaux from the ocean, up the Gironde and Garonne Rivers, those on their decks could look to the southwest and see on the valley slopes vineyards famed wherever discriminating palates exist; for that southwestern bank is the district of Médoc, home of the choicest of the Bordeaux red wines. Its vineyards tip toward the east as do almost all other great vineyards of France. Since the days of Virgil, who noted the point in his Georgics, it has been one of the secrets of viticulture that grapes to attain a maximum of perfume and sugar need vertical morning and oblique afternoon sunshine.

A typical Bordeaux vineyard surrounds a château owner, who produces and markets the wine under his château label. For that reason the Bordeaux wines are often referred to as "château wines." In Burgundy the system is different. There are few châteaux in the Burgundy wine belt, and the vineyards, though considerably smaller than those of Bordeaux, are often divided up among dozens of owners.

Although there are hundreds of château vineyards in the Bordeaux region, only the best of them, the ones producing the finest and most celebrated wines, are included in the classification which the Bordeaux wholesalers drew up about the middle of the last century. These arbiters, however, did more than merely to select the finest—they took the chosen

ones and in turn separated them into five ascending classes of excellence.

It was an exhibition in nicety of taste such as the world has seldom been treated to. Grading the masterpieces of the Louvre would have been a thing not much bolder. In Médoc, for instance, fifty châteaux were selected for classification—fifty of the brightest jewels of viticulture, fifty wines which many connoisseurs, perhaps the majority of them, place above all other red wines on earth. The casual drinker, even one with appreciation for finesse in a glass, would experience difficulty in detecting any difference in absolute worth between Château Pontet-Canet in the fifth or lowest class and Château La Tour in the first. His nostrils and tongue would indeed discover unlikenesses, but why one should be rated above the other would be beyond his powers to tell.

Yet the Bordeaux tasters could distinguish three entire levels of quality existing between these two. Consider what refinement of sight and taste was required to evaluate the subtle nuances which hold Château Lafite in the first class and the equally celebrated Château Mouton-Rothschild in the second. In the second, too, were placed such royal wines as Château Gruaud-Larose; and the famous Château Kirwan was dropped into the third division.

It is one thing to draw such fine distinctions and another thing to have them stand the test of time. The Bordeaux classification has resisted challenge to this day, during all of which time it has been a price-influencing factor in the trade. With profit at stake, we can imagine the passion of debate that must have gone on before the juries of gourmets when the appraisal was in progress—arguments over not only such demonstrable points as alcoholic content and longevity but such impalpable factors as color, clarity, perfume and flavor. Seldom has esthetic opinion cut so great a figure in trade.

If you come up to the city of Bordeaux by river, your vision moves past a stately procession of famous wine-making establishments—the châteaux of Médoc, each with its emerald vineyard, each ruddy in the southern French sunshine—shrines and temples to Bacchus. Almost every one is a name to enchant epicures wherever they may live. At Bordeaux itself begins the district of Graves, known to the general for its sweet white wines but by the particular more esteemed for its reds.

When we arrive at the southeastern limit of Graves we reach a region where nature, who has showered her kindly gifts upon so many vineyard districts of France, has simply outdone herself in her arrangements for putting sweetness and light into liquid form. It is the region of Sauternes, the premier white-wine district of the earth. The Bordeaux list names eleven Sauternes châteaux in the first class—nearly three times as many as are granted to all other regions together. And then there is a twelfth Sauternes château with wine so much above the others, in absolute quality so superior to anything else produced in Bordeaux anywhere, that the adjudicators created a special class for it alone—*grand premier cru.* This is, of course, Château Yquem.

Château Yquem has been proclaimed in all lands the queen of white wines. Burgundy, it is true, has advanced the claims of a pretendress to the throne in Montrachet; but Montrachet, though one of the greatest of white wines, is so utterly different from the Sauternes masterpiece, being as dry as Yquem is sweet, that there is no comparison to be made of them. They are different things, each perfect in its own way. We can, however, rest content with the verdict of the world. Where one casual wine-drinker has heard of Montrachet there are a thousand who know of Yquem; and if it were left to the votes of the wine lovers of all lands, the Burgundy claimant would be nowhere.

But if Yquem is a queen she must be a fairy queen, for she is the most dainty of ladies. It may well have been her amber robe that inspired the unknown idolator to call wine bottled sunshine; for the color of Yquem is the color of sunshine, warm spring sunshine bathing a landscape at the end of a black afternoon shower. Her sweetness is beyond that of all other wines, and it has the quality denied to other extreme sweets of not quickly cloying the taste; and her perfume is the diffusive bouquet of a grand wine haunted by the smell of dead-ripe grapes.

The sweetness of the Sauternes (to call them all that, though they come to your table under their various communal names of Sauternes, Barsac, Bommes and Preignac) is due to the region's peculiar method of vinification. The grapes are left on the vines after ripeness until the sun has begun to wrinkle them into raisins. Then the harvesters clip from the bunches only the most sugary fruits for the first pressing; and there may be five or six gleanings before the harvest is over, the earliest ones producing the wines of the highest quality.

With Sauternes ends the western Bordeaux wine belt; but on the eastern bank some excellent wines, and notably the red ones of St.-Emilion, are produced, though not with the distinction of the wines of Médoc, Graves and Sauternes.

The sixty miles of Bordeaux vineyard land make after all only a small mark on the map of the entire wine-growing area of France; but circumscribed as their bounds are, they are much more extensive than those of the Côte-d'Or, the region which produces the "grand wines" of Burgundy. So famous are the Burgundy wines—considering them from the standpoint of the ages, so much more famous than the Bordeaux vintages, for they have played a rôle in French

history since the days of the Roman Conquest—that it is almost impossible to realize that they have always been grown on such a tiny ribbon of soil.

Striking down through central France from the Vosges is a bastion of hills which at their southern end spread out, grow higher and become the Cevennes Mountains. A short section of the eastern slope of this range, beginning at Dijon (a five-hour train journey southeast of Paris) and continuing for thirty-six miles through Beaune and beyond, is known, because of the characteristic yellow glow which its unclothed surface casts from a distance, as the Côte-d'Or—the Golden Hillside. The strip of it on which the good grapes flourish averages less than half a mile in width; and in the whole area, only certain favored patches of which produce the wines over which kings, dukes and poets have wept their appreciation, there are less than ten thousand acres.

It is a slender gold chain, this Côte-d'Or, but on it are strung some of the most dazzling rubies that come to the wine-drinker's table—and also two lovely topazes. Beginning at the outskirts of the city of Dijon and running southward along the slope is a line of celebrated districts and vineyards, each one within plain sight of the next, indeed sometimes separated from it only by a wall but again by a mysteriously unblest strip of land that will yield only inferior wine—and yet each one producing a wine with individual qualities which connoisseurs recognize. And surrounding all of them are romantic histories, half fact, half legend, tracing back to the Dark Ages and even to the occupation of the land by the Romans.

Here is an array of majestic names in the kingdom of wine, set down in geographic order from north to south: Chambertin, Musigny, Vougeot, Échezeaux, the rare Roma-

née, Nuits-Saint-Georges, Corton, Savigny, Beaune, Pommard, Volnay, the white Meursault and her great sister Montrachet, and finally Santenay. These are, for the most part, district and commune names rather than vineyard names, but the names nevertheless under which the great Burgundy wines are sold.

As to the individual vineyards of Burgundy (to which only the extreme gourmet gives any detailed attention), they are for the convenience of the trade classified into three grades; but there has never been an official attempt to rate the excellences of the several types of Burgundy wines. There is, however, an amusing unofficial classification of them which has wide currency in France and which roughly corresponds to the prices which the various wines bring on the market. The classification, which was made by a Doctor Gastaldy, regards the Burgundies as the royal family of French wines and gives them court precedence as follows:

The King—Chambertin;
The Queen—Romanée-Conti;
The Regent—Vougeot;
Princes of the blood—Romanée, Musigny, Nuits-St.-Georges, and Bonnes-Mares (a Musigny);
Cousin-German to the King—Richebourg (a Romanée wine);
Flag-bearer to the Royal Family—Corton;
Dukes and Duchesses—Beaune, Volnay, Pommard, Savigny, Santenay, Mercurey, Montrachet, Meursault, and Chablis.

(That excellent dry white wine Chablis, it should be noted, is not truly a product of the Côte-d'Or though produced in Burgundy a few miles north of Dijon.)

In Burgundy the typical vineyard is divided up among numerous owners, and the typical wine-grower has holdings

in numerous vineyards. He therefore usually deals in several types of wine. At harvest time he may have the grapes brought to his own central establishment where he will ferment, age, and eventually sell the various wines he produces. Or he may hire the pressing and fermenting done for him and then age the wines in his own cellar. Or he may sell the newly fermented juice outright for others to care for. There is no set system about it. There is opportunity, then, for mixing, misbranding, and other chicaneries; and the discreet buyer in consequence puts his trust in proprietors of established reputation.

The most famous of all the Burgundy proprietors is the Hospices de Beaune. Though founded fifty years before Columbus set sail on his first voyage of discovery, it is what it has always been—a true hospital with wards, nurses, and (now) with modern operating rooms and surgical appliances. Its main support comes from the sale of wines from the holdings with which it is endowed in dozens of the best vineyards in the Beaune region of Burgundy. It operates as any other large proprietor of the southern part of the Côte-d'Or, with the single difference that each year it sells its new wines publicly by auction; and the annual sale of the hospital wines, which always comes on a Sunday within the first fifteen days of November, is the great event of the Burgundian year, attracting the foremost wine-buyers of France and (because of the picturesqueness of the event) a host of visitors drawn out of curiosity. The wine trade attends because the prices brought at the auction have much to do with determining the prices of all Burgundies for that year.

On the day of the sale the sample casks of newly fermented wines from the various districts in which the hospital has holdings—Corton, Savigny, Beaune, Pommard,

Volnay, and Meursault—are brought up from the cellars and ranged among superb masses of chrysanthemums around the interior courtyard of the beautiful fifteenth-century hospital building. The morning is given over to the important business of tasting. Before each cask stands a vineyard worker with dipping tube and silver tasting cup—a "tâte-vin," as it is called. This is a broad shallow dish, about an inch deep, having a circular handle with top thumb-rest like that of a candlestick, which indeed the cup resembles except for its lack of central socket. The bottom is bossed into little knobs in regular pattern so as to give plenty of evaporation surface. In Burgundy the tâte-vin is an institution almost as old as wine-making itself, and antique ones are eagerly sought by collectors.

While the profane are inspecting the ancient oaken wine-press, the redolent barrels, the *caveaux* stacked full of dusty treasures and other marvels of the cellar, in the courtyard the professionals are judging the worth of the new *récolte*—and a genuine gourmet tasting a wine appraisingly is a sight worth going miles to see. First he examines the color, which shows to fine advantage against the mirror-like silver of the cup's bottom; and then, inhaling deeply, he tests the aroma. To be sure, the new wine is deficient in both bouquet and clarity, but the expert can recognize the qualities that are likely to develop in cask and bottle. And finally—the tasting itself. The gourmet draws in the wine noisily, closes his eyes, throws back his head, rolls it from side to side, makes a rosebud of his mouth, sucks in air in short puffs so as to make the wine bubble along the edges of his tongue, and in the end swallows little of it, for he has many casks to sample and must keep his head clear.

What he and his fellows are doing is being followed with interest by persons in widely separated parts of the earth, for

until this day there has been no official pronouncement upon the quality of the Burgundy harvest. And so pressmen are here from Paris, and to-morrow morning connoisseurs in Brussels and Hong-Kong and Buenos Aires and London will read whether Burgundy has had another vintage year. Once this same item held interest also for New York.

In the afternoon after lunch the sale begins. It is held in a great beamed and wainscoted hall on an upper floor of the building fronting on a balcony above the courtyard. Vast as the hall is, it is scarcely large enough to hold all who intend to bid—and only bona-fide buyers are admitted. The rest of the attendance, including scores of growers who have holdings in these same vineyards, crowd the courtyard below and look up expectantly.

By old custom, as each lot of wine is put up for sale a light is applied to two small wax tapers in a holder on the high chimney-piece at one end of the selling hall; and as long as the little flames flicker the bidding can continue, the last bid offered before the tapers burn out taking the lot. Then an attendant posts a sign on the balcony rail, giving type of wine, vineyard and price paid; and the trade assembled below jots these figures down in its note-books.

In the eternal Quarrel of the Wines, Burgundy against Bordeaux, the question is, Which is the better? It was once answered, as well as the question can be answered, by a high-court judge of Paris when an insistent old marquise demanded to know his preference as an amateur of wine.

"Madame," he replied, "the process of visiting the casks of either sort gives me so much pleasure that I always postpone my verdict for a week."

And there is no judging between them, no ranking one above the other. A lasting preference is a question of temperament; a momentary choice, one of mood.

Bordeaux, lighter of the two, less alcoholic, is more complex in its bouquets and flavors and therefore probably requires a more delicate taste for its appreciation. Its lore, because of its more numerous brands and vintages, is a more difficult theme to master than that of the Burgundies; and perhaps on that account it is the student type of connoisseur which usually prefers it. Bordeaux is, despite the dictum of the sage Erasmus, the wine of scholars, of the sedentary occupants of libraries. Old dusty books and old dusty Bordeaux wines go together.

But the Burgundies, bold full-blooded Burgundies, are the wines for outdoor men, for the hearty livers of life, for hunters and soldiers and sportsmen, who have always favored them with their choice. Though headier than Bordeaux, Burgundy has all the simple honesty of a child of nature. Some wines lure you into traps and then strike suddenly, but Burgundy lets you know to a swallow when you have taken enough of it. And upon those who disregard its warning it inflicts heavy punishment. He who gets drunk on Burgundy commits a double offense, of which the mere intoxication is the less; for the wine turns upon its abuser and temporarily destroys for him his power to appreciate its perfume and flavor—it becomes merely an alcoholic tipple. The man who can drink the poetic nectars of Burgundy merely for their alcohol is swinish indeed.

Your mood, your temperament, the occasion—they determine your choice among the "grand wines" of France. Champagne—companion of froth and frivolity—is a fillip for the spirit; Burgundy a warm garment for the senses; and the contemplative Bordeaux balm for the soul.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LATIN QUARTER

An Englishman named Du Maurier once wrote a novel called *Trilby;* and that book more than anything else has perpetuated among English-speaking people the conventional picture of that section of Paris called the Latin Quarter—the *Quartier Latin,* pronounced by the American denizens thereof "Catch-yea Lat-tang."

It is an impression, this picture, of a tangled region of narrow unsunned streets, walled on both sides to the eighth-story level by tottering houses, from the attics of which starveling poets creep forth by night to thread dark pavements lighted only by faint radiances filtering through the sinister windows of wine-shops—where every domestic unit consists of an artist's model living informally with student or struggler in one or another of the seven arts. And—oh, yes—with an apache lurking in every black passage.

No doubt it was a true picture of the Latin Quarter of Du Maurier's day; and, if we omit the bad street lighting and the apaches (dingiest Paris being safer for the belated pedestrian than the best parts of most American cities), it can be cheerfully granted that here and there on the Left Bank of the Seine there are small neighborhoods still surviving to approximate the traditional impression. But it is not such a Latin Quarter—not the Latin Quarter of Du

Maurier and Murger, of *Trilby* and the *Vie de Bohème* and Paul Verlaine's poetry—which this chapter proposes to sing. It is rather a new Latin Quarter and a different one, an after-war Latin Quarter, the Latin Quarter that really exists.

It is a sunny open Latin Quarter with broad radiating avenues shaded by linden and chestnut trees and bordered by stone apartment-houses with window balustrades, white blinds, and façades carved, caryatided and signed and dated with a flourish by their respective architects—a quarter which shames the Parisian quip that for air you live on the Right Bank but for atmosphere in the Latin Quarter. The new Latin Quarter gives you both.

The present Latin Quarter has parks and open spaces, smooth pavements, subways, street-cars, taxicabs, omnibuses and traffic cops, splendid public buildings, hospitals, churches, theaters, movie houses incandescently putting a best foot forward at night, department stores, plate-glass-lined street-fronts exhibiting ladies' hats and gowns and men's neckties and shirts. It has bookstores without end and endless art and antiquary shops; it has beauty parlors, shops dealing in surgical instruments, dozens of gleaming cafés, scores of restaurants, fashionable and expensive some of them, still other scores of neat little hotels and *pensions de famille,* and two or three big new caravansaries boasting of such things as elevators, orchestras in palm-screened balconies, and waiter service on every floor.

Despite such modernity it is still, as ever, a place of studies, of hundreds and thousands of studios, with the difference that nowadays a large proportion of them are occupied by American artists—studios in which they "throw" teas, dance to phonograph jazz, grow beards if they want to and bob their hair if they want to, and say "gee whiz" and

"gosh," and argue about Picasso and Strawinsky and James Joyce and the Ku Klux Klan and next year's American League prospects.

It is a village-like Latin Quarter, in which nearly everybody knows nearly everybody else; a Latin Quarter with a modern American gymnasium wherein are fought the battles of the winter basketball league and whence issue in summer the teams of a baseball league; a Latin Quarter in which the men-folk play poker and the women bridge.

Furthermore, and superficial appearances and opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, it is essentially a decent Latin Quarter, an essentially domestic one, with an air of homely comfort about it—a place where you can go to a studio tea and eat hot waffles cooked in an electric waffle-iron by the Vassar-bred wife of a Princeton sculptor—a place wherein the usual studio arrangement is an artist and his wife married as tightly as ring service can join them. Now and then there is a fat baby, and here and there a little Citroën motor-car.

Such is the Latin Quarter that has emerged from the war, a Parisian district which (so far as its American citizenry is concerned) has for its focus, community center, club and town-hall the Café du Dôme at the corner of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail.

At this point no doubt up will start the stickler for rule and accuracy with the objection that the district above described is not the Latin Quarter at all but (*vide* guide-book) the Montparnasse Quarter. Technically, the objection must be sustained. Speaking by the book, the proper Latin Quarter, the one to which old Rabelais gave the name in the first place, is a section of Paris with a half-mile frontage on the Seine opposite the island of the Cité and Notre Dame and running back southward along its two central thorough-

fares, the Rue St.-Jacques and the Boulevard St.-Michel, to the Luxembourg Gardens or a little beyond.

But, though the guide-books still point the tourists to the old district, Paris itself has ceased to regard it as the Latin Quarter any more. The sight-seeing buses weigh anchor at night not for the Boulevard St.-Michel but for the Boulevard Raspail. The older district still contains the university and principal schools; but its ancient life and spirit—the romance of which Du Maurier wrote—have fled from those haunts.

No longer is the crimson sash seen in the Street of the Fishing Cat nor the pachydermatous pantaloon of corduroy (caught in at the shoe top) in the Street of the Heart's Refuge. From the Rue St.-Jacques has disappeared the broad-brimmed Latin-Quarter hat of black felt. And as for the famous old Boul' Mich', beloved of the declining generation of Bohemians, it is devoting itself soberly to the sale of text-books, pencils, stationery, shoes and gents' furnishings, about as Main Street does in any American college town.

Pascal's restaurant on the Rue de l'Ecole-de-Médicine, where once the medics themselves and their professors foregathered to listen to classical music and discuss grisly topics, is now a Chinese restaurant with chop-suey and a jazz band. The Restaurant d'Harcourt on the Boul' Mich' remains—bigger than ever, but with what a difference! The female orchestra (dressed in white on summer nights—it used to be) no longer entrances art students and minor poets at the pleasant occupation of gaining simultaneously mental uplift and nourishing sustenance at the cost of a few sous apiece. Remodeled, embellished, englittered (if there is such a word) with mirrors and thousands of lights, equipped with an elegant "American bar," and revised up-

ward in prices, the Restaurant d'Harcourt has become the rendezvous for prosperous Right Bankers, over to taste the Bohemianism they fondly imagine to be still there.

As for another landmark of the Boul' Mich', the sedate old Taverne du Panthéon, where once assembled an international aristocracy of letters, at its tables now sit the families of fat little bourgeois Parisian doctors and merchants and lawyers, their napkins tucked fastidiously under their chins; and the artistic atmosphere of the place exists largely in the word-pictures which the sightseeing guides paint for their credulous truckloads bound for the neighboring Panthéon.

Even that outpost of the old Quarter, the Café des Deux Magots (on the Place St.-Germain-des-Prés) is becoming a stodgy place despite the gallant last stand of the students of architecture and a small but distinguished group of French artists who frequent it—despite also the charcoal braziers that glow so invitingly on its *terrasse* of a winter evening.

If we are to be slaves to an unimaginative guide-book, then we must admit the truth of the Parisian saying that the Latin Quarter is dead. But the Latin Quarter is not a geographical precinct; it is a spirit, a mode of life, a picturesque Bohemianism born of youth and rebellious aspiration. In that sense it is as much alive as ever. It has merely moved away from old haunts and into brighter, airier and pleasanter quarters to the southwest—into Montparnasse.

As much as any other, it has been American influence which has coaxed the Latin Quarter across. This Montparnasse district has always been the Americans'—theirs and their English brethren's—since they first began coming to Paris to study art. Du Maurier was one of them in the old days, even while he was writing about the true Latin Quarter off to the east. In those times the handful of

Americans were the Quarter's suburbanites. The ending of the war for some reason greatly increased the population of the American art and student colony, which began numbering its hundreds where once it had counted only dozens. And, the Americans bringing with them their national propensity for doing everything in the superlative degree—their artistic rebellions being more violent than those of others, their ambitions more burning, their successes more dazzling, their failures flatter, their wastrels more prodigal and abandoned, their affectations more extreme—their Bohemianism, in short, being one hundred per cent. as compared with the regular Latin Quarter's fifty or sixty, along about 1920 the Boul' Mich' looked up and discovered at the corner of Raspail and Montparnasse a life more exciting than anything the Boul' Mich' harbored.

New gathering-places having been providentially supplied about this time, the French and foreign artists of the Boul' Mich' studios moved over, leaving the Latin Quarter of Rabelais to the university students, who are inclined nowadays to be what the French call "serious"—more interested in their logarithms and materia medica than in youthful absurdities. Thus the old Latin Quarter is dead—but its soul goes marching on in Montparnasse.

It spreads out now over the radiating avenues of Montparnasse—up and down Raspail from the fine Hotel Lutetia to Bartholdi's bronze Lion of Belfort basking in corroded majesty at the center of Place Denfert-Rochereau—up and down Montparnasse from the Hotel Lavenue (where Oscar Wilde lived in exile) to the Observatory and the Closerie des Lilas. These two avenues are the main arteries of the new Latin Quarter, crossing through it like the ends of a sawhorse. On the two boulevards themselves the high rents admit only of the studios of the wealthy; and there-

fore, the Quarter people as a rule not being blessed with fat bank accounts, it is on the side-streets that Art hath her main abode and Poetry, Music and Philosophy their habitation.

The usual studio hive conceals itself behind an entrance door and a passage leading back to a court around which are built lines of single-story structures looking like tall sheds along an alley. Each is glassed up one side to give the desired high painting or sculpturing light, some have curtained roofs of glass, and practically every one has its balcony and staircase within. Heat comes from a central stove with a long pipe, floors are covered with rugs, when work or dancing is not in progress, and walls with shawls, fabrics, and framed and unframed canvases. Busts and figures in plaster, terra cotta and even marble or bronze stand upon the window-ledge and such tables and other furniture as offer them place; the model's throne serves, when covered with a rug, as a divan; and from the balcony rail depend lanterns with colored glass concealing inner electric bulbs.

It affords a surprising sensation of contrast to step off the cobbles of the alley into one of these studios, for there is an unexpected air of luxury and beauty within what looks on its exterior like a garage. It is a contrast even more surprising when one considers what tiny sums of money have actually gone into the embellishment of most of them. Still, when one has an eye for both beauty and bargains it is astonishing what a few francs will do in the junk shops and at the "Flea Market" which the ragpickers of Paris hold every Sunday morning outside the Clignancourt Gate. And there is much swapping back and forth among the studios, picture for picture, picture for sculpture, and so on; and a creative artist can make batiks and home-dyed fabrics and plaster-of-Paris wall panels and such things, and a brush

dipped into the morning coffee and applied to a white cast will make the plaster look like carved stone.

When one explores further into the studios, another side of the life reveals itself. Behind the screen in a corner is a set of gas rings, and on the shelves at the end are pots, pans, and tins filled with the staples of cookery. The narrow stairway leads to the balcony on which are beds, wardrobes and a complete set of domestic equipment. For, except for the wealthy few who can afford to rent additional apartments, the artists of the Latin Quarter not only work in their studios but eat and sleep there also.

We may be sure that when the wives of the Quarter exchange strictly feminine confidences they have many a hard thing to say about the housekeeping conditions they are forced to put up with. In the court and alley studios the conveniences are practically negligible. There is running water in the sense that the artist-master of the menage has to run after it to the neighboring hydrant with a pitcher, and the only sanitary arrangement is an open drain.

To be blunt about it, the Latin Quarter studio is the sort of a place the average American wife of one of these American artists wouldn't be caught dead in at home. What, live in an alley in a shed? Now and then they escape it for a space. The artist-husband will make his biennial selling trip to the United States with his "show" of canvases or sculptures; or else the money for a home vacation will be sent across by loving but somewhat puzzled parents in Rockville, Indiana, or Rochester, New York, who in spite of their privately none-too-approving attitude toward this sort of thing nevertheless have confidence that their mysterious children know what they are doing.

When the trip is being planned the college-bred wife who is keeping house in a one-room Parisian hovel begins

to dream of far-off delights—of greeny-clear water flowing hot into slippery porcelain bathtubs, houses that are warm in winter even on the floors, brown buttered toast for breakfast, real cream for the coffee, and any number of well-remembered things one does not get in Paris. They close the creaky studio door for the last time, turn the iron key in the lock, hand it over to the slatternly concierge, and say *au revoir* to her and her two grimy brats; and at that moment the artist's wife becomes aware of the mutinous certainty in her heart that she can never force herself to return to this life again.

But, once at home, the novelty of the bathtub soon wears off, the houses are suffocating at their winter temperatures, everybody gets utterly talked out, toast and even apple pie lose their charm, the movies are dull, life gets into the same old daily routine, always the same faces—

It is Paris calling, Paris on the other end of the telepathic long-distance, mysteriously galvanic Paris, mysteriously exciting, fitting one's mood in sun or rain, in sleet or heat, ebullient, noisy, luxurious, squalid Paris that never bores anybody, that does not withhold her joys from the poorest, that even makes poverty a thing to be proud of, if endured in a struggle worth while.

Paris is calling, and so is the gay careless life of the Latin Quarter—the dear old studio with its shabby but well-beloved furnishings, that most charming lady the concierge and her two angel children, even the alley cats, wild as so many jackals, holding Bolshevik revels every night between two and four A. M.

The life itself is calling, the aspiration and contest of it, the economies practised that one may have his annual exhibition (the Parisian art dealers being rapacious in their gallery charges), the little triumphs along the way—a pic-

ture accepted by the Salon jury, a favorable comment in the *Tribune,* the *Herald,* or the *Times,* the rare godsend in the person of a tourist strolling in and buying something just to help a home-town boy along—all the incidents of the race to arrive. One becomes a figure in an heroic romance, a personage in the oh-so-important drama played in the artistic heart of the artistic center of the world. What is a bathtub in Rockville or hot buttered toast in Rochester to that?

Within the studios life develops a delightful informality. Everybody who can afford it has a regular afternoon each week when he and his wife are at home to their friends for tea. No special invitations—a person just drops in. Not necessarily does work cease. One taps on a door, is roaringly bade from within to enter, innocently obeys, never expecting shock, pushes through and finds himself confronting the stark figure of a model posing (as the Victorians were wont to say) in the altogether.

Only upon the countenance of the unhabituated does the burning blush mount. The Quarterites themselves grow used to it and develop a surgeon-like impersonality toward the unclothed human form—nay, it is quite possible to pour tea in a mixed company of young people and discourse learnedly on planes and curves and tones, the while said planes and curves and tones appear in the flesh before one's eyes as illustration. Nor need one feel embarrassed for the model, for models are proud as peacocks of their good points. If some celebrated painter or sculptor tells one of them that she has a good knee or elbow, she harps on that theme for the rest of her professional life and informs every new artist who engages her what the famous Academician So-and-So said about her.

Models, however, are a sore subject with the Latin Quar-

ter artists nowadays. What were once a drug on the market are now a vanishing institution. Once you could pass the Hotel Haute-Loire on the Boulevard Raspail or the life-sketching academy on the Rue de la Grande-Chaumière any morning after breakfast and see a dozen sitting around waiting for artists to hire them. Then they worked for mighty little—sometimes in exchange for their meals, which they would cook too, if asked; and sometimes (be it whispered) for love. The war, or high wages in industry, or something, broke up this Elysium; and now models are scarce and haughty, and you have to engage one weeks ahead, and she charges ruinous rates by the hour and quits on the exact minute.

Nevertheless, whenever the Latin Quarter artists can dig up the francs they hire models. They always seem to be painting nudes. And, when not nudes, still-lifes—*natures-mortes,* they call them—although there is slight sale for either. The nudes afford technical discipline; the still-lifes, or those still-lifes in which eatables figure, represent square meals in the studios.

They result, these "stills" that crowd the exhibitions, from studio windfalls—the wife returning from market with laden basket, the artistic eye at the easel lighting partly with esthetic joy in the forms and colors of the produce and partly with honest appetite. The experienced wife sighs and gets out her darning, while the artistic hand speculatively arranges flowers, vases, vegetables and draperies on the model stand. The regular job is whipped off the easel and a white canvas clamped on, and ere a single eggplant can wilt another *nature-morte* is born—and dinner is only a little bit late.

Artists, with their knowledge of technique, rave over still-lifes and proclaim them the most meritorious class of

modern paintings. No wonder. Such pictures are painted with passion—the emotion aroused by the instinct to eat—and all great art issues from emotion. This creelful of Mediterranean fish you see at the Salon was stewed into a *bouillabaisse* so overabundant for two that a large part of the *langouste* had to be given to the concierge to save it; that assemblage of garden truck became a *pot-au-feu*.

Model dressed and gone, tea drunk, cigarettes lighted, rugs cleared away and the frivolous at their dancing, then arrives one of the best hours of the studio day—the hour for high discussion, when youth voices its devastating opinion in extravagant phrase, blasting the Beaux-Arts and all its professors, acolytes and works, exalting Picasso and Matisse, and pouring the vials of scorn upon the Turners and Greuzes and Corots of this world. The elders puff their pipes and enter provocative words; for they know that the revolt against the sanctified rules of art is a sort of artistic measles which the youngsters have to survive on their march to maturity. Out of rebellion and chastening experiment comes to the truly talented an individual style when at last the struggler settles down to the only business an artist has in life—to express beauty as his heart, and not the calculation of his brain, dictates to him, and without regard to schools and styles and isms and what anybody else is doing with brush or chisel.

Next to art itself the favorite conversational theme is America. Oh, dear folks at home, if you knew what they are saying about you in the Latin Quarter studios, your ears would burn. Your smug follies, your stupidities, the badges you wear in your coat lapels, your Prohibition, your Ku Klux Klan, your childish concern with religious questions which we intelligentsia thought were settled fifty years ago, your insensibility toward modern masterpieces (which look

as if their artists had stood back and pitched the paint at the canvas), and your sickening idolatry before such terrible chromos as that smirking mediocrity, the *Mona Lisa* of Da Vinci. Philistines! hiss we.

We despise you, however, only as you remain aloof. We despise you in your masses at home and in your tourist hordes as you remain on the Right Bank in Paris or only come over slumming to gaze at us through your horn-rimmed spectacles. But if you take the trouble to look us up and penetrate into our studios, then our scorn turns to love, and we admit you to our fold and forever set you apart, in our own estimation, from the common herd. And you can find amusement in it and a welcome, too, and discover that these artist fellows are not only warm-hearted, hospitable chaps but are almost childishly eager for the approbation of your Philistine world—and little enough of it they get.

Your course to follow is an easy one. You simply remember the name of some artist from your home town (there is sure to be one in the Quarter) and, whether you know him or not, go and pay him a visit. Or, if your memory is blank, call at the American Art Association or the American Women's Club (addresses in the English papers) and get the name of some artist who comes from your part of the country. Go and tap on his studio door and introduce yourself; and before you know it you will be seated in the chair of honor, and the precious masterpieces will be lugged from the closet and placed one by one on the easel (in just the proper light) for your inspection. They may puzzle you some, these pictures; but if you have an ounce of tact and verbal articulation in your make-up, you can say something that praise-starved ears will interpret as most astute criticism and indeed as only the first note of a world-wide chorus of appreciation bound to come sooner or later.

And if you loosen up and actually buy something of the collection, what new worlds will not unfold themselves to you! You will be invited to teas and to visit other studios, there may even be dinners, and certainly there will be evenings on the Dôme terrace drinking cool green drinks in summer and hot brown ones in winter and having the celebrities pointed out to you and meeting a good many of them. You will taste the same life that Du Maurier described in *Trilby* and Verlaine in his poems, and it will give you more to talk about after you reach home than all the treasures you saw in the Louvre put together.

And—who knows?—the curious daub which you rather shamefacedly exhibit to your friends as one of the trophies of your tour, may bring upon your tomb the blessings of your grandchildren. Whistler and Sargent and all the rest of them had to be young beginners once, and no doubt they painted canvases which their contemporaries regarded as curious. You might be the one to land on a winner, and future generations might acclaim the perspicacity that picked up for a few hundred francs in a shabby Latin Quarter studio a master work for which museums and private collectors are bidding almost as many thousands of dollars. You may be sure that the unknown who sells you the canvas has the certainty in his own bosom that such will be the ultimate outcome of the transaction.

The court or alley studios are only one of several types to be found in the Latin Quarter. Some studios occupy mansards of old Parisian houses. Some are in drafty, old, barrack-like structures built especially for the purpose. Another sort fills from cellar to roof modern new studio buildings, splendid affairs with mosaicked halls, steam heat, electric elevators, and two-story ateliers attached to duplex apartments, their upper halls leading out on studio balconies.

But whether of one type or another, there are thousands of them scattered over this new Latin Quarter. The meandering Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs probably shelters more genius, more artistic and intellectual cults and movements, than any street of similar length in the world. The Rue Campagne-Première is a warren of studios, and so is the Rue Léopold-Robert. Studios are thick around the Montparnasse Cemetery, where from the windows the prospect of vaults, mortuary sculpture, and everlasting wreaths of porcelain and bead flowers in pallid imitation of nature, gives one a sobering sense of the length of art and the fleetness of time. Studios extend out the long Rue Vaugirard, a spur of them follows the Rue Vercingétorix through a squalid commercial districts to the Rue d' Alésia, and there is another offshoot crossing the top of the old Latin Quarter and extending southward out to the Place d'Italie—this last a colony with a distinctly Russian flavor.

The new Latin Quarter has its cafés and restaurants, too, which are becoming as famous as any along the old Boul' Mich'. Artists are a discriminating crew. Out of dozens and dozens of cafés in Montparnasse only seven or eight get the studio trade, and those for no discoverable reason. At the Raspail-Montparnasse corner on a summer evening, for instance, those two chief artists' cafés of the new Quarter, the Dôme and the Rotonde, will be jammed to the last chair inside and out, with dozens standing on the sidewalks waiting for places. And just across Raspail on this same corner at the Café Cigogne, an Alsatian place with lights just as bright, bar and tables as inviting, beer and coffee as good, *choucroute garnie* just as tasty, and prices even lower, there will not be twenty customers, and none of them artists. Why it should be thus, nobody knows. It just is so.

One knows an artists' hang-out the minute he enters it by the paintings exhibited on the walls, sometimes with price-tags stuck in their corners. Such pictures always are for sale, price-marked or not. Cafés wherein paintings and sculptures are exposed usually serve as headquarters for internally harmonious groups of artists, the exhibition implying an arbiter somewhere in the background who selects the works shown and to that extent acts as the leader of the group. At the Closerie des Lilas, on whose shady *terrasse* stands a monument to Marshal Ney almost on the spot where that Napoleonic soldier met his death, there is an exhibition organized by the French painter Clergé; and here an artist-group meets evenings to talk and hear classical concerts. The Lilas is the most "serious" of the new Latin Quarter's cafés, an echo of the Boul' Mich' of the last century.

At the Rotonde there is a big exhibition of paintings, chiefly by Russian and Scandinavian artists, and several other Quarter cafés maintain permanent shows; but the American headquarters, the Café du Dôme has none. The American artists believe that an atmosphere of beer, cigarette smoke, cards and hilarity is no proper one for the appreciation of pictures; and they have resisted every attempt to turn the Dôme into an art gallery.

On Boulevard Raspail at the corner of Rue Campagne-Première stands a little café of the old-fashioned, sagging-floor, dimly-lighted type, where art is pursued with a seriousness unknown to the gay and flamboyant Dôme-Rotonde corner. It is the Café Caméléon, a place with a clientèle largely French; and the art pursued is not the art of chisel or brush but the art of the pen. Hither comes the French poet of free verse that no editor will entertain, the author of sketches to which all roads to publication are barred, the

writer of songs that no orchestra will play. Here they gather nightly—a salon of the defeated—to recite their poems, read their fiction, and sing their songs to one another, warming themselves in their mutual approbation and for an hour defying a stupid and heartless world.

At the other end of the Rue Campagne-Première—the Boulevard Montparnasse end—holds forth that exotic resort the Jockey. In appearance the Café Jockey is reminiscent of a vanished day when Montparnasse was the battleground of the Parisian apaches. The apaches have now passed to other haunts, leaving Montparnasse (criminologically speaking) as mild as Montclair; but the Jockey, with its low cracked ceilings and splintery floors, still remains. Within doors its tattered walls flutter in every draft with posters pinned layers deep upon them—cartoons painted with shoebrushes, poems lettered upon wrapping paper, epigrams, ribald mottoes and jokes, all of which pass with the unsophisticated as the careless contributions of the café's clientèle. Painted on its outer walls the Jockey presents to the traffic a procession of grotesque caricatures of Indians, cowboys, rattlesnakes and other properties of the cinematic West.

It is picturesque and what the stranger expects of the Latin Quarter, but the Quarter's citizenry itself regards the Jockey with distrust, seeing in it the cloven hoof of commerce, the start of an invasion that would turn the sacred precincts into a tourists' paradise. In Montmartre, the other main art quarter of Paris, you can find fifty resorts similar to the Jockey; but Montmartre deliberately exploits its Bohemianism for the tourist and therefore exploits one as stagey and spurious as that of Greenwich Village itself in New York. Disapprove of the Latin Quarter's life as much as you will, you must at least grant it a certain virtue and a

certain dignity—the virtue of being an honest Bohemianism and the dignity of unconcern with what outsiders think about it.

At night the Jockey is jammed breathlessly with tourists, this being one of the regular stations along the Paris-by-night tours. Instead of the genuine characters of Bohemia, however, the tourists merely look upon paid actors impersonating them. To see the real thing they should halt their *char-à-bancs* a block sooner—at the Dôme—but the real thing is not so spectacular.

Besides the cafés there are the Quarter restaurants favored by artists—the Closerie des Lilas and the Rotonde, both with music and good food; Baty's (also on the Dôme-Rotonde corner), once so famous for its wines that rich folk used to drive over from the Other Bank to buy them by the case; the Dingo in the Rue Delambre with a California Chinese cook and American dishes; the Ste. Cécile on the Boulevard Montparnasse, where many a man celebrated within and beyond the confines of the Latin Quarter takes his evening repast.

Le Duc's Restaurant on Montparnasse, on the terrace of which Du Maurier is said to have written much of *Trilby,* is no longer in business; but just around the corner in the Rue Léopold-Robert is Henriette's, a restaurant originally started by two California girls—artists—who, having gone broke at painting, demonstrated that in proper hands the culinary art may be more remunerative than its higher cousin. Henriette's is now conducted by a French *patron,* but its reputation for good food at reasonable prices is unimpaired.

In the old Latin Quarter the focal points of interest were scattered up and down its length. The new Latin Quarter is completely centralized around one spot—the corner of the Boulevards Raspail and Montparnasse. Here stand the

Café du Dôme and the Café Rotonde; and you can no more know the present Latin Quarter without knowing these two cafés than you can know an Ohio county-seat without knowing its public square and court-house. They are half its life.

To them come all the Quarter people—not some, but all—even those who adhere spiritually to other circles. They come nightly or weekly or at haphazard intervals, but they all come—painters, sculptors, poets, musicians, authors, journalists, students and models, as well as the charlatans, the frauds, the outcasts, the wantons and libertines—the whole cosmos of Bohemia. The assemblages are like large family gatherings. There is a village air about it. The triumph of one, the sorrow of another, even the occasional tragedy of some frail member, becomes neighborhood news and a point of neighborhood concern.

To the Parisian and his family their neighborhood café holds, as we have seen, an importance in life only short of that of their home itself, being for them lodge, club and society. What is more natural than that two or three thousand Americans undergoing a homeless but happy exile in one district of Paris, sharing, too, a common interest, should adopt a Paris café and, in the true American spirit of superlativeness, proceed to intensify the social and family feeling that clings to it wherever it is. That, at any rate, is what the Americans of the Latin Quarter have done with their Café du Dôme at the corner of the Boulevard Raspail and the Boulevard Montparnasse. To them it has become front porch, reception hall, parlor and sitting-room in one. It is home.

Across Montparnasse fronting the Dôme is a more splendid institution, the Café Rotonde—larger, more brilliantly lighted, and, with its orchestra, its distinguished restaurant, and its nightly dancing, more pretentious in every

From a painting by A. G. Warshawsky

MONTPARNASSE, LE DOME-ROTONDE CORNER

way. It attracts larger crowds than the Dôme, and chairs on its terrace are at a greater premium. But it is a newcomer on the corner, and the American Quarterites will have little to do with it.

On the Rotonde terrace the artists and poets are even more numerous than at the Dôme. The velvet coat, the Byronic collar, the eccentric head-dress and the sandaled foot are oftener manifest. But the language of that terrace is not the language of America or England—it is Swedish, Danish, Russian, French, Italian, anything but English. The Rotonde, in fact, is to the other foreign inhabitants of the Latin Quarter what the Dôme is to the Americans—the nightly rendezvous and gathering-place.

Between the two cafés and their clientèles there is no special jealousy or rivalry. If there is excitement at one, the crowd of the other goes over to watch. On Bastile Day the two cafés pool resources to erect a bandstand on the corner point, to fill that stand with sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, to roof over the pavements with Japanese lanterns, and to conduct there a three-night dance at which the boisterous element gets drunk unanimously. But for the rest of the year the two crowds are distinct. Domites are Domites and Rotondites Rotondites, and they maintain a speaking acquaintance with each other.

This present Rotonde, the big, noisy, feverish Rotonde, is an after-war development. On the day the war ended the Rotonde was still a grimy little café-restaurant, the sort of place an American Quarterite calls a dump. In the old days some of the young irrepressibles of the American colony conspired to give the place an evil reputation by dressing up as apaches and frequenting its barroom. Behind the bar were two small and badly lighted drinking- and eating-rooms, stifling in winter when doors were shut; but in those

rooms, the wise knew, anybody who could find a seat at dinner time—which no outsider could, the places all being taken by the regular customers—would get some excellent food. The regular customers were Russian almost to a man.

In one of these back rooms during the early years of the Great War, after the tables had been cleared, two Russian friends used to meet over a chess-board and plan to manipulate kings and nations as they manipulated their pawns and pieces. Two obscure exiles in the dingy back room of a dingy Parisian café in the barroom of which boisterous American students masqueraded as gangsters, aspiring to change history—an amusing piece of presumption! One of the chess players, a lean man with a black mustache and an explosive shock of black hair, was of Jewish extraction and had lived for a while in New York. His name was Trotsky. His stouter companion, bald-headed and trimly bearded, was a Russian of genteel birth, named Lenin.

When, after the Russian débâcle, it became known in Paris that the greatest social upheaval since the French Revolution had been plotted in the little Rotonde restaurant, where doubtlessly other red comrades were still meeting and plotting, the iron hand of Monsieur Clemenceau came down on the place, and it was closed up until the end of the war. Then a new proprietor, one with money, bought the place, rented much additional space, poured thousands of francs into new installations, and opened up with a café as garish and modern as any in Paris.

This opening spelled the fate of the Boul' Mich' and finally brought Bohemia to Montparnasse. Already the swelling numbers of Americans were making the Dôme corner the liveliest on the Left Bank. But the Dôme was crowded to the limit, leaving no room for the Russians and Scandinavians still lingering in the old Latin Quarter. The

new Rotonde offered them a home also in Montparnasse, and they promptly accepted it. When the Rotonde inaugurated its permanent picture exhibition, the free spirits began deserting the Boul' Mich' in flocks. As more and more came it grew necessary for the Rotonde to expand; and it has expanded every few months by renting and equipping additional space, until now it occupies a long frontage on two stories along both Montparnasse and Raspail.

Monsieur Leon Daudet and his fellow monarchists can not forget the Rotonde's past, and occasionally in their newspaper, the *Action Français,* they fulminate against the place as a focus of red propaganda and a breeding-place for crimes of all sorts. But Monsieur Daudet and his associates exert only a shadowy influence upon Paris. The corner traffic policeman keeps an anxious eye on the Rotonde, but that seems to be the sole result of Monsieur Daudet's attack. The fact is that the present ownership of the Rotonde is a syndicate of Parisian business men, who also own the Olympia music-hall and several other cafés and amusement places, and who would probably no more consent to be parties to the spread of Bolshevism in France than would Monsieur Daudet himself.

As to the Dôme, Paris has no other café half so interesting to the Americans who reside in or visit that city. It is almost a civic institution. Let there be a rumor of a possible change in its ownership, and the Paris editions of the English-language newspapers rush into head-lines. It is attacked in letters to the editors by American reformers traveling in Europe and is as stoutly defended by its young intellectuals. Its happenings are news in Paris. Once even, when it was redecorated—and what scheme of interior decoration could please unanimously a clientèle of artists?—the moans of the esthetically offended made the Paris editions lugubrious for a week.

For a moment, too, it looked as if bloodshed might result. For two months the Dôme was boarded up, the Rotonde getting all the patronage, and then the fences were removed and a new Dôme stood revealed—a Dôme with painted plaques in low sculptured relief on its exterior walls depicting scenes of gay café life, a Dôme with lights of colored glass set into mirrors and upon odd places, lights, however, that were drowned in the white radiance which every Parisian café thinks it has to have; and with everything else to correspond.

Well enough. Sculptors might have their own opinion of the reliefs, and painters of the colored glass, but nobody complained much about these innovations. What offended, what wounded artistic souls to the raw, were certain interior wall panels papered with a dazzle design of violent orange and purple hues. At first only wails of anguish ensued, but pain turned to homicidal rage when the rumor spread that a Dôme client, one H. S. Cresswell, was responsible for the outrage.

Now, though a client, Mr. Cresswell is an important one. He is one of the elder statesmen of the American Latin Quarter. He has lived in Montparnasse so long that he can remember back when the Dôme itself was just a dump. He has witnessed the whole rise of Raspail. The Dôme is his Old Homestead, and every evening he strolls through it smiling paternally upon its children. His work is not exciting. He is a writer of trade articles on furniture and interior decoration, in which he is an expert. All in all, Squire Cresswell is a sober substantial citizen who sheds his straw hat every fifteenth of September because the folks back home are doing it, serves conscientiously on any committee when appointed, and will be a leading spirit in the Latin Quarter Kiwanis Club if such a thing is ever organized.

Brought to bay, Mr. Cresswell denied any complicity in the Dôme crime beyond a mere technical connection with it. The decoration scheme was not his. His own idea, in fact, had been to do a sort of medieval rathskellar effect with oaken walls and subdued lights; but Père Chambon, the *patron,* being French, would have none of it and went ahead to create a sample of the ultra-Parisian idea of café beauty—all colors and mirrors and lights. When Mr. Cresswell was called in as consulting expert nearly everything was done—mirrors installed, billiard tables removed forever, woodwork stained and varnished, all ready for the wall-paper. Père Chambon laid before Mr. Cresswell two samples of paper and only two, one at war with the woodwork stain, and the other, the purple and orange enormity, at least not clashing with it. Mr. Cresswell did what any other man must have done in the circumstances: he chose the lesser of two evils.

Thus soothed, the injured called off their vendetta; and then time intervened and smoked and steamed the wall-paper into tones no longer so aggressive.

The saying is that you can sit on the terrace of the Café de la Paix in Paris and in time see the whole world go by. Even truer is it that on the Dôme terrace you will sooner or later see most of America's literary and artistic world; for there is probably no place on earth where so many Americans of distinction in the fine arts foregather as at the Café du Dôme. They are always putting up a poor mouth, these writing and painting chaps, but somehow a lot of them seem to manage trips to Europe.

And when they reach Paris—the humorists, the journalists, the editors, the short-story writers, the novelists, the cartoonists, the traveling correspondents, the movie stars, the sculptors and the painters—they make straight for the Dôme. The Dôme is the central European station for this

sort of travel, the place where one finds out about every one else.

Accordingly if you are a Domite, a permanent resident, you can sit on that Parisian terrace and keep in touch with things at home. And on those great evenings, when some old acquaintance has shown up and is telling you about mutual friends, you forget that you are in a foreign city at all; you forget the thousand leagues of Atlantic water; and, with the murmur of English speech reaching your ears from the terrace, the Dôme itself seems only some eastern projection of your own land.

CHAPTER IX

DOMITES

Bohemia, to repeat what has been said, is now working on a new location. If George Du Maurier could return to life and to Paris, he would scarcely recognize Trilby's old stamping-ground near the Place Saint-Michel. The Bohemian spirit of the place has left it.

But if he revisited Montparnasse, a district which he knew only as an outlying province of Bohemia, he would find his Latin Quarter still existing and about as it was when he wrote of it—the same flavor, the same characters (but bearing different names now) enacting the same unending drama. He could discover the modern counterpart of Taffy, of the Laird and Little Billee, and of Trilby, too—yes, even of Svengali, for Bohemia still has its evil spirits, its founders of devil cults, its dabblers in the forbidden.

Du Maurier's Latin Quarter was an old rambling sort of quarter with a dozen centers of interest and filled with little cliques and groups that kept to themselves and had their chosen places of rendezvous. The post-war Latin Quarter heads in completely to one center, the corner of the Boulevards Raspail and Montparnasse. This spot is its heart, a heart with two ventricles, which are two cafés fronting each other across the broad *carrefour*—the Russo-Scandinavian Café Rotonde and the Café du Dôme of the Americans and English.

Old Du Maurier would have appreciated the economy of this. He had to prowl around his Latin Quarter searching out its nooks and cultivating its inhabitants in their several retreats. His modern American successor hunting local color for a novel of the Parisian Bohemia has an easier time of it. A day spent in exploring the studio streets, another day in the studios themselves, and he is ready to settle down with a note-book on the Café Dôme terrace and watch Bohemia parade past him. He can see it all there—or all the American part of it.

And we can do no better than follow his example. With some old-timer of the quarter with us as guide, we can sit at a terrace table at the Dôme and stare Bohemia in the face. It is profitable amusement. The proper study of Latin Quarterdom is the Domite. By getting acquainted with some of the individuals who populate Bohemia, we can gain a better knowledge of the spirit of that land than from any number of generalizations about it.

First, however, we must observe the Domites in their two classes: the genuine toilers who leave their studios for the café only when work is finished and diversion is in order, and that more conspicuous crowd, the Dôme Gang, a group to be seen at the café morning, noon and night, and which only refrains from sleeping there—or so it seems—because the *patron* will not let it.

Wherever Bohemia exists it collects froth—the futile and ineffectual; those who have merely the artistic urge without the talent; those with only a mustard grain of talent; the truly talented prevented from developing by weakness of character or temperamental defect. They are Bohemia's failures—sad ones, some of them—and they seek to win artificially the coin of acclaim by adopting eccentricities of various sorts.

You see them at both places, the Dôme and Rotonde—the poet with rapt look and poised pencil, the artist working over his sketch-pad—and you have their number. Fame in a ten-foot circle. At a Dôme terrace table, it is said, Alan Seeger composed the line, "I have a rendezvous with Death," the day before he enlisted in the French Army; but that exception does not shake the truth of the quarter axiom that Art does not loiter here. She abides in the studios, wooed there in solitude.

Besides these there is a highly colored little group made up of—just Dôme girls. They come in to the quarter from the French provinces usually, and usually at a shockingly immature age, expecting to make careers for themselves as artists' models. Some of them do pose now and then, but for the most part they remain merely decorative and omnipresent—extreme in everything, in brevity of skirts, in shortness of hair, in manner of make-up. The Rotonde displays a group of them, too. They bear only first names, receive their mail at the cafés, sin with a naiveté that is quite unlike the hard mercenary exploitation of evil to be observed in some other quarters of Paris, and subsist as the camp followers of Bohemia, for a few brief months attaining celebrity in a not undistinguished community and then fading out ahead of more youthful competition.

Finally there are those who dwell in Bohemia because of its lack of restraints—the wasters and profligates, banished younger sons and exiles for grimmer reasons, adventurers and charlatans—the libertines and the dissolute. They are all here with the abandoned, the shams and the eccentrics—the Dôme Gang—human grasshoppers and humming-birds, squandering youth in the lotus land of Bohemia—but helping to make it picturesque.

On a warm summer evening the Dôme is at its best, bril-

liantly lighted, terrace and interior rooms crowded, all Bohemia there—the "types," the café celebrities, and the truly great out from their studios for a breath of air and a glass of beer. And first our guide is likely to direct attention to an exotic thing at one of the terrace rear tables chattering with French friends and playing with a white mouse on her wrist. Her olive pallor is heightened by a heavy coat of powder; her delicately hollowed cheeks are faintly rouged; a domino area of violet powder surrounds her penciled eyes; and her lips have been painted to the hue of black cherries. She is orchid-like, unreal, Parisienne to the last degree—and she is Kiki, reigning queen of the Latin Quarter, the Trilby of to-day.

A western figure strolls along the terrace, lean, debonair, clad in khaki breeches, flannel shirt, and bronk-busting hat, sleeves up-rolled over his sinewy forearms, and a red handkerchief knotted around his neck. Dangerous Dan McGrew. Actually he is a Russian artist named Granowsky who does rather good pastels and has never been nearer the open spaces than Versailles.

Despite his fatal look Granowsky is a simple friendly soul. Art's cash dividends have never been heavy with him. On one prosperous occasion, however, he blew himself to a trip to the movies, and there for the first time he saw Bill Hart. Ah! Bill Hart! Granowsky yearned to look like that himself. Later he got the chance. Filmland is always offering the quarter "types" small and thankfully accepted jobs; and one morning Granowsky found himself on a Parisian lot as a super in a "western" attired in the whole Bill Hart rig—chaps, sombrero, spurs and all. He put such soul into his work that the director gave him the costume, which he promptly adopted as his habitual dress, thus becoming Montparnasse's only cowboy. He has a trusty steed, too—

a dusty bicycle that stands unhitched at the curb as faithfully as Bill Hart's pony ever did.

And there is Kharis sitting in black despondency over a glass of coffee—tall, emaciated, turbaned Kharis, an unsmiling mystic, adhering to the prophet Mohammed, a familiar figure in the quarter for many a year. His is a queerly mixed blood. His father was a Dutch trader in the East Indies, one of his grandmothers was a Hindoo, but he was born on a British ship in the harbor of Batavia, a fact that permits him to carry a British passport. Now and then the film companies hire him to take Hindoo parts. He appeared with Sessue Hayakawa in *The Battle.*

Kharis is living witness to the fact that not all the tragedies in artists' lives are confined to the fiction books. He himself has genuine talent as an engraver of wood-cuts, but he has never been able to make his work pay well, and once or twice he has been through a narrow squeak. The Latin Quarter is full of pathetic tales of genius defeated in the battle of existence.

Vladimir Perlemagne was a Russian sculptor who occupied a studio in the Rue de la Tombe-Issoire. He was a university man and an artist of talent whose works went into the salons but seldom into the collections, for it was work which the craftsman appreciated more than the non-technician. Perlemagne therefore starved himself into a rapid tuberculosis, and with death just ahead spent his last six months modeling in clay a large group which he hoped would preserve his name for posterity.

There came a day when the modeling tool touched the clay no longer, and another when one of those mournerless Parisian funerals left the Tombe-Issoire studio—horses, driver, open hearse, long box without pall or wreath, and out ahead on the street a marching *agent de police,* that mark of

official regret the Prefecture pays to the humblest. And thereafter an official auction of the dead man's effects, an auction attended by artists and junk dealers. And because the artists were less affluent than the traders, Perlemagne's stained sculptor's smock, his lime-spattered shoes, and his shabby studio gear fetched more money than the terra-cotta casts that stood for his career.

To the sculptors present the unfinished clay piece was a melancholy sight. There is one routine daily task in the studio which no sculptor will commit to other hands than his own. The clay figure on which he is working must be kept moist over night or it will crack. It must be sprayed with water and shrouded with sodden wrappings. A careful charwoman could do it, but he does it himself. It is a brooding hour with him, when the working light has failed, and he realizes that once more his technique has fought a losing battle with his ideals—an hour of humility. With the true artist every day brings such defeat. And as he lays the wet cloths on the figure he resolves that on the morrow he will try harder.

But Perlemagne had for some cause left his work uncovered—some final faintness perhaps—and the clay had dried into deep cracks. It was put up for auction, revolving modeling stand and all, and knocked down to a junk dealer for a few francs. This junk dealer knew what was what in values. He and his muscular wife tried to lift the piece, but its four hundredweight of clay defied them. The man thereupon seized a bar and upset the whole thing. Loving line, carefully wrought curve and plane, the intaglio that held the last half-year's expenditure of Perlemagne's talent, crushed upon the floor, releasing for business the merchantable part of the item, the modeling stand.

Sometimes the pathetic quarter episode has a happier

ending. There used to be a young Swede, who shall be nameless here but who had great popularity with the Domites, occupying a garret studio in the quarter. He was talented, ambitious, but dreadfully poor because nobody bought the portraits he painted so beautifully. In an impulsive moment he invited two American girl art students to take tea with him in his loft, an invitation that horrified him as he uttered it, for he owned not tea, teapot, nor teacups. The forward young things, however, took it upon themselves to invite others; and at the fatal hour the artist was struck cold with dismay when a bevy of hungry girls descended (or ascended, rather) upon him, demanding refreshment—for he had succeeded in borrowing only two cups.

His alarm was premature. The party had brought its own equipment. Suspecting the truth, the girls had joined in to buy a tea set together with the materials for a grand *thé complet,* all of which they presented to the artist in the course of a tearfully happy hour. He has remained nameless because he is now in New York creating a furor, getting two thousand dollars apiece for portraits and living in a studio much more magnificent than anything the Latin Quarter knows.

It is with the living and the present on the Dôme terrace this warm evening, however, that we are concerned. Cheever Dunning, known as "Cheeve," strolls in dreamily. He is an American poet who writes tragedies and exquisite little stanzas that find New York publication. He lives in a tiny studio called the "Bird Cage" in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs. Bearded Jo Davidson, sculptor of portrait busts of celebrities and himself one of the most celebrated of American sculptors, appears for a moment in the doorway.

Philistia is here also. He always is, this representative

of it—the little bourgeois Parisian manufacturer with his enormous waist-length fall of chestnut whiskers, his hard-weave pants, his cutaway coat, his round shell-rimmed spectacles, and his little brown derby hat. His business is that of a plaiter of skirts, at which he employs many girls and machines and no doubt makes many francs. Nevertheless, beneath those preposterous whiskers sulks a frustrated soul whose every yearning is an artistic one. Night after night he sits on the terrace, a wealthy but pathetic hanger-on of Bohemia, puffing a cigarette in a holder long enough to keep the glowing tip safely beyond the foremost skirmish lines thrown out by his countenance, content merely to watch the adored great and receive an occasional nod from them.

Passing the terrace are two sandaled followers of the cult of Raymond Duncan. Raymond himself since the failure of his Greek theater has deserted Paris for the Riviera; but he still maintains a shop in the Rue Faubourg-St.-Honoré where his disciples sell his beautiful hand-dyed fabrics; he still wears the Greek klamis, ringletted locks down his back, and a hair fillet in lieu of a hat; and he paints abstract pictures of shocking anatomical subjects.

Another spiritual son of Hellas sometimes seen at the Dôme is that former Nebraska plowboy Paul Swan, who has a studio near by in the Rue Delambre. Not so young now as when he bore the distinction of being the world's most beautiful man, he is still beautiful—resembling a blond, beautified Elbert Hubbard. He follows most of the seven arts and does more in any one than most of their individual specialists. He sculptures symbolic portrait heads, paints decorative murals for the wealthy of New York, writes verse and gives classic dancing concerts in Athens and elsewhere in Europe.

At one of the terrace tables sit as usual three fast friends

who have dined together and are now having coffee. One is Max Kalish, a sculptor who divides his year half and half between his home in Cleveland and the Latin Quarter. He makes small bronze figures of half-nude laborers with muscles, torsos and rugged imperious heads. American collectors buy these as fast as he can turn them out. He also sculptures, in bronze or marble, figures of dancing girls which have wide reputation at home.

With him is a kindred spirit, Louis Kronberg of Boston, whose subject also is the ballet girl but whose medium is the pastel, that imperishable application of raw color to canvas without oil solvent to turn brown with age. Kronberg ballet dancers can be seen in the museum collections of New York, Boston, Chicago, Buffalo and other American cities. Kronberg is an old-timer of the Latin Quarter where (because of his dancing girls) he is called "the American Degas." France has honored him by making him an associate of the Société National des Beaux-Arts. He was a friend of Richard Mansfield, sometimes traveled with him, and executed one of the best portraits of that great actor.

The third member of the group is Marius Vos, scion of an old New York Knickerbocker family and son of Hubert Vos, the well-known American portrait painter. He is one of the only three American sculptors who have ever taken the Spring Salon's silver medal, but he has yet to come into his own in America, for he has never shown his work there. But he is in no hurry about it. He enjoys the advantage of an income that enables him to work without thought of sale; and he bides his time and models away at heroic groups and figures against the day when he will visit New York with a collection that will place him forthwith at the front of American sculpture, as no one who has seen his work doubts that it will.

Marius Vos is an intense young man who follows the old tradition in sculpture of modeling beautifully upon beautiful themes. His delicate but massive fountain, *The Song of Love,* took the Spring Salon's silver medal of 1923. Large sculptural groups are his *métier;* but once, tiring of working along heroic dimensions, he cut with his own hands in translucent marble a masterpiece—the life-size head of a young girl in love, a thing so mistily sweet that it catches at your heart.

At the adjoining table are two artists of another calling—music. One is Edgar Varese the composer, the other Hyman Rovinsky the pianist. Swarthy Varese, born in France of Italian parentage, holds only non-resident membership in the Dôme, having now emigrated to New York and taken out his first naturalization papers. He was educated to be an engineer but afterward studied music under d'Indy and Debussy. As a composer he is ultra-Strawinsky, attempting to get into his compositions the noise, rush and clamor of America. His *Hyperprism* was a sensation in New York, and he is now working in a Quarter studio on a musical problem in calculus to be called *Integral.* Varese can talk learnedly about food and can recite a native Burgundian recipe for pot-roasting wild boar meat eloquently enough to rouse appetite in a dying dyspeptic. Bushy-headed young Rovinsky was born and brought up in New York but has spent four years in Europe studying under Schnabel in Berlin and giving concerts.

At a window table commanding a view both of the terrace and of the Dôme's interior rooms sits, holding royal court, a little old lady with a twinkling eye and a smile for every one. Beside her, as prime minister, is that stormy petrel of English letters, Frank Harris. The heavy man with sideburns, looking like Taffy in the novel, is Sisley

Huddleston, the British journalist. Many others nod to her or wave at her or come over to shake hands, for this is Carrie King, mother of the Latin Quarter and its best-beloved citizen. She knows everybody.

Carrie confesses to fifty years, a plea, however, that no zealous prosecuting attorney would accept, figuring that before an impartial jury he might convict her of a good many more. Carrie's coyness about her age is merely a cute foible to which the quarter pays an amused indulgence, the quarter being fond of Carrie, who is forever befriending people who need friends—hunting out the starving and getting them fed, finding regular jobs for the studio failures, encouraging the despondent, sending customers for the pictures and statues of people who never sold anything before, and now and then putting their names in the New York theatrical newspaper of which she is Paris correspondent.

After a stage career in the States—she was the original Little Buttercup—and a subsequent one as a newspaper reporter, Carrie King came to Paris, fell in love with the Latin Quarter and stayed on. She took a top-floor apartment in the Rue Campagne-Première, and some of the artists came in and helped fix it up. George McManus painted a lifelike Mr. Jiggs on one door, and on another Buck Warshawsky, with prophetic insight, limned a green monkey.

Prophetic, because Carrie King long afterward underwent the gland-transplanting operation at the hands of the great Voronoff himself, being the only woman (the Latin Quarter firmly believes) who ever sought that method of rejuvenation. She said her memory was failing her some; and one day, in perfect health and spirits, she marched off to the hospital where she and a monkey (not green) went under the ether together. The monkey came out of it, but not Carrie; and for one week, while the Paris editions ran

bulletins, the frightened quarter prayed to its heathen gods that Carrie might live—prayed, it seems, to some effect, because at last Carrie decided to emerge from her coma; and before anybody knew it almost, she was about once more, livelier than ever, reglanded, and restored in her memory of everything but her birthdays.

It is Mr. Buck Warshawsky himself who sits with a noisy party on the terrace at the outskirts of Carrie's court. The party is noisy because Warshawsky, in addition to being one of the best American painters in the quarter, is one of the best American story-tellers there, and people in his vicinity are apt to be uproarious. His real name is Abel Warshawsky and he is a Clevelander who has been through the hard but typical Latin Quarter experience—hard for him to get there in the first place, hard to maintain himself in the art schools, and a long pull to success afterward.

There was a day, in fact, a day when a tourist expressed a desire to look at their work, when he and his studio mate had reached the end of their rope. Neither of them had ever sold a thing, and between them and starvation was the joint sum of five pre-war francs. Nevertheless they decided to shoot the roll. Inviting their prospect to tea, they beat him to the studio, having raided a *charcuterie* on the way for such things as *paté de foie gras truffée,* cream cakes and real butter. These they spread out grandly on the studio table and at tea acted urbane and accustomed to such fare. The impressed tourist took a picture from each of them, and that was the dissolution of the long partnership between want and Mr. Warshawsky.

Warshawsky paintings now hang in many American public collections and also in the French Government's Luxembourg gallery. He does Brittany and Alpine landscapes rich in color, water scenes—no living painter does water

surfaces better—colorful Venetian views, and Paris streets and bridges in rain or snow. He is one of America's best.

With him will be his brother Xander, who is recorded in the old family Bible in Cleveland as Alexander. Both brothers are incorrigible exhibitors in the salons; but the French, who are always messing up foreign names in print, used to put them both down in the salon catalogues as A. Warshawsky, so that nobody could tell which was which or even that there were two of them. So Aleck said waggishly that he would adopt Prohibition and drop the Ale out of his name; and ever since he has been Xander, or as the salon catalogue has it, X.

Xander Warshawsky cruises about France in a small automobile seeking out quaint villages and peasant types to paint. His work is "stylized," as the artists say, more than his brother's—more in the manner of Cézanne—but not enough so to lose beauty as the common man understands beauty in painting. He has a wide sale for his work and is a substantial success in the quarter.

With the Warshawskys like enough will be Roy Van Auken Sheldon, who is Buck Warshawsky's neighbor in that same group of studios in the Rue de la Tombe-Issoire in which the unhappy Perlemagne died. Sheldon is a youngster in the quarter, not long out of Amherst. He is a sculptor reaching through experiments in the Chinese, Egyptian and Gothic modes toward a settled style that will enable him to express his talent. He has boundless ideas. He believes that America, with her ideals of size, should erect statues a hundred and sixty feet high to keep them from being dwarfed by tall buildings. Indeed, he foresees the use of the skyscraper itself as a pedestal for a statue so enormous that it will be built of iron plates riveted to frames of structural steel. He visions the future American city sky-line as

a procession of lofty sculptures—a new heroic art, entirely American.

At this table, too, is Adrian Machefert, who can do many things with brush or pen and do them all well. His is such an artist's temperament that he disappears for months and returns without a canvas, saying that he left them all behind because other people would consider them unfinished. It is a habit which makes it necessary now and then for him to baffle the wolf, which he does neatly by coming into Paris and selling drawings to the French and English illustrated magazines. Once a big American advertising concern captured Machefert and held him for four months at five hundred dollars a week; but after that the routine palled on him and he struck out for the Spanish island of Majorca where he remained three blissful years on his savings, painting without thought of sale or market.

We must not overlook the wives who accompany many of these artists to the Dôme. They are often women of ability who add to the studio incomes with their drawing, writing or designing. A wild licentious crew foregathers here, but despite that fact there is at this same Café Dôme a wholesomeness and a domesticity quite hidden and no doubt quite incredible to those who merely stand on the Other Bank and hold up their hands in horror.

The Latin Quarter has its chronicler in Arthur Moss, a keen young man with an incisive cleverness which he works into the paragraphs of his column *Over the River,* a daily newspaper feature in Paris that will bear comparison with the best in American columning. No reporter ever had an easier beat—nothing to do but sit on the Dôme terrace and let the tidings come in to you. For a time Moss got out an American magazine in Paris called the *Gargoyle,* which was more distinguished in appearance and contents than in length

of its subscription list. It flickered out after a while but proved to be the pioneer of numerous subsequent attempts to publish in Europe magazines to circulate in America.

We can not turn away from the Dôme without noticing one of its most interesting figures. He sits, likelier than not, at Buck Warshawsky's table, for being a humorist himself, he is a particular friend of that artist. Though he has thick shoulders and a stocky body, his heels do not quite touch the concrete when he sits back on the bench. Such a man, being a mixer and an American, could not well escape the nickname of Shorty; and this is none other than Shorty Lasar, dean of the American Latin Quarter—its presiding elder—a man whose name anybody of inquiring disposition will hear the first day he enters Bohemia.

It is a nickname apt only physically, however, and otherwise not the least bit revealing of this veteran, this friend of such wide-apart personages as Thomas A. Edison and Henry James, this former instructor of Cecelia Beaux and Violet Oakley, greatest of American women painters, and of Amelie Rives the novelist and artist, this one-time head of a Parisian art school which rivaled that of Whistler himself. Its bearer, moreover, is a man of means, living upon an income gained by his own talents. "Shorty"—the name implies none of that.

But Charles Lasar does not mind it, being still as joyously youthful as he ever was, as happily one of the boys. His has been a crowded life, its earliest memory being of a day when he found himself, a bare-footed urchin on the outskirts of the old steamboat town of St. Louis, caught between skirmish lines of North and South and lying prone in a ditch while minie balls whistled overhead. The principal episodes of his life dating from that day have become classic tales in the Latin Quarter—part of its saga.

That one about how Shorty, exasperated by being kept awake, hurled down a baseball out of his apartment window and broke up an apache gun fight in the old days when the gangsters battled all over Montparnasse. . . . The gunmen thought the round, rolling object was a bomb and faded from the scene. The police thought so, too, when they found the ball next morning in the gutter, for they held back the bystanders, sent for help, floated the foreign thing into a pail of water, and bore it tenderly to the Prefecture laboratory for analysis.

And the celebrated goat story—typically Shorty-esque—another episode of his boyhood back in the days just after the Civil War, the days of *Black Beauty* and *Our Dumb Animals,* when the Humane-Society wave sweeping the country broke up a roaring trade in goats which Shorty and certain bare-legged neighbors of his in one of the goat-raising sections of St. Louis were driving, training them and selling them to the children of the rich; goats having to be licked and cussed considerably to make them go. . . .

Ruined in business by sentiment, Shorty proceeded to study his goats; and he discovered that every goat is cursed with a spot somewhere on his anatomy so ticklish that if a feather touches him there he will jump as though stung by a whip. So Shorty trained his goats with feathers and on a market so dull that his whip-wielding competitors weren't selling a goat disposed of his whole stock at twenty dollars per equipage—goat, harness and sulky—the idea being so charmingly humane that gruff, bearded, General-Grant-era papas were unable to resist the pleadings of their little pantaletted daughters.

This same puckish combination of shrewd observation, inventiveness and originality in action, exhibited first as a twelve-year-old, has stayed with him through life, explain-

ing all that is peculiarly and inimitably Shorty Lasar. The last renowned instance of it occurred during the late war when Shorty, then aged sixty-four but carrying his five feet and three inches of stature jauntily, as a member of a resident Parisian baseball team matched against a college nine picked from the ambulance corps, made a monkey of a crack Harvard pitcher by stealing three bases and scoring two of the three runs that defeated the collegians. Shorty observed that when the pitcher pitched to the batter the back of his sweater folded in one direction, but when he intended to throw to the base to catch Shorty napping it folded in another; and Shorty ran accordingly.

These are tales told with a wealth of soul-satisfying detail. And there are many of them—how Shorty, as a St. Louis lithographer's prentice boy invented a method of japanning advertising signs on tin and made a pot of money only to lose it on a contract too big for him to handle—how later in New York, a journeyman lithographer now, he met young Tom Edison, who had yet to invent his electric light and talking machine—kindred souls, these—and how Shorty enabled his employer, a printer of bottle labels, to capture a big contract by discovering how to use the paper scraps left after the label cutting.

And at last a dream realized—Charles Lasar, lacking three years yet of being of age, a student in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, in a day when crossing the Atlantic was an adventure and an American art student in Paris a curiosity.

In that day Gerôme was the great figure in French art—Gerôme of the Academy, Gerôme of the Beaux-Arts, Gerôme of the gray beard and shaggy white head, leonine, majestic. Once a week—on Saturday mornings—he used to honor the sketching class in the Salle Melpomène with his presence, stalking through and commenting on the progress

of the trembling beginners. "Not so bad," was his highest praise; his condemnations were devastating.

On Shorty's first Saturday the academician came as usual, and the students paused in their sketching of the plaster models of classic statues and columns in the Melpomène room. Gerôme stood a moment at the easel of the diminutive young American and swept a contemptuous glance over the work.

"Angles—angles," he said, and shook his head hopelessly.

The master's hobby was angles—precision in line direction. He believed that truth in angles was the fundamental thing in artistic draftsmanship—the test of an artist. Shorty therefore worked hard to improve his angles, but the next Saturday Gerôme's criticism was even harsher.

Thereupon young Charles Lasar took council with himself. Was the trainer of goats with feathers, the inventor of tin japanning, the efficiency expert of a New York lithographing shop, to be balked of an artist's career by a mere angle? Tom Edison had said to him: "My boy, never reach out after help in anything; get it all out of yourself." And Shorty Lasar proceeded to get out of himself precision in angles—by methods practical if not strictly artistic.

The next Saturday, when Gerôme again steered his Juggernaut course through the Salle Melpomène, crushing the strugglers right and left, he stopped at Shorty's easel to hurl his usual thunderbolt. He opened his lips, but closed them, looked again at the drawing, fumbled in his pocket for his eye-glasses, adjusted them, peered closer—

"Get up," he commanded.

Gerôme sat down on the stool. He picked up Shorty's sketch, squinted at it, tipped it this way and that before the model, while the sketching class watched curiously. Then the master's voice boomed forth:

"Twenty years have I been in this school, but never before have I seen such angles, such precision, such truth in drawing. No other living man can duplicate this. Michael Angelo—Raphael himself was no better." He passed majestically on, leaving a stupefied class behind him.

Shorty thereafter became celebrated in the Beaux-Arts for his angles. If his fellow students had been more observant, they might have discovered his secret. He worked not only with pencil but with pen-knife. With his eye he would line up the edge of the knife handle with some perpendicular line of the model. Then he would open the blade just enough to make its edge cover the angular line he wanted—and he had it mechanically.

Simple thing—Tom Edison himself could have done no better. Later in life Shorty invented a practical tool to do the same work—a thin wooden rectangle with a plumb bob suspended from the center of its top bar. He patented this and sold thousands of them; and thousands of art students since have corrected their free-hand precision by this mechanical means.

It was as a teacher of art, however, rather than as an artist that Shorty Lasar gained most celebrity, although he was always a good artist. Even in school he discovered that often a man's style in draftsmanship needed adjusting to his temperament, and sometimes a word from him would change a mediocrity into a success. He discovered that he was particularly successful in teaching women; and when he finally opened his school in the Rue Vaugirard he excluded man altogether, having a sneaking idea anyhow that men ought to be working at plows and machines instead of easels.

In his teaching methods he was always unique. He was artist's aid, not instructor. He would stand beside a student—the position of cooperation—rather than in front of

her—the position of opposition—when giving her help. He invented a painting stool that folded flat enough to pack into a suit-case and a color strip that enabled anybody to gage the exact shade of anything observed, and he developed a semi-mechanical way of telling the quality of lighting—the "atmosphere"—to put into a picture.

At the beginning of a session he would strut up and down in front of his class, as though impatient for the girls to stop their chatter and yet uncertain what he would lecture about when they did—and suddenly, as if by accident, he would drop a little mirror on the floor. The shattering would be followed by a shocked hush, the girls being superstitious about broken mirrors.

This was partly what Shorty wanted—attention—and partly he needed some bits of looking-glass for a demonstration. These fragments he glued upon the shadowed surfaces of whatever object was serving for a model that day. Exact shades and tones of shadows are difficult to see until the eye is highly trained. By looking into the mirror bits, however, the students could see the reflected objects that were casting upon the shadows such light as they were receiving, the shadows taking color tones from them. Cecelia Beaux once told Shorty Lasar that this use of mirrors to measure light value of shadows was the greatest single aid her technique ever received.

And now the hero of these episodes, still rugged, muscular and young in spirit, sits on the Dôme terrace drinking the one glass of beer he allows himself each day. He paints some in his studio, swaps stories some, puffs a great deal at a pipe, encourages an occasional falterer in art with practical and gratuitous instruction, and whenever there is a baseball game goes out to the stadium to help make it more realistic with his rooting.

It is the Latin Quarter of 1924 we have been observing. They say, however, that the Latin Quarter is dead—you should have seen it in the gay times just before the war. Yet there must be something wrong about this saying, too; for in Du Maurier's *Trilby* we read that the Latin Quarter was dead then, and the date on the fly-leaf of that book is 1894. No doubt the Latin Quarter has always been dying regularly during each preceding generation. No doubt in 1934 they will be pointing back with regret to the wonderful living Latin Quarter of 1924.

Therefore, if these lines be unearthed by some archeologist a century or so hence, let him be assured that there was a post-war Latin Quarter in Paris and be further assured that, no matter what his contemporaries are saying about it, there is one in his day, too. It may be out around the Parc Montsouris with its Café Dôme at the Orleans Gate, for all we of to-day know; but there will be one, and it will have a Dôme, too. And it will have a Kiki, be her name Kiki or Trilby or whatever else, and a Kharis, a Warshawsky, a Vos, a Carrie King, and a Shorty Lasar—well, perhaps not another Shorty—but all the rest, whatever their names may then be.

For there will always be a Latin Quarter as long as youth is youth and seeks beauty and rebels against her rules.

CHAPTER X

THE BOOKSHOP CROWD

Of the Latin Quarter, though not adhering to the Dôme, is a small group of literary folk, principally Americans, who put their impress upon post-war Parisian life. One hears a great deal about them in Paris. It is the group which revolves around the bookshop which Miss Sylvia Beach maintains in the Rue de l'Odéon on the right-hand side about half-way up between the Boulevard St.-Germain and the Théâtre de l'Odéon.

It is a bookish neighborhood thereabouts. French bookstores are numerous in that part of the old Latin Quarter, two or three of the leading French book publishers have their head offices in that vicinity, and the bookstalls under the arcades of the old theater are as celebrated as those on the quays of the Seine themselves.

Her business self Miss Sylvia Beach chooses to call "Shakespeare and Company," and a portrait of the bald bard appears on the shop sign hanging in front of No. 12, Rue de l'Odéon. It says something for Miss Beach's own personality that she has never succeeded in giving her trade name much currency. People in Paris know the place as Sylvia Beach's bookshop and not as "Shakespeare and Company." The Young Intellectuals, who have the family spirit and call one another by their first names anyhow, shorten it still further to Sylvia's bookshop.

Now this shop is one of the foci of American culture in Europe. The Café du Dôme might be called that, too, though it is primarily an artists' rendezvous. Nevertheless, a good many writing people gather at the Dôme, but they are not Intellectuals, or at any rate not intellectuals with a capital I. They write for as much money as they can get and not for the select few who matter. You seldom see a Young Intellectual at the Dôme. He reports to the book-shop in the Rue de l'Odéon. It is his headquarters and the place one must go, if one is a stranger, to get in touch with him.

Miss Beach herself is a comely young woman with poise, a quiet and attractive manner, a businesslike bobbed head, and a frequent cigarette. And of course she is intellectual. Long ago she despaired—or so she strikes one—of getting the message across to the less understanding and has thus arrived at a forbearing but unhoping and somewhat weary tolerance of the Philistine.

It is an inviting establishment she runs. On chilly days there is an open fire before which one can sit in a comfortable chair and toast his shins while examining books for purchase or borrowing. The shop has a book-renting department as well as new-book shelves. Pinned up over and around the fireplace are numerous photographs of Intellectuals young and old autographed to Sylvia, and on the round table are piled for sale current copies of such New York and London reviews as the truly literate regard as significant.

But affording a sanctuary for Young Intellectuals and renting books and selling books and magazines are not the only business activities of "Shakespeare and Company." "Shakespeare and Company" are publishers, and mighty well-known publishers. Their fame is considerable in France and even wider in England and the United States.

However, although it has made such a stir in the world, Sylvia's publishing nest has thus far hatched only a single egg; but that egg happened to be an eagle's egg, a veritable roc's egg—for it was James Joyce's novel *Ulysses*.

So many men whose names carry authority in the world of letters have proclaimed *Ulysses* to be a work of genius, so many college professors and professional critics have contributed articles and even whole books to the growing Joyce bibliography, that it would be presumption in a mere scribbler to set up a contrary opinion, even if he were sure he held one.

Its greatest admirers, however, will not deny that *Ulysses* is the most obscene book in the English language, or the most obscene one with pretensions to being literature. It is more obscene than Mr. Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man;* and that book was suppressed in England not by official censorship but by printers who threatened to strike rather than set its phrases into type. *Ulysses* is so obscene that an average reader, even one trying to discover the beauties that critics have pointed out—and he can discover some if he looks for them—has a hard time hurdling the indecencies which Mr. Joyce continually throws into the path.

Yet, though shocking, *Ulysses* is not lewd. There is no sly suggestive look in Mr. Joyce's eye as he writes. He has invented a new method in fiction—his worshipers say a revolutionary method—and that method is to paint characters almost entirely in the thoughts that flash through their heads. As a man thinketh so is he; and there is no gainsaying the essential effectiveness of the method. Mr. Joyce, however, writes mainly about obscure people who live on the spiritual level of the sewers thinking sewer thoughts couched in sewer language. The author sets down all these

thoughts with the same fidelity with which he records his characters' thoughts about meadow flowers and Shakespeare and the political state of Ireland. There is no fact in the spiritual, sensual and vegetative life of a man or woman that Mr. Joyce avoids when human thoughts lead in that direction. It is realism carried to the end—a question of taste—but nevertheless there is something inexorable about it, as though the author were the moving finger of fate writing the human record in the eternal book.

To American readers who follow the trends in literature there is nothing new in these statements; for, since the suppression of the *Little Review* in America in 1920, when it was publishing serial installments of *Ulysses,* much has been written about this book and its author. The point of the novel's obscenity is again made here, however, because of its bearing upon the merchandizing of the editions of *Ulysses.* It is Miss Sylvia Beach's attitude that in publishing *Ulysses* she has performed a service to humanity in that she thus rescued the masterpiece from an oblivion to which the timidity of other publishers would have consigned it. She publishes *Ulysses* at the retail price in Paris of sixty francs.

Sixty francs is a large price for a book in Paris. To a Frenchman it is almost a prohibitive price. For six or seven francs the Frenchman can buy a book that will be a distinguished job of printing. It will be on thick durable paper and have beautiful margins and artistic wood-cuts and chapter initials in color. To be sure, it will have a paper cover, for French books are almost invariably bound in paper. It is an admirable custom. It makes of bookbinding an honored and extensive retail trade. It enables the book buyer to discard his purchasing mistakes without financial regret, to preserve worthy books in bindings of his own choice, and

at no great expense to give to his library the richness lent by tooled leather.

And sixty francs is no low price for an Englishman or an American. It is fifteen shillings in England and over three dollars in America. In either country it will buy a book well bound and painstakingly printed. "Shakespeare and Company's" *Ulysses* is neither. Like French books, it is bound in paper. It is printed on thin paper of less than medium quality. Its text pages in appearance are as unattractive as those of a government report. It is full of typographical errors, although one can never be certain in *Ulysses* whether a printing affront is a mistake or one of Mr. Joyce's eccentricities—what his followers call his originalities. All in all, this book is a muddy, slovenly job; and in a land of low printing costs it retails for sixty francs.

One therefore finds himself speculating upon whether Miss Sylvia Beach, the merchant, is dealing in literature or something attractive because forbidden. She herself justifies the price at which *Ulysses* is sold by its great length, which is three times that of an ordinary novel. But if there is wide circulation for a book, its mere length ought to cut no great figure in its price. Its paper and binding costs are much more important elements. *Ulysses* has now run through four editions, Miss Beach does not divulge the number of copies printed for each edition.

Although Miss Sylvia Beach maintains that most of the buyers of *Ulysses* are serious Joyce students, the fact remains that with the advent of the tourist season the book appears in the windows of a number of bookstores, both English and French, in the down-town section of Paris. And there is little doubt that many buy it for its enormities. If any filth hunter, however, thinks that in *Ulysses* he is getting a piece of light reading, the joke is on him. Most

of *Ulysses* is hard going. In any paragraph the thoughts expressed, and expressed without punctuation guides for the reader, may be variously Mr. Joyce's, or those of one of his characters, or those of some person of whom the character is at the moment thinking; and it takes close and practised attention to disentangle them and make the narrative intelligible.

The man who raised this monument of obscenity and flashing phrase, of calculated and even childish eccentricity and of limpid English, is not the sort of man one might expect such an author to be. He is quiet in appearance, unusually shy and retiring in disposition and age forty finds him the domesticated head of a family consisting of a wife and two grown sons, one of whom has a bass voice which resounds Sunday mornings in the choir of St. Luke's chapel in the Latin Quarter. Many a journalist seeks to interview Mr. James Joyce, but few succeed. His friends say, however, that when he is surrounded by his intimates he talks fluently and delightfully and not at all in the unreal manner of the style of *Ulysses*.

Mr. James Joyce may or may not be living in the Latin Quarter in Paris—one never knows. When it comes to a place of abode Mr. Joyce shows the same restlessness that afflicted the Greek hero in whom he saw the analogy and prototype to the leading character in his novel. Joyce spent five years in the composition of the three hundred thousand words of *Ulysses*. In those five years he moved thirty times and lived for brief spells in thirty different places in Trieste, Zurich and Paris. The Latin Quarter, however, more than any other place can claim him as its citizen, for he is usually to be found in one or another of its hotels working away at the new novel which is to succeed *Ulysses* and which Sylvia Beach is going to publish.

Whatever the outside opinion about Mr. Joyce may be, to the Young Intellectuals of the Latin Quarter he is nothing less than both Allah and his Prophet. They see Joyce as the supreme modern master of English and *Ulysses* as the turning point of the modern novel and as a phase of literary education through which any one must progress who pretends to write significant fiction to-day. The Young Intellectuals are not clamorous in these views—they simply state them. A person does not argue hotly about the size of the Pacific Ocean. It stands there for itself; and if your intellect can not discern its greatness, so much the worse for your intellect.

Joyce and *Ulysses* being the shibboleth, it becomes easy to identify the Young-Intellectual group of Paris with approximate definiteness. There are some minor figures, but they only report at the bookshop now and then and are not truly significant of the circle. The rest, the outstanding personages of this interlocking directorate of the Continental advance movement in English letters, are by name McAlmon, Ford, Bird, Hemingway, Antheil and Pound. And, of course, Miss Sylvia Beach and James Joyce himself.

Joyce is an Irishman, but the rest of the group are all Americans except Mr. Ford Madox Ford. Mr. Ford Madox Ford, whose name used to be Ford Madox Hueffer, is an Englishman—a large ponderous Englishman—who publishes in Paris a terribly dull magazine called the transatlantic review. It is called that without capital letters, too, Mr. Ford having adopted this bit of millinery-shop originality on the magazine's cover. The device is typical of a good share of the originality of the Young Intellectuals. Be different, even if you have to drop your capital letters. Joyce drops a lot of his.

It is, however, more or less of a struggle for Mr. Ford to be a Young Intellectual, the discoverer and contemporary of Joseph Conrad and occasional collaborator with that author, being scarcely a youth any more; and one seems to detect the strain in much that Mr. Ford writes, a fact that may bear upon the dullness of the uncapitalized transatlantic review, which Mr. Ford ballasts almost to the deep-load line with his own literary productions inserted either anonymously or under his current or his sometime name. Besides the columns of his own magazine, Mr. Ford has access to those of various journals that matter both in America and England; and as he frequently writes about the doings of the Young Intellectuals of Paris, he is the chief celebrant of the group.

William C. Bird is a fairly recent convert to Young Intellectualism. The Young Intellectuals captured him and took him to their bosoms, and he is now one of them. Not long ago, during part of the war, in fact, Bird, who is still Bill Bird to his fellows, was a newspaper reporter in Washington, being a member of one of the New York bureaus there. Newspapers still provide him with his principal means of support, for he is the Paris correspondent of a well-known American syndicate. In addition Bird is a connoisseur of French wines, and he has published a book of his own about them, written not at all in the Young-Intellectual style. It is a concise, accurate and practical manual of wines—how to know them, how to buy them and how to drink them.

For the Young Intellectuals it was Ezra Pound who sprinkled the salt on this particular Bird's tail. All his life Bill Bird had wanted to go into the printing business. As a boy he had fussed with printing presses; and when he found himself set down comfortably in Paris for what

looked like a good long tenure of office, he decided that the opportunity was at hand to gratify his hobby. So he bought a fine hand press and other equipment and set up a printing shop on one of the quays of the Ile St.-Louis, having the idea of producing books of the Mosher type.

About this time Ernest Hemingway introduced Bill Bird to Ezra Pound, and the poet's fertile brain at once conceived of a greater destiny for the new publishing house. Why (he asked Bird) be content to repeat what others have done *ad nauseam?* Why get out any more de-luxe Rubaiyats and Kubla Khans when there are the unpublished works of living men and women equally deserving of such form? In other words, why not help lead the advance in letters and establish that rare, that almost unique thing, a publishing house hospitable to the free and rebellious spirits of contemporary literature?

Whereupon Mr. Pound, with the acquiescence of Mr. Bird, undertook to get together the manuscripts for a book list which should be a cross-section of contemporary writing of significance, or rather (to quote the prospectus) "a critical enquiry into the state of prose in 1922-3." For the sake of those who would be well informed about what is going on in letters, this list of titles is here inserted:

It includes *Indiscretions* by Ezra Pound himself; *Women and Men* by Ford Madox Ford; and *In Our Time* by Ernest Hemingway—three of the six titles therefore by members of the Paris circle. The volume entitled *The Great American Novel* is by W. C. Williams, an American country doctor who was a college mate of Ezra Pound. *Elimus* is by B. C. Windeler, a British wool broker who was a colonel with the Air Force in India when he wrote it; and *England* is by B. M. G. Adams, an upper-class English woman. Three British authors, three American.

All these books have been published by the Three Mountains Press, which is what Bird named his establishment—and beautifully published—on hand-made paper, forty to eighty pages to the volume, two dollars per book. So thoroughly has Mr. Bird entered into the spirit of the Young Intellectuals that there are to be no second editions of the books, and the first editions are limited to three hundred copies, that being a sufficient number to place one in the hands of every person whose opinion could possibly matter. The Three Mountains Press publishes for the intelligent few.

The Press boasts of a printer, but sometimes it is the pleasure of Mr. Bird and of Mr. Pound also to work there themselves. Now and then you can find the two of them in the little quay shop, their sleeves rolled up over their elbows and their hands inky as they pull the pages of the new ultra-limited edition of Mr. Pound's epic, of which more is to be said farther on.

William Bird could be regarded as the official publisher of the bookshop group were it not for Robert McAlmon, who is not only an author himself and a member of the circle but also a publisher of books. His house is the Contact Publishing Company, the address of which is Miss Beach's bookshop. The Contact Publishing Company now has a list of seven books of the sort, as its unitalicized prospectus says, "not likely to be published by other publishers for commercial or *legislative* reasons."

Just as necessary as the free Parisian atmosphere to the rebellion in letters is a free avenue of public expression, which accounts for the three publishing ventures—Miss Beach's, Mr. Bird's, and Mr. McAlmon's—which the Young Intellectuals have set up for themselves in Paris. Assuming that the stupidity or commercialism of American pub-

lishers is stifling our most advanced genius, at any rate no broad public harm is being done, if we take the valuation which the Young Intellectuals set upon their own work. The edition of each of these Three-Mountains and Contact books is limited to three hundred copies, and the announcements promise that there will be no subsequent printings. Thus if there should happen to be a masterpiece among them, it must, until copyrights expire, remain unknown to the people, a legend, unavailable even at many public libraries.

Mr. Bird has published a book by Ernest Hemingway and so has Mr. McAlmon. This fact and the further one that he is intimate with the bookshop circle seem to mark Mr. Hemingway for Young Intellectualism's own, but there are indications that his sojourn is to be only temporary. In other words, his work promises to remove him from the three-hundred-copy class of authorship. One of his short stories was proclaimed by the O'Brien anthology to be the best of the 1923 crop, and he has recently finished a novel which is said to break new ground. While an admirer of James Joyce, Hemingway is in no sense an imitator of him; he pursues his own ways, and his friends expect him to go far. He is a young man of vigorous health and physique who has been a soldier and war correspondent, who now represents a Toronto newspaper in Paris, is versed in European politics, and is occasionally assigned by one or another of the New York newspapers to report some peace conference or League of Nations meeting, and who when not writing in his quarters in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs mingles democratically with the artist-writer crowd at the Café du Dôme.

Quite the most engaging figure of the whole group is George Antheil. He lives in the Rue de l'Odéon just above

the bookshop—a convenient location, for if anybody asks for him in the bookshop Miss Beach can step to the curb and call up, and if George is at home he can signify his presence by sticking his head out of the window. George is almost offensively young—a short, chubby, fresh-complexioned American boy who looks as if he might be getting through high school next year—but who nevertheless at his actual age of twenty-three has a past which he would fain live down. It is risking his esteem to reveal the skeleton in his closet, but it must be done for the sake of the picture. George Antheil is, or has been, a virtuoso—a performer on the piano excellent enough to win showers of applause and good notices in such critical music centers as Munich and Vienna. And he reached this celebrity—think of it!—by playing to his audiences Beethoven and Chopin.

All that is a closed book now with him. When first he heard an automatic piano play a scale he knew that the human hand and the human equation in the rendition of music were doomed. Virtuosity could never hope to equal the flawless level beauty of that performance; and so George Antheil turned to the composition of precision machine-made music for electric-drive pianos. He has already composed a string of sonatas, ballets, symphonies, and even an opera, in the new form.

He is so engaging because he is so passionately sincere, so utterly certain that he and the handful who think with him are right about music and that the world is wrong. Start him talking, and his thoughts and ideas jostle one another in their hurry for utterance. He thinks of music as a gray polished shaft of high-speed steel—his compositions are written to be played at terrific velocity and without crescendo or pianissimo effects whatsoever. He hates long hair and virtuosity and sentiment and everything the pop-

ular taste demands in musical performance. He believes in melody but admits that only his ear and one or two others as highly trained can detect the melodies which fill his own works; others find in them only time—swift, throbbing, exciting, African-war-drum time—and when the ordinary dissonances will not serve, George Antheil invents quarter-tone sharpings and flattings for such instruments as can take them.

He thinks that Strawinsky is twenty years behind the times, that Irving Berlin comes close to being a genius, that ragtime is the most vital thing to come into music in modern times. He is indeed trying to do for ragtime what Moussorgsky did for Russian steppe music—to organize it artistically and improve it, to make it more vulgar, more a thing of the people—to make jazz jazzier. How, asks George Antheil, can you express America with music of the classic type? Such music was a European invention, and so, wherever it is composed, it implies Europe and sounds like Europe. America has to have its own form. He himself is an American. He was born in Trenton, the son of a Polish political exile. The sounds of Trenton—its machine shops, its potteries, the Pennsylvania trains rushing through the station—are the sounds of America that he remembers. At an early age his parents took him back to Poland, and he was educated in music there and in Germany and finally in Paris under Strawinsky, whose distant relative he is through his mother's family the Dabrowskas.

Strawinsky thus became his spiritual father and at first his fast friend, but now the two have quarreled, and George on his travels no longer gets the daily friendly telegrams he once received from his last master. But Strawinsky has stood still for years, and George has gone on ahead. Who is the more significant of the two now as a composer of ad-

vanced music? George by actual count has had a hundred and ten riots at his concerts in Europe; and how many, he asks scornfully, has Strawinsky had? Only one. That ought to prove something. In fact, the only unriotous concert in which George ever played his own modern compositions was in Paris; and that was a paper house, invited by Ezra Pound, and the audience was too highbrow to riot.

So George Antheil talks—tremendously in earnest, tremendously believing in himself, and—tremendously youthful: a stocky high-school boy with cropped neutral-color hair that sticks up in back and won't hold a part. He warms to his theme and tells about the trip he made alone into the heart of Africa—across desert and veld—to gather native jazz themes; filled a note-book with them—several hundred. He rushes to the closet and drags therefrom an evil-smelling goatskin drum he brought from Africa, and pounds upon this instrument and yells savage jungle tunes until his hair is more tousled than ever, his face flushed and his forehead dewed with sweat.

His six *Savage Sonatas for the Piano,* his *Ballet Mechanique,* his two violin sonatas, all have faded into the second rank of importance beside the work finished later—his electric opera, of which the so-called "Cyclops" chapter of Mr. James Joyce's *Ulysses* forms the book.

Ulysses, it must be pointed out, is largely an analogy to Homer's *Odyssey.* The novel itself does not openly indicate this truth; but the critics and reviewers (with or without hints from Mr. Joyce) discovered it, and now the resemblance is plain to everybody. In the original Cyclops story, the one-eyed Polyphemus, after being blinded by a burning stick, hurled a boulder after the ship of the fleeing Ulysses and his companions, but missed them. In the "Cyclops" chapter of the novel, Leopold Bloom, the modern

Ulysses, gets into a barroom fight in Dublin and is pursued into the street by an irate Irishman who has picked up an empty biscuit tin to hurl at Bloom. Bloom grabs the tail end of a passing jaunting-car and gets away. The Irishman throws the biscuit tin after him, but the setting sun dazzles him and he misses, and the tin hits the pavement.

Such being the story of the opera, it is evident that the music, in the hands of Mr. George Antheil, winds up with a bang. But there are several other bangs in *Cyclops*. The opera has music and it has words, but there the resemblance to other operas ceases. It is, for instance, to be performed, as much as it can be performed, without human players at all, or at least visible ones. The "orchestra" is to consist of a battery of twelve electric pianos, eleven of them hooked up mechanically with the twelfth, which plays the master roll. Noting the rubber drums, the steel and wood xylophones, and the various blare instruments, all of which are to be played by the master roll also, it must be mentioned that the score is to be run off at one swift tempo and at a level *forte* without any crescendos or diminuendos except as these effects are gained by switching pianos on or off. Each individual instrument, when it plays at all, plays at utmost speed and power.

No singers appear on the stage. They are concealed below, where they vocalize into receivers connected with loudspeakers scattered through the auditorium. This device enables the voices to be heard above the din of the pianos and xylophones and also saves the audience the unpleasantness of having to gaze upon singers who do not in the least resemble characters whose rôles they are assuming. Instead of singers on the stage the Joyce-Antheil opera provides for a ballet interpreting in pantomime the action as it progresses. The responsibility for the ballet interpretation Mr. Joyce

has taken upon himself and has contributed full stage directions.

Do not think that this devastating opus has been born to die unsung. Even as these sentences are being written, a contract for *Cyclops* has been closed between the authors and the Provincetown Players of New York, who have guaranteed to give it an American production. Thus *Cyclops* started on its way into the American operatic repertoire.

Almost on the pedestal with Joyce, himself, George Antheil places his closest friend, Ezra Pound. Ezra is easily the most eminent poet of the Latin Quarter writing in English—or largely in English. Actually he follows the modern mode of interspersing English with oddments of foreign languages dead and alive, common and rare. Ezra will be coasting along easily in English, writing stuff that reads at least as if it ought to be intelligible to a true intellectual, when suddenly he will roll in some such obstacle as—

"ANAXIFORMINGES! Aurunculeia!"

—and the low-grade intellect that has dashed headlong into the obstruction will pick itself up nursing a shanty on its mental eye.

A few bumps like this one, and a person begins to get the scheme of it. There are intelligences so keenly discriminating, so microscopically calibrated, that the tongues of all men are none too rich in words for the exact expression of their ideas. Any single language is too lean for modern genius. Tobacco smoke, it is said, looks blue because its particles are so fine that they intercept only the short blue rays of light. In like manner do the tongues of men serve the muse of Ezra Pound and the other moderns. There are times, it seems, when only the Icelandic phrase, the Hindoostani idiom, the Manchu ideograph, or some such thing, can

capture the blue and ultra-violet wave-lengths of the Poundian sunshine.

Ezra Pound is a sort of college-professor chap who has leaped the corral of conventionality and now ranges the literary open spaces. He follows up abstruse lines of original investigation, such as the higher mathematics of musical harmony, and bandies about such themes carelessly and casually, like Olympian small-talk. He is quizzical in manner and complexly humorous and is prone to answer one question by propounding another that seems simple but is actually a baffler, and has other mannerisms, in spite of which, however, the somewhat difficult Mr. Pound is a pleasant enough fellow. He has a big shock of wind-blown blond hair and a full blond beard roughly trimmed to a point. At work in his studio in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs he often wears a blue shirt with roll collar open at the throat and also a black velvet coat. Sometimes he walks abroad in his velvet jacket, but then he dons a Latin Quarter hat. Only from the waist down does he wear the raiment of mortals who dwell not on Parnassus; otherwise he is completely and utterly the poet.

The Latin Quarter divides him with Italy, where he browses in old libraries among medieval manuscripts. His passion for the medieval has led him into a study of music which has carried him so far that he is now as much musician as poet. He began by studying the verse of the old troubadours, but found it to be verse so wedded to music that he had to gain a mastery of that, also. Then he began reconstructing troubadour music in modern form and has brought out collections of troubadour songs which his researches unearthed in England and Italy.

In France his study of Villon's verse led to the creation of an opera called *The Testament,* of which the book is the

poetry of François Villon and the music is by Ezra Pound—music based on ancient forms. The medievalists noted neither time schemes nor lengths of tones in their music scores—their performers understood these things instinctively—but instinct, Mr. Pound discovered, would not come to the rescue of the modern musician who attempted to play this music. So he bowed to the inevitable and called in George Antheil as assistant; and while Ezra sang the score and tapped on his desk, George made the necessary time notations.

The structure of medieval music is such that the score of *The Testament* averages eight changes of time to every bar, or practically a special notation for every measure of it. It is unusual, it is difficult, but it is nevertheless playable even by the modern performer whose head is of the material of the veneer of the piano keys. George Antheil says that Ezra Pound's musical compositions are almost photographically medieval—that in himself Ezra Pound has regenerated a musical consciousness which last existed in ancient cloisters and serf-haunted forests before Bach came along to revolutionize music.

Nevertheless it is upon verse that Mr. Pound's fame chiefly rests and to verse that he devotes his chief attention. He is now revealing for the first time the vast plan of an epic which is to be his magnum opus. For ten years he has been working away at this poem, and he hopes to live to put thirty years more upon it, thus making it a presentation of the modern consciousness as observed by Ezra Pound throughout his life. He has not yet named the epic, and he may never name it. The Three Mountains Press, which is bringing out the first cantos of it in an edition limited to ninety copies (ranging in price from twenty-five to one hundred dollars a copy), is calling it merely *Sixteen Cantos*

of Ezra Pound. Mr. Pound himself has thought of calling it *A Poem of Some Length,* which will be an apt title if he lives to complete the hundred cantos he plans for the work.

In this first public offering of the epic the strongest sections relate to the deeds of one Sigismundo Malatesta, a medieval general who hired his sword variously to Venice and Florence and spent his wages patronizing the arts in a temple which he built for himself at Rimini. There he surrounded himself with the best poets and painters and sculptors and in general acted as an agent of civilization, as Mr. Pound says, in an age peculiarly commercial and materialistic. The poem's record of Malatesta is as historically accurate as Mr. Pound's researches in the Vatican library could make it, and the likeness of the age to our own gives the poet opportunity to criticize his own times when ostensibly talking about others.

The whole group of Young Intellectuals in Paris is curiously interknit. Ford Madox Ford writes about them all and publishes their contributions in his magazine. Ford's magazine has its publication office at Bird's printing shop. Bird publishes their books. Pound is literary adviser for Bird's publishing house. McAlmon publishes some of their books and has some of his own published by Bird. Antheil and Joyce collaborate in an opera. Antheil collaborates with Pound in an opera. Antheil writes about the music of Pound, and Pound has written a book about the music of Antheil. Bird and Antheil have formed a business arrangement for the exploitation of Antheil's new system of musical notation. Sylvia Beach sells all their publications and makes her bookshop their headquarters. And they all sit at the feet and hear the word from James Joyce, author of *Ulysses.*

Electric opera, medieval opera, magazines of rebellion,

poems "of some length" done in a hundred cantos and nearly as many languages, books printed for the intelligent three hundred, three-hundred-thousand-word novels largely without paragraphing or punctuation, novels not likely to be published "for legislative reasons"—is this a madhouse, or is it the van of English-language culture? Is it all pose, pretense and insincerity; or will people a century hence be referring to Antheil as another Bach, Pound a modern Dante, Bird a second Caxton, and Joyce the rival of Shakespeare?

The truth probably lies between the extreme views. The Young Intellectuals are probably not nearly so futile as intolerant Philistine opinion might hold them, nor nearly so significant as they hold one another. The works of all of them do show talent, and their scorn of the rules does tend to shock more docile craftsmen out of their oiled ruts. Some of these things being done in Paris influence and may even change existing standards—may blaze the way for new tendencies. And at least nobody can assert that the doings of the bookshop circle lack interest.

CHAPTER XI

CABARET HILL

Mid-evening in a Montparnasse café. Tiled floor, blinding light, smoky air, paintings covering wall spaces and even mirrors. At the tables the usual jam—studio types, artists, citizens, curiosity seekers. Unshorn bearded men with greasy collars and black nails in company with resplendent girls, manicured, coiffed, often bizarrely dressed.

At one table, her back to the wall, sits a quarter hamadryad, aged about twenty. Her hair is shingled like a boy's. She wears a cheap suit, mannishly tailored. She is rouged as if for the footlights. Her pointed nails shine, her jewelry is almost convincing.

Though unattended, she is chatty and friendly with those sitting near. Acquaintances they may be, or strangers—it makes no difference to her. She is enjoying herself, and that conspicuously. Hers is not the quiet manner. One she bids smell the flower pinned to her lapel. To another she relates the details of a recent adventure—an unconventional trip to the seashore—the warm afternoons on the beach—how the man loved to run his fingers through her boyish hair.

A young man enters the room, threading his way through the crowd. An artist, obviously—as frowsy as any. His clothes have never known the pressing iron. He wears

a soiled blue shirt and collar. The vivid hamadryad catches sight of him and is moved thereby to humorous memory.

"Ivan, *dit'!*"

At the sound of his name the young man stops, looks around, sees the girl.

"Do you know what they are saying about us?" she calls above the conversation. "That you are my lover now! *Toi*—after the collection I have had!"

His retort is another insult, equally broad, equally good-natured. There has been no lull in the hum of conversation. Nobody has paid the slightest attention.

That is the Latin Quarter—pagan, naïve.

Another episode:

A healthy, obedient, American college boy, touring Europe with his wealthy parents, when in Paris begged to see Montmartre by night. While not approving of Montmartre, the parents consented to let the boy go in company with their courier, a man in whom they had much confidence. One evening after the theater the two set out for the celebrated hill, arriving, after visits to several other resorts, in a well-known jazz palace called the Dead Rat. They found a table, ordered the bottle of champagne that is the universal Montmartre admission price, and watched the dancers.

They found themselves watching one couple in particular—a handsome young chap, an Englishman by the look of him; and a girl, obviously French, beautiful, clothed by the Rue de la Paix, but earmarked as one of the appurtenances of the establishment. They danced excellently, the girl chattering and smiling up at her tall partner, he occasionally vouchsafing her an answering smile, but mainly wearing an air of aristocratic boredom, as if he were suffering this ex-

perience for the sake of "doing" Montmartre conscientiously. Another dance, and he shook himself loose and resumed his place at a table near that of the courier and his young American charge.

There the Englishman fell at once into a reverie, sipping his champagne absently. The girl, now dancing with another partner, smiled over her shoulder each time she passed the Englishman's table, but he was too wrapped in his own thoughts to see her advances. So she tried direct action. She plucked the rose from her gown and tossed it upon his table. He, as if used to having roses fall upon him from nowhere, merely picked it up and twirled it musingly, and presently, forgetting the flower, dropped it carelessly upon the velvet carpet.

At that moment the girl was again passing. She saw the slight put upon her favor, and a tigerish fury seized her. Twisting free from her dancing partner, she flung herself across the table at the Englishman, her fingers reaching for his eyes. Bottle and glass crashed, one or two women screamed faintly, the music hesitated, and the uniformed husky at the door made for the trouble. But the young lordling was entirely equal to the occasion. With a look of well-bred annoyance he stood up, swung back his arm, sweeping the girl down upon the chairs, dropped a banknote on the table to pay his account, picked up hat and overcoat, and stalked haughtily forth from that place.

Next day at the hotel the American lad related the details of this scene again and again, to his parents and to friends who came in to hear it. He grew enthusiastic over Montmartre—it was worth the rest of Europe put together. Why poke around in musty old museums when you could climb a hill in Paris and see raw human life lived passionately and frankly? What was the value of travel if it were

not this—to discover that all romance is not bound between the covers of novels?

So eloquent was he that even his strait-laced parents began to think that perhaps his arguments were sound. Perhaps tourists owed it to themselves to see the celebrated butte of sin. Accordingly a few evenings later they organized a family party, the son now acting as guide, and started out upon the popular Parisian equivalent of going down the line. After some preliminary visits they entered the Rat Mort that the boy might point out the very spot on which the drama of the rose had occurred.

But, entering the room, they were all transfixed to see an aristocratic young Englishman sitting at that same table musingly twirling a rose. He tossed it carelessly away. A young body in scarlet flashed across his table, only to be swept down upon the chairs. A bank-note was dropped, a hat and coat picked up; and then the actor taking the male rôle in the sketch stalked haughtily forth from that place.

And that is Montmartre—a cabaret show.

And it has always been a cabaret show, from the day that that most engaging of the martyrs, St. Denis (whose demise, much opinion hath it, gave the hill its name) picked up his severed head and carried it four miles to his tomb—from that day to the present. Debauchery was added to entertainment when Henri IV, then Henry of Navarre, besieged Paris from that hill, making his headquarters in the Abbey of Montmartre. The life that Henry and his officers led with the nuns of Montmartre was a scandal even in those licentious times.

Thus Montmartre of the present has behind it tradition of ample antiquity to justify its doings. In the Roman era the hill was crowded with country villas, and the early Parisians went there on picnics. During the Middle Ages it

was a place of groves and vineyards, some of which, it may be noted, survived until within fifty years of the present. In the ninth century the abbey was built. Henry of Navarre came along in 1590. At that time there was a considerable colony living on the hill; for gypsum—"plaster of Paris"—had been discovered there, and the quarries were being worked. There being no water on the hill, it was necessary to erect wind-mills to pump it up from the valley below; and these were the predecessors of wind-mills that exist to this day on Montmartre, but exist now only to give picturesque housing to cabarets.

The example of Henri IV started Montmartre off on a career of evil from which it was not to recover for two hundred years. As the quarries increased, as the laborers' settlements grew in size and the taverns and wine-shops multiplied, the hill became the resort and abode of the offscourings of the Parisian underworld—fallen women, procurers, white-slavers, thieves, escaped criminals, deserters, those who for any cause found it convenient not to live under the eyes of the authorities in Paris itself; and these attracted libertines and profligates from the city.

In those days the Montmartre inns—so the old records and engravings show—were named with an Elizabethan frankness of obscenity that the modern cabaret names merely hint at. Properly Montmartre was not then part of Paris, but there was so much disorder, bloodshed and crime constantly occurring on the hill that the Parisian police were forced to extend their jurisdiction over it. Thus we hear of the first restrictive regulations in France, for the taverns of Montmartre were compelled to close their doors each evening at eight o'clock, whereas the wine-shops of Paris itself could remain open as long as they willed.

But there are two Montmartres, or rather the hill seems

to have two natures; and along about the year 1800 Montmartre's better nature asserted itself. Vice deserted Montmartre and moved back into Paris. The height became what it had been in Roman times, a place of innocent rural pleasure for the people of Paris. The dives and dens became mild suburban inns, which the artists of Paris were quick to discover.

And that remained the career of Montmartre until after the Franco-Prussian War in 1870. By that time Paris had grown out to include the hill within its bounds, and in this cheap and favored quarter the French artists had begun to live. In 1794 the Revolution had pulled down the old Abbey of Montmartre. In 1874 the French decided to propitiate a long outraged heaven by building on the ancient Abbey site the modern Basilica of the Sacre Cœur. They erected Sacre Cœur to the Christian God, but they were true to Montmartre in choosing a heathen architectural style.

Then began the Golden Age for Montmartre. The tourist had invaded the Latin Quarter, and more sensitive souls were migrating to the slopes of the northern hill. In 1878 a Montmartre picture dealer started a cabaret called the Grande Pinte. The clients were artists and writers, and the show was an intellectual treat. So successful was this venture that it moved the most famous of all Montmartre landlords, Rodolphe Salis, to found his celebrated Chat Noir, which he named after Poe's story. Thereafter in quick succession were started the Auberge du Clou, the Plus Grand Bock, the Cabaret des Assassins, the Lapin Agile, and the Auberge de la Mère Adele, all places that became famed in Montmartre song and story.

For twenty years the cabarets of Montmartre belonged to Bohemia. A few sous spent for coffee or wine were

enough to secure for the poor beggar of a painter or poet a place at their entertaining boards, and the most popular establishments were those that extended the longest credit. In more senses than one the cabaret proprietors were patrons of the arts. Famous men—or rather, men who later became famous—sat at the tables of the Montmartre cabarets. With the Chat Noir are associated such names as those of Verlaine, Coppée, Daudet, Prudhomme, Richepin, and Delibès—future Academicians, some of them.

Not always when the obscure became great did they forget their Montmartre cradles of inspiration. It is the trait of youth, and particularly of French youth, to mock at sacred things. To the young rebels of Bohemia one of the attractions of the Chat Noir cabaret was that the waiters were clad in the robes of the French Academy. When years afterward one of the old Chat Noir coterie, Maurice Donnay the playwright, was himself elected to the Academy, in his reception speech before a company that might have been offended by the reference, he courageously alluded to the days when "modest cup-bearers wearing this illustrious uniform bent over to assuage the thirst of the poets."

In connection with his cabaret Rodolphe Salis published a successful journal called the *Chat Noir,* made up almost exclusively of contributions of the cabaret clients. But incidentally the paper sounded an editorial note which had been characteristic of Montmartre since the ages when it was a thieves' paradise resentful of the interference of the Paris police. The *Chat Noir* demanded autonomy for Montmartre, independence from Paris. The artistic Montmartrans were then (as to some extent they are now) affecting to despise the Parisians, calling them tradesmen, dull people of "the plain." It was a feeling that expresses itself to-day in the so-called "Free Commune of Montmartre."

These halcyon times for the *butte sacre* ended approximately with the Paris World's Fair of 1900. In that year the *Chat Noir* magazine expired. The seeing of the artists' cabarets of Montmartre was becoming a society stunt with Parisians. It was none too safe a stunt, for the hill had become the haunt of the Parisian apaches. The bejeweled parties that filed through the dark streets of Montmartre risked the assassin's blade, as they well knew; and at the end of their excursions only abuse awaited them.

Whether in resentment of the invasion or for the sake of trade, at any rate about this time the cabarets began heaping personal ridicule upon well-known personages who entered them. Some Parisian financier, for instance, accompanied by his mistress, would appear at the door; and the badinage of the cabaret master of ceremonies, translated into the equivalent American, would run something as follows:

"Well, boys, look who's here—one of our leading burglars, the eminent M'sieu A, coming up to spend some of the swag from his last sale of blue sky. And a new lady with him—another to whom coronets are more than kind hearts! Well, well; the jails are full of honester people. But there is a just providence that looks after these things. One of these days they will be pinning the Legion of Honor on him, and we shall be avenged."

This was broad Gallic humor, and it took a Gaul to like it when he was the victim of it. Nevertheless many from "the plain" did like it—wealthy men with the Maecenas complex. Attention even so embarrassing lifted them, in their own estimation, above customers unknown by sight to the artists and therefore neglected. They began flocking to Montmartre to be horrified, and in their wake came the vanguard of the stream of American tourist travel which the 1900 Exposition had set up.

It was the end for Montmartre's Bohemia. Such of the old artists' cabarets as did not disappear altogether became frankly commercialized. As business extended its salient up the hill, art stubbornly retreated ahead of it. The war gave the greatest impetus to the commercializing of Montmartre, for it had the effect of removing the apaches from the hill. The most sinister-looking of Montmartre streets are now as safe as any in Paris. Commerce is firmly and glitteringly based upon a lateral line half-way up the height—along the boulevards of Clichy and Rochechouart, with the squares of Clichy, Blanche, Pigalle and Anvers as strong points—but its outposts are far beyond this. Art has been driven over the summit and is now clinging to the northern slope. The studio windows no longer overlook Paris. Their prospect is across the northern fortification wall, a short distance away.

Commerce has penetrated beyond Sacre Cœur. The cabaret of the Agile Rabbit—the Lapin Agile—last of the Golden-Age resorts, is now a stop on the sight-seeing route. It is not yet outrageously commercialized—the price of a cup of brandied cherries entitles one to sit in the dim and stifling room and hear old Fredy, in his red shirt and white beard, strum a guitar and sing ribald songs. In his day Frederic would chalk up as long an account for a penniless artist as any *patron* on the butte. Famous men have sat the night through before the great fireplace in this cavernlike chamber. Here Picasso first enunciated cubism. But now all the artists have gone, and Fredy sings his *"Buvons un coup"* for tourists only.

"Buvons un coup—
Buvons en deux
A la santé des amoureux!"

Such in outline is the history of Montmartre. But it is worth while to note one other historical point. When the French Assembly decreed the building of Sacre Cœur there were revolutionary die-hards who never forgave it. In retaliation they in 1906 succeeded in having placed squarely in front of the church a statue to the memory of the Chevalier de la Barre, who was put to death in 1766 in Abbeville for failure to salute a religious procession and other impious acts.

The execution of this nineteen-year-old boy was one of the contributing causes of the French Revolution. Dickens mentions it in that first chapter of *The Tale of Two Cities.* To French anti-clericals de la Barre has always stood as the supreme victim of religious tyranny. Their theory is that he was done to death on trumped-up charges because he was protecting his aunt against the unwelcome attentions of a powerful nobleman. French churchmen, on the other hand, accept the truth of the original charges that the young chevalier deliberately insulted religion.

The war took French attention off the religious issue; but with the resumption of the power of the "Right" under Poincaré there sprang up a movement to transfer the de la Barre monument to some other spot. The advent of the "Left" with Herriot and Painlevé ended the plan; but the quarrel still smolders, and on top of Cabaret Hill, dominating Paris, church and statue, the embodiment of these two ancient hates, confront each other.

As Montmartre's artistic and better self retreats down the northern slope, its evil nature climbs up the southern; and evil is now, after the lapse of a century, once more in the ascendant. Barring crimes of violence, the hill is as iniquitous as it has ever been. Much that is worst in Pa-

risian life has segregated itself there—a voluntary Tenderloin.

Montmartre vice expresses itself principally in the cabaret, but it is no longer the cabaret of the artist, rough though the humor of that institution sometimes was. It was, at any rate, roughness pointed with wit. To-day frank obscenity has taken its place; and when Paris grows merely obscene, Paris usually grows stupid—as stupid as her licentious and allegedly humorous journals that the foreigners buy; as stupid as most of the shows at the Folies Bergère, which many Americans, hypnotized by the gay-Paree legend, convince themselves are the apotheosis of French sparkle and naughtiness.

Some few of the Montmartre cabarets—among them the Logis de la Lune Russe, the Moulin de la Chanson, the Chaumière, the Deux Anes, and the Quat'z' Arts—do put on entertainments with some pretensions to being "artistic"; but there is a host of others which ought to be suppressed even by an indulgent Paris, and which would be suppressed if located any place in Paris other than on the sacred butte. But Paris seems to take a sort of left-handed pride in her Babylonian faubourg; and as for the citizenry of Montmartre, they have developed a cynicism that finds amusement in seeing to what limits human folly can go.

One cabaret is like another—a pink silk sort of place, rows of tables around the walls, open dancing floor in the middle, orchestra platform at one end, hat bandits, uniformed doormen and waiters at the other. The cabarets open at midnight and close when sober Paris is going to work in the morning, and the end and aim of them is to get the stranger's money by whatever appeal they must make to his vices.

The chosen medium for getting most of it is the sale of

twenty-franc champagne at a hundred and twenty francs a bottle—champagne at a freezing temperature, on the correct theory that even expert taste can not distinguish among champagnes sufficiently cold. The cabarets sell (or even give away) gorgeous, grotesque dolls, distribute colored tape and paper balls, and generally do their best to reproduce the stock Hollywood conception of riotous living. Mirrors and lights to dazzle them, jazz to excite them, hot and smoky air to make them thirsty—and they will buy plenty of champagne. It is the Montmartre secret of success.

Some may protest that this characterization is too harsh. Tens of thousands of Americans visit these resorts—good decent folk, too—husbands and fathers who take their wives and even their daughters to see one of the spectacles they have down on their "must" list of Parisian sights. And to the pure (and also to those who can not understand French slang) even Montmartre may seem fair. An unsuspicious nature might observe nothing in the cabarets that he would not see in a London night club or a New York dancing palace.

But make no mistake about it—these are brothels, points on Paris's traditional "Tour of the Grand Dukes." Above the silken dancing halls are the *petits salons particuliers*. The girls, who seem to stroll in as casual merrymakers, are all attached to the place. Go early before the crowd arrives and see them make separate places at the tables. Without listening for orders the waiters place goblets and opened bottles of champagne before them. But nobody ever saw one of these girls pay for a bottle of champagne. She is supposed to find male volunteers for that service; and if she does not find them regularly, she is erased from the list.

Let a man visiting a Montmartre cabaret so much as show that he is aware of the presence of a dancing girl who has smiled at him, and she is at his table in an instant, pausing for the invitation to sit down. If she does not get it, the waiter moves up a chair for her, and at his heels is the wine butler suggesting another bottle of champagne. Always the champagne. It is not so blunt as the procedure behind the closed shutters of the mysterious houses along Railroad Avenue, but it is the same thing in essence.

It would not be so bad—or, at any rate, not so remarkable—if simple prostitution were all that Montmartre exploited. But Montmartre exploits much else. Dope? Knowing the formula, you can buy cocaine and other drugs from uniformed page boys at some of the most fashionable and most expensive night places. The gamut of human perversion is brought into the money-making scheme by resorts that are the specialty of the night-life guides. Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed for less than goes on nightly in Montmartre as a public show.

Once a conspicuous figure in Montmartre was the elderly satyr on the hunt for young girls; but since the war the importance of this sinner has been blanketed by the increase of a new type—the wealthy woman in her dangerous forties who has discovered that money will buy the attentions her charms no longer attract. She is no sporadic phenomenon in post-war Paris. She has come to Paris from all parts of the world and now constitutes a class, and a class of some influence, numerous enough to induce one of the state theaters to give two or three performances each year of Henri Bataille's powerful play, *Maman Colibri,* which is a study of a woman of this kind. The word *gigolo,* the Parisian name for the kept young man, has come into the French polite vocabulary.

Youth, youth, is the cry of modern Paris. The dressmakers sound the note. Each great designer strives to be known as the one whose style is youngest, although his best and most numerous customers are women in middle life. The cosmetic dealers sound it, the hair-dressers, the beauty specialists, the perfumers. But a growing number of women in Paris refuse to be contented with the mere appearance of youth. They demand the full tribute that youth receives, and they go to Montmartre to get it.

Montmartre has become the chief *gigolo* market in Paris, for besides their girls the cabarets have their young men, either as habitual visitors or as dancing partners employable by women guests. With their sleek heads and delicate profiles, they remind one of pigeons. Not only in spring does the livelier iris change on these burnished doves. Their elderly charmers load them with jewels and fine raiment, reversing the procedure of the usual Parisian June-and-December combination.

But, it must be emphasized, this Montmartre of the cabarets and dives, this most debased square mile in Europe, is not a French thing. It is essentially foreign, though not of any one country. Tens of thousands of Parisians of the middle and upper classes have never been in a Montmartre cabaret. The French share in the profits, but they share with Russian, American and other foreign ownerships of cabarets. The music is furnished largely by American negroes. And the patronage, too, is largely foreign—largely American, in fact.

Men, they say, in far-off and desert corners of the earth thirst for this scene, as in the old days prospectors thirsted for the social delights of the western mining camps. Montmartre is indeed for the whole world what the mill town is for the men who have wintered in the logging camps—the

de-luxe spreeing ground for cosmopolitan lumberjacks and hard-rock men.

Ahead of Babylon retreats Bohemia. The center of artistic life on the sacred butte is now the Place Constantin-Pecqueur, which is over the crest from Paris. Here at No. 4 is the cabaret of the Vache Enfagée—the "Enraged Cow," the cow being to the French one of the funniest of animals—which also serves as headquarters for the much-imitated Free Commune of Montmartre. The Free Commune was, in fact, a post-war product of this same cabaret.

The half-dozen other Parisian communities that have adopted the same idea since, have done so as a joke; but there is more than a little seriousness behind the Free Commune of Montmartre. It expresses, first of all, the genuine feeling of autonomy which has always existed on the hill. The Commune stands as a formidable enemy to the present real-estate development which would cover the butte with tall disfiguring apartment-houses. The Commune's platform is "open spaces, little houses and little birds"; but, written by a community of artists, the platform then becomes extravagant and demands the restoration of the old vineyards and the old industry of wine-making.

It is the Commune which advertises and promotes the "Crust Fairs" of Montmartre—the Foires aux Croûtes. These are open-air salons for the Montmartre artists, who hang their pictures on the trees, fences, and lamp-posts of the Place Constantin-Pecqueur (or, if the weather is foul, on the walls of the Vache Enragée and of the "Mairie" overhead) and sell paintings at extremely low prices to the crowds of visitors and native Parisians who attend. Hundreds of thousands of francs have thus gone into artists' pockets, with nothing out for dealers' charges for exhibition space.

The Commune publishes, *Chat-Noir* fashion, at intervals an official gazette called the *Vache Enragée*. In 1924 it staged a rival set of Olympic Games, one feature of which was an Alpine contest, the competitors, tied together with ropes, scaling the Montmartre heights with the aid of brooms.

In 1920 the Free Commune organized itself, solemnly declared its independence of Paris, elected a mayor and a full set of other officials, including an admiral, and published its program, in which the following were some of the articles:

All water to be prohibited on Montmartre; fountains to spout wine—red, white, or rose, as the neighborhood inhabitants should vote in plebiscites;

Flower pots in windows to grow nothing but grape vines;

Taxes to be forever suppressed;

If France declares war, Montmartre to declare peace;

Nothing but old houses to be built;

No rugs, children, women, carpets, or old people to be beaten before three o'clock in the afternoon;

The calendar to be reformed to provide for a week of ten days (on four of which more than one hour's work in twenty-four is prohibited), a month of forty days, a year of nine months, and the suppression altogether of December, January and February, thus suppressing cold weather, for the benefit of artists who can not afford fires.

Cabaret to the end!

CHAPTER XII

OURSELVES AND OTHER FOREIGNERS

Paris is a French metropolis, an Italian city, also a Belgian, a Swiss and a Russian city, a British town, but an American village.

It is another way of comparing various populations of Paris. Against two and one-half million French in the city there are upward of one hundred thousand Italians and at least that many Belgians. The Russians perhaps exceed sixty thousand, and the Swiss are nearly as numerous. The British colony is said to count above thirty-five thousand self-contained souls. There are not over ten thousand of us Americans.

Only ten thousand of us; but, my, what a noise we make! How important we are to Paris! Paris is aware of us all the time. When we hold a money-raising drive for one of our institutions, down-town Paris blossoms with our posters. When we celebrate a Fourth of July, a Thanksgiving or a Washington's Birthday, nothing less than a president or a prime minister does us for principal speaker, and the Parisian dailies have to carry head-lines about it. But who ever heard of an Italian, a Swiss, or even a British national fête being celebrated in Paris?

Other foreign nationalities merge with Parisian life as quietly and imperceptibly as tidal estuaries flow into bays. The American rivulet falls in over a precipice, with a splash.

And Paris is obsessed with us. On autobuses, street-cars, Métro trains, and wherever else one mingles with the moving tide of Parisian life, one often hears the word *Américain* spoken in conversation, but seldom *Anglais, Italien, Belgique,* or any of the other national names much more strongly represented in the Paris population than ours.

At every hour of the day the Parisians find themselves in contact with things American. For them there is no getting away from this raw new country of ours across the sea. They name restaurants and cafés after us and drinks that we in our wettest days never knew. They prefer our movies to their own, and during the intermissions they eat our Eskimo pies. They dance to our jazz. Our chewing gum is available for them, although they do not make such use of it as our gum kings might wish. They smoke our tobacco. They have rejected our breakfast foods, but they are taking to our grapefruit. They wear our soft collars and are getting acquainted with our coat-shirts. Their laundries announce our processes on their windows. They wash their lingerie with our powdered soap. On holidays they snap pictures with our cameras. Our motors haul them to work in the morning. They ride up to their offices in our elevators. They write with our automatic pencils and fountain pens, type their letters on our machines, and ring up their receipts on our cash registers. Now and then they even ride in our taxicabs.

Thus they are kept constantly aware of America—of America's commercial penetration of France. Beyond that, their eyes constantly fall upon us, the Americans. Though slim in numbers, we are mixers; we circulate. We are thick as locusts in their most conspicuous places. The French pride themselves upon their *mesure*—their sense of proportion. If they carried it through consistently in Paris, they

would rename the Rue de Rivoli. They would call it Rue Principale—Main Street.

For the Rue de Rivoli is America's street in Paris. The Tuileries along one side of it serve quite well as a public square. Most of the shops on the Rue de Rivoli display the notice, "English Spoken." It is sheer waste effort. The proprietors should reverse the process and announce from their windows *"Ici on parle Français."* The assumption is that English is the language of these establishments. On the Rue de Rivoli, decorators, when they have finished renovating a shop front, hang up the sign, "Wet Paint." Two English words. It is on the Rue de Rivoli that you meet the whispering night-life guide and the furtive vender who displays indecent photographs under the shelter of his coat. Aware that Americans take the gay-Paree legend more seriously than other nationalities, these vermin haunt the arcades of Main Street.

So flattered and deferred to are we Americans resident in Paris, so aggressive are we in our village enterprises, so much to the fore in post-war Parisian life, that we are apt to think ourselves much more numerous than we really are. Ask the average American of Paris how big his colony is, and he will reply thirty or forty thousand. It is the common impression. Even the French think the colony much larger than it really is. Parisian journalists and politicians ordinarily assume that there are about forty thousand Americans permanently in the city.

They get their figures from the police, who in turn take them from the records of the issue of identity cards to foreigners. The weakness of this census is that while there is a check of foreigners upon the police rolls, there is none off them. Port and frontier officials are supposed to take up all identity cards as foreigners leave France, but they seldom

even ask to see them. The police, however, assume that for every American name on the registry books there is a live American in France.

When the police figures for the Americans had reached thirty thousand in Paris and sixty thousand in all France, along came our Chamber of Commerce—indeed, we have our Chamber of Commerce in Paris—compiling a directory of resident Americans. Happily for the editor of this work, we Americans bring abroad with us our propensity to join things. Wherever two or three of us are gathered together on foreign soil we organize something to join. In Paris we have student, art, religious, cultural, athletic, business and social organizations enough to take in all of us without crowding. By canvassing the rosters of these organizations, therefore, and by searching hotels and *pensions,* and particularly by starting a chain-letter running through the colony, the editor of the directory managed to unearth about every American in his field. He could not find ten thousand in Paris nor fifteen thousand in the whole of France. The legions of the police records vanished like the myths they were.

To be sure, it was a great disappointment. Being Americans, it pained us to discover our community smaller than we had thought it. Still, we had to put up with it. There was the fact—ten thousand of us—and we drew such solace as we could from contemplating how much out of proportion to our number was our contribution to the life and spirit of post-war Paris.

And much of that life and spirit—at least the Parisian life and spirit with which the traveler comes in contact—is evoked by the foreigners in Paris, ourselves among them. Paris is a cosmopolitan city, but not as our own cities are cosmopolitan. Foreigners when they reach America drop

usually into submerged, toiling classes. Thousands of foreigners go to Paris to enjoy money already procured at home. The foreigner comes to Paris as an invader, wresting from the French themselves the fairest quarters and most delectable resorts of their city.

Passy, the whole district around the Arc de Triomphe and up and down the Champs-Élysées, and the swank suburb of Neuilly—regions of the smartest and most expensive hotels, the most luxurious apartment-houses, the most palatial mansions—are to the French people foreign quarters. They are full of rich Americans, rich English, rich South Americans, rich Greeks, rich Orientals, rich Italians, rich anything except French.

Paris is full of expensive restaurants. French people do not patronize them. Paris is full of all-night cabarets. The tables are crowded with foreigners. In Paris are sold some of the most expensive automobiles produced in the world. They are sold almost invariably to foreigners. The Rue de la Paix lives upon a foreign clientèle. Search the hotels of the Etoile district—and not only the expensive ones but those of moderate grade. You may call at half a dozen before you find the first French guest. It is even true of the much less expensive hostelries of the much less expensive Left Bank. They are full of Americans, English, Scandinavians, Roumanians, and what-not, but they are not full of French people. No doubt the French do come in to Paris from the provinces, but where they stop in Paris is a mystery. Certainly it is in no quarter of the city that Americans frequent.

Such statements, however, are to be taken only as generalizations. Certain large populations, such as the Italians, Belgians and Swiss, for example, are in France for the sake of the employment and business opportunities which that

country offers them. Even the English colony of Paris, though it contains a large leisure class, nevertheless counts many thousands who earn their livings working in the Paris branches of English banks, insurance companies and mercantile establishments. Furthermore, the French themselves are not entirely invisible in the traveler's Paris. There is a small fast group of French Parisians as feverishly profligate as the richest of the foreign sojourners. They are Frenchmen to whom money comes easily—from speculation, gambling, sport or the manufacture of luxuries which foreigners buy. The dressmaking business furnishes the most recruits to this class.

It is, however, essentially a non-French, cosmopolitan Paris with which our American village domiciled in that city comes in contact. Remove the foreigners from Paris, and you take away two-thirds of her characteristic flavor. Gay Paree, indeed, can scarcely be regarded as a French institution at all. It is a polyglot thing existing upon French tolerance, the gaiety being contributed largely by the guests. The old *noblesse* of the Faubourg St.-Germain and *the bourgeoisie* of the outlying quarters know little about it. The French themselves are not nearly so frivolous a people as their Paris advertises them to be. If you would see how sober they really are, visit some smaller city of France. Note how early at night the cafés close and the streets become deserted—and how early in the morning life revives again. That, and not Montmartre nor the *Grands Boulevards,* is the true France.

In this cosmopolitan Paris we Americans are only one among various groups of foreigners who contribute to the traditional spirit. It is strange for an American to find himself regarded as a foreigner. He is so used to foreigners at home, looking upon them as inferior and certainly

suspicious people, that it is difficult for him to imagine circumstances under which he could be a foreigner himself. Indeed, wherever he goes he can never quite acquire the feeling of being foreign. Upon whatever alien strand the American finds himself, he is still in his own mind the standard of creation; and the autochthons around him, at home though they be, remain the foreigners.

Oddly enough, the one country in Europe in which the American is apt to feel most strange is the very country that does not class an American as a foreigner—England. The Englishman speaks of the aliens in his land as "Americans and foreigners." And this is not mere courtesy on his part; he really feels that way about us. But we, on the other hand, because of the incidence of a common, or at any rate similar, language, expect the English to be exactly like ourselves; and when we visit England we discover that they are not. Their whole point of view is unlike ours, and it leads them into all sorts of incomprehensible and exasperating customs. It depresses us somehow and makes us feel especially strange and foreign in England. The Englishman in England is seeing only our samples; and if he finds these different from himself, he can still regard them as eccentrics and preserve the illusion that as peoples we are essentially the same. He has to visit America and see our whole genus in order to understand that we have become a race apart.

The racial chasm that has opened between English and Americans can be observed to advantage in Paris, where our two nationalities exist side by side as alien communities. The Englishman is apt to slip unobtrusively into Parisian life. He readily becomes Gallicized. The American almost never does. He remains conspicuous among French people.

It seems to be partly a question of speaking the language

of Paris. When we visit England we discover that since our fathers sailed away from Plymouth the English have acquired for themselves a new version or dialect of the so-called common tongue. The modern English way of speaking English is the deliberate invention of the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge who intended it to be a sort of Phi Beta Kappa badge to distinguish the learned from the unlearned. That sort of emblem, however, could not be held forever the prerogative of the cultured. It spread downward until now it is spoken more or less perfectly by all the people of England.

When a speaker of that dialect comes to Paris he is at an advantage over an American. The English language of England possesses no *r*'s. And French, though it has *r*'s, has none of the tongued American variety. The French final *r* is merely the Oxford-Cambridge *r*. The French initial *r* is like the soft German *ch,* but more guttural and breathy. The Englishman, therefore, finds half the French *r*'s ready made for him, and in learning the other half he starts with a clean slate. But before we Americans can acquire a good accent in French we must forget our whole complement of *r*'s, and many of us find that difficult to do.

Moreover, insular and non-Continental though he prides himself upon being, the Englishman nevertheless shares to some extent in the Continental gift of tongues. It is a gift which we Americans in our isolation have lost. We are not ready linguists. The Englishman in Paris, whatever his accent may be like, usually acquires fluency in French. Many Americans never do.

Perhaps an American's ear is supersensitive to his countrymen's shortcomings in French speech. The French themselves say that we speak it quite as well as the English and with an accent no more strongly marked than theirs, but this

does not seem so to an American ear. In a public place an American finds difficulty in picking out Englishmen by their accent, but he can detect a compatriot every time. Americans are betrayed by their *r*'s. And to an American ear the American dialect sounds especially grotesque. It seems astonishing that the French do not have fun with it in their journals and on their stage, but they never do. They find little amusement in dialects at all. The Frenchman is sometimes annoyed by a foreign accent, but never amused. Indeed, French people are said to take pleasure in a not-too-broad American accent, even as we are charmed by the accent brought occasionally to our stage by French actresses.

The English in Paris form a substantial colony. Many of them are in business there. The rest live in Paris because it is cheaper than in England—easier to keep up appearances. And one is not quite so concerned with appearances, either, as in England. This latter class consists of people with fixed and usually small incomes—half-pay Indian officers, retired and pensioned civil servants, widows of younger sons, unwanted and exiled wives. It is marvelous how well they manage, getting to the smartest places in the proper seasons, living respectably in Paris, and (the women) attaining a *chic* unknown to Regent Street. If they can dress well and travel well, they are not so particular about living quarters and food.

This is a class which tends gradually to merge with the French population. The Englishman has another quality which marks him off nationally from us: he is natively a sharer in European tastes. Continental customs that astonish us are more familiar to him, more akin to his own customs, than to us and to ours; and he regards them more casually. He is able to acquire a French point of view. But

Paris never fits an American as comfortably as an old shoe. An American can never quite become a Parisian. There is probably in Paris no American man, no matter how thoroughly rooted in Paris he may be, who does not cherish the thought, however vague, of some day going home. There are plenty of Englishmen who are perfectly sure they never will.

English people of this class build up their circles of French friends. Their visits to England become rare, although London is only a short and inexpensive journey away. Their daughters marry French men and their sons French girls. The children of such unions are apt to have French as their native language and English as an acquired tongue. The children, in fact, are non-emigrating French, past the possibility of being Anglicized.

America also supplies an assimilating class to Paris—American women who marry Frenchmen. There are more of these wives in Paris, and in France, than one might think. Not every international marriage has been a newspaper topic in America. Some of these American wives—and widows—of Frenchmen have lived in Paris many, many years. They have lost practically all their American traits and American contacts. Some of them have not seen their native land since young-womanhood, and America to them is a half-remembered dream. They lose fluency in their native language. As for their children, they become completely French. What halting English they know is merely school English.

Belgians are numerous in Paris, but they are so Parisianized as to be invisible against the French background. Italians there are also, many of them, mostly laborers. They put up Paris's buildings. An Italian in a building gang in Paris is as typical as an Italian in a section gang in Amer-

ica. Most of Paris's stone masons are Italians, and most of her skilled stone-cutters—no negligible trade in a city that gives studio housing to several hundred sculptors. The Italian laborers in France are a sober industrious people, who, like their compatriots in America, save their money and are prone to take it back with them eventually to Italy.

The scores of thousands of Italians who work and save in Paris, however, make no impress upon the Parisian life that Americans meet. The Italian contribution to Parisian gaiety comes from Italy's great folk, the rich and the titled, who journey periodically to Paris on shopping or social expeditions or on visits which combine both. One commodity which the Parisian market affords Italians is the American heiress, the shoppers being noblemen seeking to restore their fortunes by uniting them to strong dollar accounts. In Paris have begun more than one set of negotiations leading eventually to ceremonial exchange of the American *quid* for the Italian *quo*.

The Parisian Greeks are rich. The richest man of Paris—and he is one of the richest in the world—is a Greek. There are numerous Czecho-Slovaks in Paris, nearly all tailors and workers in fur. The small Polish colony is notable for its men of science conspicuous in the city's intellectual life. At the other extreme, Poland also seems to supply an undue share of criminals to Paris. Whenever Paris has a shocking crime (which is not often), she is always prepared to hear that the perpetrator is either an Arab, a Spaniard, or a Pole.

Nevertheless, the name Spaniard does not convey to the native Parisian the picture of a criminal. It makes him think of an artist or a revolutionary. The small Spanish colony in Paris is distinguished for both. Spanish artists in Paris have definitely influenced the trend of modern

French art. The Spanish political juntas have lately gained a towering recruit in Blasco Ibanez, the novelist. From Paris he utters fulminations designed to shake King Alphonso's throne. Every spring the nobility of Spain flocks to Paris to buy clothes, to enjoy the season—and to dance. They populate the *thés tangos* and the cabarets.

But in this they play second to their richer and more ebullient cousins, the Latin Americans. The Spanish come to enjoy Paris only seasonally, but the Latin Americans are there all the time. Paris is the spiritual capital of Latin America. Wealthy Latin women living as close to the United States as Havana are more familiar with Paris than with New York. The Latin Americans often live luxuriously in Paris. Their women dress brilliantly, and they are all incorrigible treaders of the Parisian dance floors. It is due to their influence that the tango has survived so strongly in Paris.

The Latin Americans also share the Spanish passion for politics. Some of them dwell in Paris as political exiles. Now and then one of the ostracized departs for home and is escorted to the railway station with the pomp of cavalry and plumed escort from the Quai d'Orsay. During his exile his party has regained power at home, and he finds himself elected president. Not necessarily does his departure leave a gap for long in the Parisian colony of Latin Americans. It may be that his fleeing predecessor is at that moment on the high seas bound for Paris, bringing with him perhaps something comfortable from the treasury to make banishment endurable.

In Paris there are a few Japanese art students and artists, but the Japanese store, so familiar a sight in American cities, is almost non-existent. There is an appreciable number of French Indo-Chinese in Paris, mostly boys attending

the Sorbonne and professional schools; but Parisians have never seen a Chinese laundry. Arabic peoples—mainly Algerians and Moroccans—are fairly numerous in Paris. They work in menial occupations, or else are in France for their military service, appearing on the streets in horizon-blue uniforms and red tarbooshes. Since the war the French Government has built a mosque in Paris for these Mohammedans, who have adopted it with unanimity and are setting up an oriental bazaar around it.

Another dark-skinned people seen in Paris is of more significance to us Americans—the negroes. They are rather abundant. Some two hundred of them are American negroes, mostly jazz musicians playing in the cabarets and earning salaries which by comparison make the stipends of French university professors and magazine editors look like day laborers' wages. But by far the greater number of negroes in Paris come from France's West Indian and African colonies. It may be noted that French colonial negroes speak French much better than American negroes speak English. There is, in fact, no darky dialect of French, or no broad one.

And Paris accords to black men an equality of treatment unknown in the United States, even in the North. Consequently the negroes of Paris have become one of our American obsessions. We see black men walking with white girls and white mothers leading mulatto children; and our blood boils, and we predict dire consequences for France when the African hordes, hearing of this northern paradise, flock to it and turn France into a mulatto nation, an easy prey for a white enemy. The French, however, say that they have always had this sprinkling of colored population, and that its proportion never increases.

Every summer the presence of negroes in Paris gives

rise to a crop of unpleasant incidents in which visiting Americans always figure. Resident American villagers have learned to take Paris as they find it, but the transient tourist brings a brittler attitude. Valiant Southrons from Syracuse and Buffalo, leaders of the cheering whenever the theatre orchestra plays *Dixie,* discover in themselves in Paris a violent race prejudice. It is an emphatic way of expressing one's Americanism.

Finding himself in a restaurant or sight-seeing car with a negro, the crusader of this sort makes objection, and is often sustained by volunteers. The proprietor may bring about quiet by evicting the black man. The latter thereupon complains to the authorities, and the government issues another warning that Americans who put indignities upon negroes in Paris will themselves be expelled from France. While measures so extreme never seem to be taken against Americans, the official wrath is likely to fall harshly upon any Frenchman who abets in an insult to a negro. Shortly after the Armistice the proprietor of a Montparnasse cabaret harkened to the American protest and threw out a party of colored men who had entered the place. One of the expelled proved to be a prince of Dahomey or some such African panjandrum—at any rate, an official visitor to France. The French Government promptly closed the resort and kept it tight shut for a year.

The Russian Revolution added to Paris a foreign colony which now contributes more to the flavor of the city than any other alien group except our own. France was the first European country to offer wholesale asylum to the millions of the Russian nobility when they poured across their borders ahead of the Bolshevik terror. With roaring industrial prosperity and a labor shortage due to war losses and to the need for keeping an army in uniform, France offered these

gently born and reared people work; and they, though schooled in no practicable occupation, except the arts of war, accepted it eagerly. Some three hundred thousand eventually established themselves in France, about one-fifth of these in Paris itself.

Then followed a surprising instance of adaptability on the part of people from whom adaptability was not to be expected, and also a surprising example of national pluck. Except for the brief months when they were herded into refugee camps near Constantinople, the Russian exiles have made no call upon charity. Former masters of serfs though they were, they began supporting themselves by the sweat of their brows.

They were forced into the ranks of the unskilled. In Paris one finds old former colonels and generals of Russia serving as porters in Parisian railway stations and factories. Over three hundred of the *luxe* taxicabs of Paris are owned and driven by exiled officers and noblemen, who buy the cars on the installment plan and earn about one hundred francs a day. Some few get positions as interpreters or clerks. Titled Russians have flooded into the automobile factories of Paris. Citroën employs over two thousand of them, Renault an equal number, and De Dion half as many. French employers quickly discovered that the upper-class Russians became willing and easily-taught workers and, being aliens in France by sufferance, would join no unions and engage in no industrial disputes.

In the factories they are mere hewers of wood and drawers of water—barrow men, machinists' helpers, and the like—with a few now winning through to foremanships. Six hundred Russian laborers in an automobile-tire factory near Paris were studied as a group. Only six of them were without education of any sort. The rest were at least taught

in the common branches. Half were on an educational level with American college juniors. A quarter of the entire group were the holders of university degrees. They were earning an average of twenty dollars a month, and few had hope of anything better. The only hope was Restoration, toward which all their eyes were turned. They and the other thousands of them were contributing a franc a month apiece to the Restoration war chest which one of their grand dukes was raising.

Even the Russian laborers take their place in the Parisian picture, for they love to take money saved and spend it in the smart places. A more conspicuous class are those who have gone into independent business and professions, often with considerable success. There seem to be hundreds of Russian artists in Paris—so many of them and turning out work so distinctive that the French *modernes* are uneasy lest their influence may turn the course of the new art. Russian restaurants and tea rooms are both numerous and fashionable in the Paris that Americans touch. In the cabarets are many Russian singers and dancers. Two of the leading Paris dressmaking houses that have come up since the war are Russian establishments, started by *ci-devant* noblewomen, and numerous others, as well as millinery shops, are successful but not so well known. Russians have gone ahead in the manufacture of embroideries in Paris. The Grand Duchess Marie, of the czar's own family, is the proprietress of a Parisian embroidery factory employing half a hundred hands.

These successful ones, and the laborers and porters and taxi drivers with their savings, together with the handful who brought enough emeralds and old masters out of Russia to enable them to live smartly in the Bois district, mingle with the throng and contribute distinctively to the effervescence of Paris.

And we Americans are part of that throng of foreigners, and we have our distinctive contribution to make, too, to the Parisian atmosphere. Having thus briefly glimpsed the communities of our fellow-aliens in Paris, let us get on and consider in greater detail and another chapter that always more interesting theme—ourselves.

CHAPTER XIII

OUR PARISIAN VILLAGE

ALTHOUGH our fellow foreigners in Paris may count more heads in their several colonies than we Americans can, yet none of them, not even the British colony, is nearly so well fixed as we are for national institutions. Other aliens tend to accept such conveniences as Paris herself affords them. We Americans have brought our institutions along with us—all the essential ones.

Our ten thousand inhabitants constitute a complete American village set down in Paris. We have our own daily press, our own banks, our own churches, our own schools. We have our own public library, our own hospital, our own gymnasium. We have our own associated charities. We have our own societies and virtually our own town and country clubs, and our women do have a club exclusively their own. We have our own Chamber of Commerce and Rotary Club, our own lawyers, doctors, dentists, osteopaths, even realtors. We have our own saloons, our own soda fountain, our own temperance drinks. We have our own grocery stores that supply us with esoteric bran mixtures, imitation coffee, baking powders, salted crackers, popcorn and other essentials to existence. We have our own restaurants, drug stores, book stores, haberdasheries, shoe shops and shoe-shining stands.

In short, we can, if we care to, live in Paris and scarcely come in contact with anything French at all.

And when we consider the august titles of our newspapers, the world-shaking names of our aristocracy, the heavy calibers of our banks, the luster of our celebrities, how really intellectual is our submerged tenth, how few of us are in jail—no wonder we are a bit set up with ourselves about our village!

In fact, an American in Paris can easily lose his sense of proportion. He cuts some ice in Paris, and he may ascribe the fact to his own worth, whereas it is due to another cause. He is to the Frenchman the walking embodiment of a legend.

Behind every one of us, enhancing our stature, is a French vision of heaven-challenging towers and vaults filled with gold. America. In his heart the Frenchman regards every American as a barbarian and every American as rich. If he sees exceptions to the latter rule, they merely prove it to him; and he concedes none to the former. Nor does he wish to approach closer to his vision, either to marvel at the towers or share in the gold, though he loves gold. He neither migrates nor travels to America.

But because we represent the legend, he makes us pay for the privilege of living in his Paris. His shopkeepers, or some of them, levy the assessments. They do not do this rudely. All prices may be marked in plain figures, as Parisian merchants sometimes advertise, but there is nevertheless in many shops of Paris such a thing as a *prix Français*—a French price—which only the native Parisian hears.

This practise enrages some of us, but others among us take it philosophically, seeing a sort of justice in it. Life in Paris is a struggle for Parisians and a joke for us, even with the shopkeepers' imposts included. Many of us are in

Paris for the sake of the bargain existence. We preempt their finest apartments and crowd hotels and restaurants prohibitive to them, and they hear us chuckling over the cheapness. Why should we not pay more for things than they do? At any rate, they make us.

And because they do, it is an axiom that no American can engage in business in Paris on level terms with a Frenchman. There is in Paris an institution which employs both French and American stenographers. It pays American girls about twice what it pays French girls. The French girls complain, but actually they live as well as the American girls, buy just as many pretty clothes, and save as much money.

Thus every American in Paris must have his own particular weir built out into the stream of American gold. Those in business must sell something—goods or services—to or for Americans. The contact must be on one side or the other.

A good part of our business colony is attached directly to the American pay-roll. Such, for instance, are the managers and employees of Paris branches of American corporations selling American commodities to the French—obvious things, such as oils, gasoline and foodstuffs, and, more conspicuously, various patented conveniences which our people produce in quantity. An American typewriter, fountain pen, farm implement, cash register, or safety razor is practically beyond French competition, because of its quality at its price, its simplicity of construction, and ease of repair. And an American mechanical device always works.

We also force a few competitive articles upon the French by dint of advertising—for instance, soaps, although France makes excellent soap. But we have had some sor-

rowful experiences with our advertising in France, due to our general hallucination that whatever goes with us at home must go everywhere else. Our people sometimes bring over sure-fire advertising campaigns, translate them bodily into French, broadcast them generously in the French publications, and get no results whatsoever. They fail to appeal to French habits of life and thought. And, behind the advertising, the commodity must be one which the French will accept. Thus our advertising failed to work the miracle of inducing the French to change a national habit and become eaters of breakfasts—and American breakfast foods—and the chewing-gum campaign has died out.

Even Mr. Henry Ford has to cater to French tastes. In France he builds Fords with celestialized Continental bodies in rainbow hues and in his advertising emphasizes these departures from stark standardization. But any light, cheap American automobile has a hard time in the French market. By comparison its Continental rival makes it heavy, poorly finished, and wasteful of tires and gasoline.

Besides its sellers our American village in Paris has its commercial buyers. The buying of Parisian articles by the emissaries of American department stores, clothing manufacturers, and exclusive city shops is a business that has expanded mightily since the war. There are now about twelve hundred American men and women traveling twice a year or oftener across the ocean on this professional errand and bringing with them into the leisurely city a breeze of American zip and hustle. They buy principally things in which style changes, and principally women's things. They ride on the fastest ships, put up at the smartest hotels, lunch at Ciro's or Claridge's or the Continental, attend balls and theaters to see what Paris is wearing, make side trips to London by airplane, work in an atmosphere of perfumed

luxury, and get paid well for it in salaries and bonuses, besides drawing liberal expense allowances for their trips. The gown buyers depart after the semiannual openings of February and August in "buyers' ships" on which special taxes have been paid to permit the shipment of merchandise as passengers' baggage.

American buyers nowadays maintain permanent quarters in Paris, ranging from mere desk room in a commission house taken by the single buyer of a small concern to suites of offices leased by establishments that send over crews of buyers. These quarters, most of which are clustered along the Grand Boulevards near the St. Denis gate, are the Paris "branches" of many American stores advertising Paris connections on their signs and letter-heads. It is a great disappointment when some good charge-account customer goes around to the Paris address to introduce herself to home-town folks and finds that the branch has dwindled to a desk in some brokerage concern in the Cité Paradis or Boulevard Poissonière, with perhaps nobody present who even knows about the home store at all.

The fact is that few American stores retail goods in Paris. Along ways well-trodden by our citizenry in Paris Brunswick-Balke-Collender retails phonographs and billiard tables, Walkover dispenses shoes, Tiffany jewelry, Hanan shoes, Brentano books, Sherry cakes, and Sulka men's furnishings, and one or two American beauty parlors are represented by branches in Paris. It would be hard to find half a dozen others.

American business in Paris enjoys the convenience of American banks, branches of strong New York institutions—Morgan, the Guaranty, the Bankers' Trust, the National City and the Equitable among them. American banking in Paris is a curious occupation. Originally set up

to be a liaison between American and French business, our branch banks find themselves acting as service stations and social headquarters—almost as clubs—for American residents and transients in Paris.

Institutions which in New York anybody with less than a fifty-thousand-dollar balance enters only with a guilty feeling, become in Paris the friendliest sort of places; and fairly impoverished persons get on speaking terms with their officers, meet friends in their lobbies, read the newspaper files in their free reading-rooms and conduct correspondence upon their free stationery. These branches do seem to cash drafts and conduct checking accounts; but these purely banking operations are certainly subordinate to such major tasks as, for instance, that of telling American ladies what the rate of exchange is at the moment. It is not that the ladies care to exchange any money; they merely wish to know.

Bothering about the exchange rate becomes a sort of malady with many Americans in Paris. Those who take it hardest are women from sheltered homes who have never had the slightest experience with chance-taking of any sort. In Paris they keep their money in dollars—everybody does—in portable securities or in deposit accounts, changing dollars into francs as need arises. Naturally, one tries to do as well for one's self as one can, since the difference of a few sous in the rate may mean the difference of the price of a Paris hat in the whole transaction.

It is not true gambling, but it partakes of its excitement. Some American women, on days when they have money to exchange, shop around among the American banks to see which is giving the most favorable rate, thereby making ten francs at the cost of only fifteen in taxicab fare. Having learned the rate at the bank, a person's next question to the

official is what he thinks the franc is going to do. Of course, the official is no more informed about it than anybody else and so states, but is disbelieved. Everybody knows that there is an inner circle manipulating the rate. No doubt at home the rate-obsessed are just as ardent well-wishers of the franc as anybody else, but in Paris they hope secretly that the franc hits fifty; and when that buffeted coin does happen to recover a few centimes in dollar-purchasing power, it fills the *pensions* of Paris with moans.

Besides conversing about the exchange rate, the Paris branch banks handle mail for Americans abroad—a free service of which thousands avail themselves. It takes two dozen clerks to conduct the post-office at Morgan-Harjes, and some of the other mail departments are nearly as large. On the day after a mail ship reaches Cherbourg the bank lobby resembles a village post-office at home half an hour after the arrival of the five-fifteen.

Most of our banks conduct free travel bureaus which map out routes for the inquiring, secure automobiles and chauffeurs for them, reserve their hotel rooms and sleeping-car berths, buy their railway and steamship tickets, get their passports visaed, and even procure identity cards for them. And linked to these travel bureaus are information bureaus which do everything for the traveling American public from telling it where to buy the best corsets to arranging guest cards for it at the golf clubs and invitations to the American ambassador's receptions.

Several American newspapers, news-gathering associations, and fashion magazines maintain bureaus in Paris, most of them equipped with reading-rooms for tourists. We of the Parisian village, however, are less interested in these bureaus, homey as their signs make our principal streets look, than we are in the editions which two American

newspapers—the New York *Herald* and the Chicago *Tribune*—actually publish for us in Paris. These two editions, together with the evening Paris *Times*, which is an independent village enterprise, supply us with our daily news reading matter.

At home you would catch neither the New York *Herald* nor the Chicago *Tribune* indulging in the fatuous "write-up" as a bait for advertising; but when the New York *Herald* and the Chicago *Tribune* become village newspapers, they must do as village newspapers do. And so their Paris editions for the sake of hotel advertising give daily write-ups to the resorts of Europe and adjacent parts, filling columns with drivel about who's stopping at what hotels, and who is seen at dinner or at the dance or taking part in the duffers' golf tournament. Both papers maintain information bureaus in Paris and at various tourist resorts, and traveling Americans are invited to register at these places. Many do and as a reward have their names published in lists. In village fashion our papers also run daily personal columns about Americans in Paris.

However short of the metropolitan standard our village press may fall in some respects, in another and most important one it measures fully up to it. It gets the *de-luxe* advertising of Paris, and that is something the greatest French dailies can not claim.

In Paris occurs the anomaly of newspapers so vast in circulation—three or four having more than one million subscribers apiece—and so high in consequence in their advertising rates, that local merchants can not afford to advertise in them. The Parisian newspapers have national circulations; and therefore only national advertisers, proprietors of commodities sold all over France, can as a rule profitably buy their space. Now and then a Paris department store

will print a small announcement of some sale in the hope of bringing provincials in to Paris; but Parisians never see the page-spread store advertising so familiar to us. Parisian department stores spend their advertising appropriations largely upon sixty-foot electric signs plastered over their façades and upon beautiful posters displayed in Métro stations.

So it happens that the Rue de la Paix does not advertise in the *Matin,* the *Journal,* or the *Petit Parisien,* but chooses instead our village press and the English colony's *Daily Mail.* The fact presents Paris in a different phase, but a true one, Paris being, in spite of its millions, a village itself, or rather an agglomeration of villages, a collection of Montmartres, Montparnasses, Marais districts and the like. And of these villages, that one which creates and purveys the luxuries of Paris is most compact and homogeneous. The Cotys, the Wertheimers, the Worths, the Cartiers, and the other Rue-de-la-Paix proprietors are as well acquainted with one another as are the storekeepers along Main and Market back home.

The shining and exotic Rue de la Paix is really a village street. Figuratively speaking, when a rich customer enters the door of one Rue-de-la-Paix shop, out of the doors of the others pop the curious heads of the rival proprietors. It is almost literally true. It is said to have happened that a shopper, having rejected a rich piece of jewelry one day in a Rue-de-la-Paix store has unknowingly bought the same piece next day in a competing establishment. The Rue de la Paix has its rear entrances and passages as well as Main Street.

And this French village street, knowing which side its bread is buttered on, advertises with great unanimity in our village press. Size of circulation has little to do with it.

The Rue de la Paix is advertising to quality—to its best customers. In winter, when the American population is weeded down to the permanents and the Riviera crowd, the circulations of our village papers probably amount to a great many fewer thousands than their editors and managers would care to admit. But we nevertheless see the New York *Herald* charging nearly as much for its advertising space as does *l'Intransigeant,* which has probably fifty times the *Herald's* circulation. We see the *Herald* getting twice as much advertising as *l'Intransigeant* and advertising of a quality out of comparison with that appearing in the French newspaper.

Hollywood sends to our village a few decorative inhabitants. The conception of an American film produced in France has radically changed since the war. Once it was the practise to bring over entire companies, expensively occupying whole decks of steamers and whole floors of hotels. Then the directors discovered in France native actors and actresses, genuine artists, working for pay that would not hire mediocrities for minor parts at home. So nowadays only our movie stars cross the ocean, and their directors recruit French companies around them. The cheapness of it is making Paris a rival of Hollywood. We always have a few Glorias, Hopes, Sessues or Dougs with us nowadays adding to the village luster.

We also have a considerable independent class in our community, business and professional people not attached to the overseas pay-roll. But they nevertheless all deal with Americans. The American lawyer in Paris serves American clients, the American clergyman preaches to American pew renters, the American doctor administers to American patients. American dentists enjoy a wider scope, but even their waiting-room chairs are warmed chiefly by Americans

and English. American authors in Paris write for American audiences; American painters and sculptors send their canvases and bronzes home for sale, and the fact that an occasional Frank Armington or George Waller Parker can sell pictures successfully to the French does not shake the general truth of the rule. A number of Americans make a good living in Paris by operating tourist bureaus for their traveling compatriots. A few smart American women are successful as shopping agents or aids for absent or present American clients.

You hear it said in Paris that the American colony—especially the business part of it—includes numerous individuals who can not go home, who are confronted with some legal bar preventing it—deserted families, evaded debts, situations or acts not extraditable but unpleasant in their consequences. While this charge is certainly not true to the extent sometimes claimed for it, nevertheless there are many in the community who are permanent exiles, barred from repatriation not by any ugly reasons but because they have lost the power for it. They have become spiritual expatriates.

Expatriates! How we abominate that word in our village! Now and then it is cast in our direction when some earnest reformer touring Europe expresses his frank opinion about us in a letter to the *Herald* or *Tribune*. We hotly pick up the challenge, for an American can not endure the thought of expatriation. Not even the French are so attached to nationality as we are. We, the children of immigrants, do not emigrate, except for the restless few thousands who follow the cheap lands across the western Canadian border.

We protest, but by inference we admit the truth of the charge of expatriation in our definition of what constitutes

good citizenship in our village. You hear it said (often with a touch of wistfulness) of one or another of our number: "G. is a good American; he goes home regularly every two years." A great many of us do not go home regularly every two years.

A great many of us do not go home at all. The obstacle is spiritual. The man who has lived a few years in Paris is apt to find in himself a growing dread of renewed impact with American life. He is out of tune with American ways, afraid he can no longer make good against American competition. He is always intending to return. Some day will find him more confident, or he will turn a business deal putting him beyond reach of financial worry, and he will go back some time.

But he does not go. The Parisian habit of existence grows upon him, and exile is sweet. It is a definite stage in expatriation when he imagines how homesick for Paris he will be when at last he sets foot on American soil to leave it no more. The typical exile of this sort has an independent income that enables him to make pretense of being in business in Paris. He conducts a foreign-trade office requiring little attention or has vague agency connections that let him dream of vast sales to European governments and fortunes made overnight.

In the back room of Harry's New York Bar in Paris the expatriates hold forth on their grandiose schemes. One knows of a tremendous bargain in Lyons silks that needs only financing to make a safe hundred thousand dollars' profit in a few weeks. Another has a plan to organize an expedition to beat the British to the top of Mount Everest and to cash in afterward with the story and the films. This one holds an option on an incredible *cache* of old American rye whisky at a French channel port and seeks a bold spirit

to adventure the twelve-mile limit. But somehow the fine schemes never seem to materialize, and the courage to re-enter American life never returns. They are lost nationals. Paris will hold each one until the day when she files him away in his niche in one of those collections of mortuary pigeonholes called Parisian cemeteries.

Since the war the American practise of law in Paris has brought to our village a new class of inhabitant—the prospective divorcées. A few lawyers with the American Expeditionary Forces found out some interesting things about French divorces. They discovered, for instance, that French courts demand no residence qualifications whatsoever from parties suing for divorce, that almost any reason is legal ground for the severance of the marriage tie, and that all French divorce proceedings are *in camera,* newspapers being forbidden to publish anything except results. Moreover, a divorce is a divorce, wherever you get it, the legality of divorce decrees being seldom challenged. And Nevada having about that time obligingly amended her laws to require divorce claimants to live a year in that state, instead of six months, before filing their petitions, a few clever American lawyers took advantage of the situation, and the Paris mill began grinding out American decrees.

From the standpoint of the American divorce lawyer in Paris, there is one disquieting element in the business. It is existing merely upon the sufferance of the Parisian judges. French courts are not required by law to hear the causes of aliens at all. The Parisian judges could terminate the business at any moment by mere agreement, as they well might do if American divorce in Paris ever became a scandal.

In consequence the American divorce lawyers in Paris are careful in their arrangements. They see to it that their

clients actually live three months or longer in leased apartments, that they bring no contested cases to take up the time of the court, and that they employ French *avocats* to represent them at the actual trial, figuring that the judges will be slow to discourage a traffic that is putting good money into the pockets of Parisian lawyers and landlords. Parisians complain that the system is building up lists of apartments which are rented at stiff rates to prospective American divorcées and are held out of use when there are no divorce litigants to occupy them.

Like certain other aspects of our village, however, this one tends to be exaggerated. From the newspapers one would think that Americans were seeking Paris by the thousands to have marriages undone, whereas the court records show such divorces being granted at the rate of about one hundred a year. Two or three American law firms are making a big thing out of it, but it would be unfair to say that divorce is the leading interest of the American bar in Paris. The expansion of American business in France accounts largely for the presence in Paris of ten or a dozen prosperous American law firms.

Outside of business altogether there is a considerable section of the permanent American population in Paris which is there, broadly speaking, for social reasons. Such are the American women who have married into noble French or English families and such the men and women of large means and a predilection for and acquaintance in Continental society. The class gives our village its aristocracy, which includes some impressive names—de Tallyrand, de Chambrun, Vanderbilt. . . . It may be stretching a point to claim them for our own, but most of them choose to identify themselves with us, and their doings fill much space in the personal columns of our daily papers.

The list of them also includes the name of Mr. Berry Wall, and he is such a figure in our village that no description of it is complete with him left out. He is the latest—but not the last, for there will never be a last—of that slender line of American men who choose to make an art of correctness. There is always one in every generation—"the best dressed American," the native son noted as an exemplar of the social graces. The line included Ward McAllister and also Harry Lehr, who, though no longer an *arbiter elegantarium,* is, by the way, a fellow-villager with us. And now the mantle of Petronius has fallen upon Mr. Berry Wall, who lives at the Meurice, is always impeccably turned out, and is always seen at the right places—at the Opera for the correct *repetitions generales,* at Deauville during the Grande Semaine in August, at Cannes or Monte Carlo when one should be at Cannes or Monte Carlo. And Mrs. Berry Wall is also active and important in American society in Paris.

In the social class, too, must be included the many American single women—usually widows or divorcées—of fixed income who choose to live abroad because they can not live on their incomes at home as well as they would like. There are two sorts of them—the few who can not get along on twenty-five thousand dollars a year at home and the many who can not make it on twenty-five hundred. Whatever may be the tribulations of the twenty-five-thousand-dollar women in New York or Chicago, in Paris they live like empresses; and the twenty-five-hundred-dollar sort get along nicely, too, populating comfortable little hotels in the Etoile and Passy districts with respectable addresses and not too high *pension* rates. They manage to take tea at the smart places two or three times a week, get to Florence or the Riviera in the winter and to Switzerland or the Brittany

plages in summer, and spend their autumns and springs in Paris.

American women of this sort—the "*pension* derelicts," as Minna Adams calls them—are a definite type in Paris. Thoroughly Continentalized, many of them, they are the feminine counterpart of the male spiritual expatriate, except that few of them have any particular wish to return to America to live. They hold before their eyes as a model the English manner of existence, adopting the broad *a* and abandoning the American *r* with such success that only occasionally do they lapse into inconsistencies of speech. Many have acquired hyphens by the process of joining their maiden and married names together with that supercilious mark. They always seem to be consulting French *avoués* about their small affairs. They know the dress copyists who make the best thousand-franc reproductions of Callot models, drink cocktails ahead of dinner and *cafés filtres* afterward in the Etoile hotel salons, complain gently but incessantly about the service, smoke cigarettes, and play deplorable bridge. But mostly they talk about themselves. One hears over and over again how Worth made their wedding trousseaus and traveled to the Riviera just to see how they looked in them, how d'Annunzio wrote sonnets to their eyebrows, diplomats vied in their entertainment, and presidents vainly begged their husbands to take ambassadorial appointments.

Finally there are our students—three thousand of them a year now, France since the war absorbing the American student movement that once flowed into Germany. To some extent they distribute themselves among the provincial universities, but mostly they stay in Paris, where they have not only the Sorbonne, the Beaux Arts, the School of Architecture, and the Conservatoire, but such special American

schools as the summer courses in music at the Fontainebleau Palace, the New York School of Decorative Arts, and Mr. Whitney Warren's summer school in architecture and French civilization.

American boy students are usually sent to Paris to fend for themselves, but the girls have to be looked after. If they are not looked after—but they'd better be. At the Café du Dôme in Montparnasse you can see a few examples of those who have not been, and there are no women in Paris more abandoned.

Such is the half-drunken one standing at the bar quarreling with a Scandinavian lover and shouting, "I want you to understand I'm the purest girl in this quarter"; while listening French studio girls shrug their shoulders in distaste.

Such is the pale haggard one drinking brandy in the early morning with a subdued and silent young man. Evidently there has been some sort of disappointment; one's guess is that the new mail that day has failed to bring a hoped-for letter that was to rescue her from this and bring her home. There is a tautness of despair on a young face that would alarm a nerve specialist. Presently she is crying tearlessly against the boy's shoulder and wailing a few phrases over and over again: "Damn my family! They can all go to hell!"

These instances, numerous as they seem in this one part of Paris, are really infrequent when compared with the total number of young Americans who seek Paris's cultural advantages. Perhaps the same ones who go to the devil in Paris would go there with equal speed at home. At any rate, most of our boys seem to be none the worse for their student life in Paris, and most of our girls are looked after. The usual arrangement is an American mother living with a talented daughter in a Left Bank rooming hotel or *pension*.

The American University Union keeps an eye on our students, and the girls have as a foster mother the American University Women's Club in the Rue de Chevreuse. The American ambassador always has a brood of girl students under his protection—daughters of friends and acquaintances. Once a month he brings them all in to the embassy to tea together so that he may inquire individually after their progress for the sake of the regular reports he sends to their parents.

Business, society and culture—they account for practically all our village population, and all three interests have created typical American institutions in Paris.

Business, for instance, has its Chamber of Commerce—but a Chamber of Commerce Parisianized, lacking the go-getter spirit of chambers of commerce at home, being utterly innocent of population ambitions or city development schemes. Paris herself has not even a city slogan—only a Latin motto, *Fluctuat nec mergitur*—"She floats but never sinks"—which was adopted a great many centuries before the city-boosting idea became prevalent in the world. Paris, however, has reached the stage in modern progress of promoting a "week," a typically Parisian one—Drink More Wine Week.

Deprived of natural outlets of energy, our Chamber of Commerce in Paris resolves itself into a sort of business men's club. It supplies information to tourists, publishes the directory of Americans, maintains at its Rue Taitbout quarters the best English reference library in Paris, and now and then gives somewhat riotous luncheons to visiting advertising men and trade pilgrimages.

American business in Paris has the American Luncheon Club, which meets Thursdays for the purpose its name indicates, and also shares with French business a Rotary Club.

On Rotary meeting days sundry windows along the Rue de Rivoli and Rue Castiglione blossom familiarly with felt pennants having wheels and "Welcome Rotarians" embroidered on them.

Paris also boasts of a Soroptimist Club, exclusively French in membership though organized by an American, an elderly gentleman who, after a most successful experience in London, announced his intention of conquering Europe for Soroptimism. He was warned that he might encounter difficulties in Paris, but he felt no fears. Months later the Paris Soroptimist Club was indeed an accomplished fact, but the organizer announced that he was going home to America. He was tired, he said, and getting along in years anyhow, and he felt he ought to devote the rest of his life to plowing in more fertile ground. He would leave the rest of Europe to Soroptimist missionaries of the second or maybe the third generation hence. However, the club he organized in Paris has thrived, and some of the leading feminists of France belong to it.

Socially our village expresses itself in clubs. Some of the best men's clubs of Paris—the Jockey, the Athletic, the Travelers' and the Sporting Club of France—have either exclusively or predominantly Anglo-Saxon membership. There are only a few clubs in Paris; the Frenchman does not like them. The café is his club, and there is a deep reason in his character to account for the fact.

Life for a Frenchman is really a simple affair. Long ago he decided that only a few things are really worth while in this world, and he pursues those things with a devotee's singleness of purpose. Money, women and good cheer are his three primary loves. Of woman he makes a cult and of her courting an art.

A diverting thing occurred in post-war Paris. The

young French wife of an American wrote a letter to one of our papers complaining that her husband, who she said really loved her, no longer paid her the attentions he had shown her before marriage. Her friends who had married Frenchmen were more fortunate in this respect. She wondered if all Americans were cold as lovers. In the symposium of responses which followed, the young French wives of American husbands and the young American wives of French husbands agreed almost unanimously that as courtiers the Americans stood nowhere in the comparison.

A cheap and trivial correspondence, one might think it, and yet it lay close to a significant and fundamental French trait—the eternal courtship of women, a habit the Frenchman never grows too old to follow. It accounts for many things in his national life—for the luxury of Paris itself, for instance, a city preoccupied with adorning the adored. It accounts for the two-hour noon interval when Paris, in American country-town fashion, goes home to eat lunch with its women-folk and children. It accounts for the intense domesticity of French women. It accounts for the feebleness of the woman-suffrage movement in France, because the objects of cult-worship take only lukewarm interest in anything else. It accounts also for the prosperity of Parisian cafés and for the dearth of Parisian clubs.

The club is an Anglo-Saxon invention. The Anglo-Saxon is fond of women, too, but he demands intervals of separation from them. There are times when he enjoys male companionship better than female. The Frenchman would spend all his leisure with women. So he takes to the cafés, where women are welcome; and the Anglo-Saxon establishes a refuge called a club. In America and England the real literature of escape is the club year-book.

American women in Paris have a club all their own, an

outgrowth of the work of American women in France during the war. From a small beginning the American Women's Club of Paris has become an institution of twelve hundred members housed in a handsome Passy *hôtel* which it owns and which provides assembly, dining, reading, bridge and even sleeping rooms. It patronizes American art in Paris, offering free show space to American painters and sculptors and organizing concerts in which American musicians perform. The club has restored to American contact numerous American women who, married into French families, had become submerged in French life. On the club committees all grades and degrees meet, famous international society personages working shoulder to shoulder with New York suburban ladies and middle-west schoolmarms putting in a sabbatical year at the Sorbonne. Exile is a great democratizer.

Our village has a set of institutions serving the entire populace. Churches, for instance—the American Church in the Rue de Berri, which takes in the evangelical denominations and plans a monumental church edifice on the Quai d'Orsay; the two Christian Science churches, one in the Boulevard St.-Germain and the other in the Rue Magellan; and, for the Episcopalians, the American Pro-cathedral in the Avenue George V, with a dean and two canons, a Latin-Quarter mission in the Rue de la Grande-Chaumière, and a United States Students' and Artists' Club which it fosters in the Boulevard Raspail. American Catholic interests in Paris, while without a church building of their own, are directed by Father William Hemmick, an urbane priest who is a social ornament to our community. He sponsors the American Catholic Students' Club.

We have our own hospital in Paris—in the suburb of Neuilly—a million-dollar brick, concrete and stone affair,

built since the war and embodying the latest American ideas of arrangement and equipment—a mark, indeed, for French hospital construction to shoot at. We have our public library—in the Rues des Champs Élysées, with windows overlooking the grounds of the president's palace. The American Library in Paris is the survival of the American Library Service with A. E. F. When that precipitated body left France, the Library Service recovered some eighteen thousand volumes from the confusion and donated them as the nucleus for a permanent library in Paris, subsequent gifts having more than doubled the original collection in size. The library specializes in lending books by parcel post to Americans traveling in Europe. Doctor Dawson Johnston is our librarian.

We have a well-equipped gymnasium, which is part of the installation at the American Methodist Memorial in the Rue Denfert-Rochereau. It differs from French gymnasiums in having fresh air. The physical director is Monsieur Gaston Francois, a New Englander generally called "Gas" in the village. He inspires our baseball and basketball leagues. Once a year our post of the American Legion takes our nine best baseball players, puts them into uniforms with the name PARIS printed across the bosoms, and pits them against a nine representing the American Legion of London; and our more ardent village spirits turn out to root for Paris. On these occasions Monsieur Francois is our tower of strength, our village Babe Ruth, for besides doing a tidy job of shortstopping he swings a wicked flail at the platter.

Finally, we have our poor and therefore, being Americans, our associated charities—the American Aid Society. One would scarcely expect to find a destitute American class in France, but it exists—deserted wives of former A. E. F.

soldiers, aged and penniless widows brought to France years ago as wives of French valets, waiters, sailors and other working men who had lived in America. Now and then heartless American parents desert children left in French schools, and the Aid Society has to get the youngsters home to people who will take care of them.

Such demands, however, are slight in volume compared with the steady pressure from the financially stranded. Former soldiers return to see France unhampered by leave areas and military police, unaware when they start that it is practically impossible for them either to secure jobs in France or to sign on as sailors in ships going home. There are four or five hundred Americans in Cherbourg and the Havre most of the time looking for sailors' berths. The ranks of these are swelled in summer by college lads who arrive with resources almost equally slim. To give them their due, the college boys usually make their advance calculations correctly, but some of them get foolish with their money in Paris. In the summer queues at the Aid Society are usually a few youths with frat pins, empty pockets and Montmartre headaches.

One gathers that the American Aid Society is not specially popular with the aided. Some of them write letters to the paper about it. It seems that many of the stranded, when they present themselves, expect the Aid Society to hand out tickets and put them on the first ships bound for the United States. The Aid Society, having only a small fund at its disposal, does nothing of the sort. It takes addresses to which it can cable for money with some prospect of getting it, and meanwhile it secures jobs in Paris for the temporarily detained. Usually it secures them jobs washing dishes in one of the Duval restaurants.

Duval is the Childs of Paris. The restaurant organiza-

tion has an arrangement with the Aid Society whereby it will give temporary employment to stranded Americans in need of it. Accordingly dishwashing at Duval's has come to be associated with the American Aid Society in Paris—as closely as stone-cracking is associated with an American jail. Much perhaps can be said in derogation from the work of cleansing the Duval dishes, but at any rate it provides a man with two square meals of passable food *per diem* and enough francs in addition to pay for cheap lodgings.

Although the Aid Society holds the privilege of putting a few people as passengers on board U. S. Shipping Board freighters at forty-five dollars a head, for most applicants it must pay the full hundred-dollar steerage rate. Consequently it is often necessary to advance part of the money from the society treasury. From such beneficiaries it exacts the written pledge that each will repay the society as soon as he can after reaching home; and it gets not only this pledge but almost always fervent verbal assurances as well. However, it is of record that no one has ever paid.

Such we are in our Parisian village—all sorts, the rich and the poor, the wise and the foolish, the illustrious and the lost. We are not a cross-section of American life—we lack too many classes for that—but we are typical of it just the same.

Back home our introspective novelists are taking our people to task for a certain standardization into which American life has fallen. They seem to infer that in other lands they order these things better. It is not so—life everywhere tends to standardize itself. In Europe it may standardize itself more picturesquely than ours, but also more dully. Against the standardized bathrooms which we worship may be balanced the parlors of the French bourgeoisie, each one papered and carpeted in violent hues and

crammed full of trumpery ormolu. Instead of the Dutch-colonial and English-cottage styles which we affect in our suburban architecture, consider a Parisian suburb with every roof without exception a red-tile one.

What our novelists are criticizing is not American life but human life. If, therefore, we have brought our standardized institutions with us to Paris, it may be a phenomenon, but it is not a reproach to us. It is simply our way.

CHAPTER XIV

APACHES

The passing of the apache is one of the most striking changes the life of Paris has undergone within the last two decades.—*From the Paris edition of an American daily.*

During most of its crisscross meanderings through Paris the Chemin-de-Fer Métropolitan stays properly underground, as a subway should. But now and then the outer-boulevard lines, which encircle Paris a little way within the Fortifications, come up, as it were, for air.

So it is in the north end of Paris. After burrowing through the hill of Montmartre, the Métro emerges and stalks down the Boulevard de la Chapelle on huge stilts of stone and concrete. This aerial section skirts the southern boundaries of the notorious Parisian quarters of Chapelle and Villette.

On the first Saturday evening in May, Anno Domini 1925, at eleven o'clock, five feet two inches of concentrated evil known locally as Petit Louis stood in the shadow of the elevated structure at La Chapelle and watched hungrily the lighted second-story window of a squalid hotel opposite. Petit Louis was a nocturnal mammal. Bedtime for honest folk was only breakfast time for him. The principal ingredient of a Petit Louis breakfast was alcohol—and he had not yet breakfasted. Therefore on this chilly evening he leaned

himself against the concrete pillar, white, shaking and miserable.

There was another noticeable thing about him. He seemed to have been in a fracas and to have got his eyes blacked by some stouter antagonist. But if you had dragged him into the light and peered closely, you would have seen that his eyelids, upper and lower, were tattooed a livid blue.

Although the body of Petit Louis displayed many another artistic job of tattooing, of none was he so proud as he was of his tattooed eyes. It takes a man to endure the ordeal of having his lids tattooed. It is not only that the surface is extremely sensitive to pain, but there is the knowledge that any one too vigorous thrust of the needle may puncture through and injure the sight itself. Still, one can go through much to win the admiration and love of ladies; and Petit Louis, despite his lack of stature, had not been unsuccessful in his conquests of the fair. No less than three street girls of Paris now belonged to Petit Louis; and on the earnings of these three, together with such sums as he could rob from the chance males who consorted with them, he could live without working at all.

However, even in careers so intelligently managed there come disappointments. There would be nights when the girls would be unenergetic or unlucky, and then Petit Louis's breakfast drink would be late. Naturally such delays threw him into an ugly mood, and there had been such a delay on this May evening. But now relief was in sight; and the lighted curtain in the hotel was serving as a sort of sand-glass checking off for Petit Louis the time that must intervene before he could get the liquor his system craved.

Behind that curtain one of the three girls appertaining to Petit Louis—Georgette by name—was entertaining a young gentleman whom she had met informally on the side-

walk not fifteen miutes earlier. One minute after the curtain became dark Georgette would appear at the door of the hotel. Two minutes after that she and Petit Louis would be seated together in the corner café. The ten-franc note which a person paid for the privilege of Georgette's society would be safely in Petit Louis's pocket, and he would be ordering the glass of *fine* that would make him feel once more like a member in good standing of the world of men.

Affairs, however, were not prospering with Petit Louis as favorably as he thought. Georgette's caller was a young hopeful of the district named Wallard. Had he lived in America he would have borne in front of this surname some such further appellation as "Young" or "Kid" or "Battling"; for Wallard was something of a champion prize-fighter in a *gymnase* located behind the railway yards at the Gare de l'Est. He was, it is true, rated only as an amateur, but this only for the reason that he had not yet built reputation enough for himself to be signed on to compete for the hundred-franc purses offered by more pretentious boxing establishments closer to the center of Paris. Nevertheless, his short-arm left jab had jarred all fistic ambition out of several tough lads along the railroad yards; and young Monsieur Wallard was in consequence a chap used to having his own way about things.

At the present moment he was not having it. He had been ungallant enough to cavil at the quality of Georgette's entertainment. Furthermore, he had demanded back his ten francs. Georgette, with the blue note already tucked in her stocking, and upon her the fear of what Petit Louis would do to her if she yielded to the preposterous demand, definitely refused; and, to remove the row from the hotel, the guests of which were already shouting complaints at the noise, she made for the street, Wallard at her heels.

On the sidewalk in front of the door the debate resumed. Petit Louis felt it incumbent upon himself to intervene. Slouching across, he observed in the argot of Chapelle that no true gentleman would be caught quarreling with a lady on the public thoroughfare that way. Wallard looked contemptuously down at the small interrupter and wanted to know who the hell he was to be butting into an affair not his own. Petit Louis's rejoinder was for Wallard never to mind who he was, and that anybody who would say the things he (Wallard) had said to Georgette was nothing less than a pig. He might even be called a cow.

These be fighting epithets even beyond the confines of La Chapelle, but the ring-wise Wallard did no telegraphing of his intentions. His left fist moved eight inches, and Petit Louis lay on the sidewalk with one of his tattooed eyes temporarily ruined by a cut on the cranial bone that looked good for four stitches.

If young Monsieur Wallard had not been so confident in his own prowess, he would then and there have put distance between himself and that spot as quickly as legs, taxicab, Métro train, or motor-bus could have put it, for he had done one of the most fatal things a person can do in Paris. He had humiliated an apache in front of his girl, whereas before such audience, if there is any humiliating to be done, the apache prefers to do it himself.

The moment, however, was not ripe for Petit Louis to seek revenge. He did not feel like it. The blood running down from his cut was blinding him. He rose feebly to his feet and groped his way into the hotel. There he received willing first aid—warm water, plaster. Repaired and washed, he at length turned for the door, drawing from a hip pocket his *couteau à cran d'arrêt,* that interdicted clasp knife with locking blade that is still the apache's favorite

weapon. And with an apache's pride in his tools, Petit Louis had honed the blade of his knife until he could whittle hairs with it.

Meanwhile Wallard had abandoned the argument with Georgette. He decided to go elsewhere in the quarter—perhaps farther back in to the Street of the Drop of Gold, where most likely the ladies were fairer, if not physically, then fiscally. He turned up a narrow cobbled alley leading to the hinterland, and Petit Louis emerged from the hotel door just in time to see him make the turn.

Running in tennis shoes, Petit Louis made no more sound than a cat. He caught the prize-fighter half-way up the alley and leaped upon the muscular back. At the same time he threw his arms around the bigger man's neck, and in one of Petit Louis's hands was the opened *couteau à cran d'arrêt* that would whittle hairs.

Probably Wallard never knew exactly what happened to him. From his throat fountained a torrent of blood pumped direct from his heart, and some sudden terror of death urged him to run. With the blood stream he wrote a splashy line on the cobbles for fifty yards and then punctuated the end of it with his cadaver.

His honor satisfied, Petit Louis next thought of salvation. Money was his first need. He visited the cafés and hotels of the vicinity soliciting gifts from the inmates—five francs here, ten there. The patroness of the corner café came up handsomely with seventy-five. Firmly financed, Petit Louis sought the discreet interior of a taxicab in which he crossed Paris to the Gare Montparnasse, where at dawn he climbed aboard a train bound for the Channel coast.

In La Chapelle the inhabitants do not go running to the police every time there is a stabbing affray. It is the busi-

ness of the police to find out such things for themselves. The Prefect sees fit to send his uniformed *agents* into Chapelle at night in pairs, and it was about midnight when one of these teams was attracted by the knot of people standing around what had been "Young" or "Kid" or "Battling" Wallard. One glance told them that here was a job beyond their powers, and they telephoned to the district detective brigade. The operative who responded in turn decided to pass the buck still higher; and thus it happened that at two o'clock on Sunday morning Monsieur Frédéric Berthin of the Police Judiciare, Brigade Speciale, was routed from bed.

About the time Petit Louis was boarding the train for Brittany, Brigadier Berthin had established the main facts of the crime. He had identified the dead boxer, had found two witnesses of the actual killing, and had learned that the trouble started in the hotel. Beyond this the night population of La Chapelle seemed to be uninformed. Some one at length recollected that the assassin was called Petit Louis. This was a beginning, but not enough for Brigadier Berthin. These apaches are always changing their aliases—or, as the French say, their *dites*—and to look for the name Petit Louis in the Prefecture records would be wasted effort.

Now Brigadier Berthin was familiar with the blanket of ignorance that spreads over a Parisian community after an apache murder, and he could forgive uninvolved bystanders their reticence; but he was righteously irritated when the proprietor of the hotel from which Petit Louis had emerged disclaimed all knowledge of the affair and its principals. Under the strict letter of the law Paris hotels are not permitted to allow street girls the use of their rooms, but actually Paris tolerates the practise and even collects taxes from it. In return the secret police expect cooperation from these favored *patrons* when trouble occurs in their places. Usu-

ally the police get cooperation. When they do not, they have a means of retaliation all their own.

By law every adult person in Paris, native or foreign, must carry an identity card which the police can inspect at will. Therefore, to discipline an obdurate divekeeper, the police need only station men at his door to examine the identity papers of all who enter. In the Paris underworld this is the Interdict. The official scrutiny keeps all visitors away.

But even the threat of this measure failed to shake the *patron* of the Chapelle hotel. Either he was being loyal to his kind, or he dreaded the vengeance of Petit Louis more than that of the police. One inmate of the place, however, was impressed—a pale, liquid-blonde slip of a girl secretly in love with the proprietor. It was mid-forenoon before she found opportunity to inquire privately of Brigadier Berthin if her evidence could save the establishment from suppression. Assured that it might, she told the story the details of which are set down here. Petit Louis's name was Louis Fleuret, she said, and he was making for one of three ports from which fishing vessels sail for distant parts.

It was enough for Brigadier Berthin. He was familiar with the name of Fleuret. The police file under that name showed twelve previous convictions for crimes ranging from criminal assault to highway robbery, and Brigadier Berthin knew about the tattooed eyes and body. He returned to the Prefecture and despatched telegrams; and to complete the annal of Petit Louis it is only necessary to add that within forty-eight hours he was found hiding in a room in the fishing town of St. Malo. It took six officers to arrest the ferocious little man.

His telegrams sent, Brigadier Berthin lunched late and well, his appetite sauced by the satisfaction of a job successfully ended. The brigade room was deserted when he re-

turned, except for a brother man-hunter writing out some report. There were communications on Brigadier Berthin's desk—statements of witnesses taken by his detective assistants, another anonymous accusation in the American passport-fraud case, a newspaper clipping. The belated spring was keeping steam in the pipes of the Palais de Justice. The room was pleasantly warm. Out in the river a Seine tug whistled with soprano impatience for the lock below the Pont Neuf. An occasional taxicab roared under the dusty windows along the little traveled Quai des Orfèvres. The pen at the other end of the room scratched incessantly. Brigadier Berthin's head nodded. Nor did the newspaper clipping allay his drowsiness. It was a Sunday half-page from an American newspaper bearing the caption, *The Passing of the Apache.*

It is fashion nowadays among the old-timers to maintain that the war has changed everything about Paris. It has swept away all the ancient romance and picturesqueness, and those who visit Paris now do not see the same city that inspired the novelists of yore. There is no more Latin Quarter, no more true Bohemian life; and the graybeards will not even exclude the apaches from the general débâcle. Because these gangsters no longer haunt Montmartre in their former numbers, the writers assume that they are a vanishing, if not already extinct, race.

But Monsieur Berthin of the Brigade Speciale, who has dealt as a police officer with apaches since the flaming head of Casque d'Or paraded the Boulevard Sébastopol, takes a contrary view of it. Far from the apaches being extinct, Brigadier Berthin will tell you that they are more numerous in Paris than ever before, and that they are crueler, more blood-thirsty, quicker to kill, and altogether more dangerous

than they were in the good old days which the poets sang, the fictionists celebrated, and the veterans now mourn.

It is true that at the beginning of the war most of the apaches of Paris were swept into the police dustpan and given the choice of indefinite jail or ten-year enlistment in the French battalions in Africa. With entire unanimity they chose Africa and departed for the Sahara posts accompanied by the pious hopes of the Prefecture that they would all die there before their enlistment expired. The legend of brave deeds done in the Great War by erstwhile assassins of Paris is the creation of the playwrights and novelists. Monsieur Berthin and his hard-headed associates in the Brigade Speciale never heard of the Croix de Guerre going to any apaches. In those stirring times the real apaches were all in the *Bataillons d' Afrique.*

But they have been succeeded by a new and more numerous brood made up of gamins raised on streets into which Gotha bombs and long-range shells were falling. They saw people blown to mist before their eyes, and it bred in them a contempt for human life such as their predecessors never entertained. Paris now averages a homicide a week, many of them committed by apaches. To cite some recent instances, there was the bookshop woman, a dealer in obscene literature, who in her up-stairs establishment not a hundred paces off the central Rue de Rivoli was beaten within an inch of death by two apaches who made off with the contents of the cash drawer, less than two hundred francs.

There was the octogenarian woman who, alone in her apartment one afternoon, was garrotted by a tourniquet made of a piece of twine and a lead pencil—and her savings stolen. There was the miserly spinster of a Parisian suburb who in her fear of being robbed kept no servants and barred even the tops of her chimneys. A jimmied door one day ad-

mitted an apache of Paris who murdered the spinster and made away with over one million francs. He spent the million on Montmartre in a week and was caught by the police just as he was crossing the Italian border.

There were the two foreigners assassinated and robbed in the Forest of Vincennes. There was the bank runner murdered in a dark quarter of Paris and his body hauled away by night and deposited in the Bois de Boulogne. There was the mysterious and unsolved Villette affair—the dismembered body of a man, possibly an American, hauled piece by piece out of the canal basin in Villette. One of the parts was wrapped in a French newspaper published in San Francisco.

These are items from a single post-war winter's list of crimes of violence and robbery in Paris. The dotards close their eyes to what is so obviously going on around them and remember only Casque d'Or of a generation ago and the Trojan struggle of the gangsters to possess her. To hear them tell it, too, you would think that these battles went on for months; and their assumption is that Casque d'Or herself has vanished with the apaches.

The truth is that neither have vanished. Casque d'Or is still a fairly conspicuous member of the underworld of Paris. Furthermore, the yellowed *dossier* of the case at the Prefecture shows that the gang war she inspired lasted only three weeks. But out of that war, which horrified even while it fascinated Paris, came the name apache; and the struggle fixed the apache type permanently in the Parisian scene. A bevy of apache "queens" modeled upon Casque d'Or have since paraded upon the stage and across the pages of novels. Her nickname—"Golden Helmet"—is commonly applied even to-day to red-headed girls of the Paris streets.

She was christened Amélie Elie, and she came to Paris

from Orleans to practise the oldest of professions. Paris as a whole first beheld her during Christmas week in the year 1901. She then belonged to one Manda, a young ruffian of the Belleville quarter who headed a gang of neighborhood terrorists called the Bande de la Courtille.

Brigadier Berthin was then just starting his detective work, and he remembers Casque d'Or in her prime. She was nothing remarkable for beauty. It did not seem to him, even at his impressionable age then, that hers was a face to launch a thousand ships. Nevertheless, it did, figuratively speaking. She was seen, coveted and won by a certain Leca, chieftain of a gang that ranged the Boulevard Voltaire near the Place de la République. Hostilities began when Leca, out strolling with Casque d'Or, met two of Manda's band and told them to tell Manda that he had taken Manda's girl and that Manda could do what he pleased about it.

Manda was a Menelaus who felt entirely competent to act as his own Achilles. Like the Greeks of old, he and his followers promptly carried the war into the seducer's territory. Meeting Leca alone next day, several of the Courtilchilists set upon him with revolvers. But even to-day the apaches are not so handy with the gun as with the knife. The honors of the first skirmish rested with the single-handed Leca. He crawled back to Casque d'Or shot twice but able to boast that he had put several of the enemy out of action.

Casque d'Or bandaged him up and with such effective ministration that he was out again in two days. From that moment the fighting was incessant. Day after day the Belleville forces raided the Boulevard Voltaire, and Leca and his men defended the stronghold. The wounded were usually spirited away for home hospitalization. The peaceable inhabitants of the district were stiff with fear, and the

most honest of *bourgeois* would tell the authorities nothing. Even the police grew wary about entering the war zone.

In this situation the Parisian journalists reveled. Buffalo Bill had recently had his show in Paris and given the inhabitants their first look at red Indians in action, and one inspired reporter applied the name apaches to the followers of Leca. The name stuck and spread to all gangsters and knifemen of Paris. Recently the august French Academy voted to include the word as an uncapitalized common noun in the official dictionary that it is going to take so many years to compile. Thus it has entered the French language, where it is pronounced, of course, *appash*.

During the fighting Leca, accompanied by Casque d'Or and several of his gang, had strategic need for a chair. He got one by the simple method of lifting it from the terrace of a café they were passing. A customer informed the café proprietor of his loss, and he ran after the thieves. Leca saw him coming and coolly shot him through the chest. That he did not kill the man was not the apache's fault.

But it all had to end. Before the middle of January there was a final battle, this time with knives; and Manda of Belleville was a decisive victor. Leca was so badly stabbed that, according to Brigadier Berthin, if he had been an honest man he most certainly would have died. But Manda's triumph was short. Almost immediately thereafter he was arrested, and was later sentenced to hard labor for life.

Sorely stricken as he was, Leca evaded the police and was carried secretly to Belgium. There, after weeks of convalescence, he appeared again, armed and dangerous. The Brussels police picked him up and shipped him back to Paris. In the trial that followed he and several of the other gangsters were sentenced to eight years in prison and thereafter to deportation for life to French Guiana.

Why can not these heroes of real-life epics behave as epic heroes do in books? Shortly after his conviction Leca simply ruined his saga by marrying in jail a woman prisoner he had met in the courts, forgetting all about the languishing Casque d'Or. But perhaps Casque d'Or was not languishing after any one stupid enough to get caught. This woman, over whom so much blood was spilt, is to-day a *sous-maitresse* in a Ghetto brothel near the Hotel de Ville of Paris. Her hair is red as ever, but she is forty-seven, and apache gangs no longer battle over her.

Apaches seldom battle in gangs any more at all. The apache has become a lone worker. Under the strict police definition, an apache is a man living on the earnings of a loose woman. The typical apache crime is the robbery of a victim who accompanies the woman. It is usually only when the victim resists robbery that assassination results.

In the police sense, Montmartre is filled with apaches, for the girls who operate professionally in the satin cabarets of Montmartre nearly all support men in the background. But these girls are prosperous, and their men do not need to rob. That there are no longer many apaches of the dangerous class on Montmartre is due not, as the graybeards assume, to the fact that the war swept them away, but to the fact that Montmartre is now filled with tourists the night long. Sinister though some of the Montmartre streets look, at all hours they are well populated, well policed, and safe. It is in the quarters to the east of Montmartre that the dangerous apaches are now thickest—in Chapelle, Villette and Belleville—though to some extent they are scattered throughout Paris.

Brigadier Frédéric Berthin hastens to dispel certain popular illusions about the apaches. They do not, as fiction has it, hide or escape in the sewers. The modern sewers of

Paris are clean conduits, well lighted, and thickly populated with workmen. If a fugitive missed detection by the sewer forces, when he emerged at a street exit he would most certainly fall into the hands of a uniformed *agent de police* or plain-clothes man of the Brigade of the Voie Publique.

The apache is no hired blade. Brigadier Berthin and his brother detectives have never heard of a procured apache assassination in Paris. Nor is the apache a dope fiend—largely because he can not afford to buy drugs. The drug problem of Paris is almost entirely confined to the hill of Montmartre.

But it is in appearance that the apaches and their girls fail most lamentably to approximate the traditional picture. You see them best in their so-called *bals musettes* or *bals des apaches*. There are several of these places in Paris licensed to hold dances three or four nights a week. In a certain side-street near the Bastille there is a nest of them. In the Rue des Gravilliers, not far from the Central Markets, is the famous Bal de la Vache, once the haunt of Manda of Belleville and still frequented by a Belleville clientèle.

Tourists seldom see these places. The tourists usually get their apache thrills in Paris out of artists' cafés and cabarets in the Latin Quarter. The artist fellows have hearts of gold, but they do like to dress roughly, and some of them look more like apaches than the apaches do themselves.

In the Rue de l'Hirondelle, right off the Place Saint-Michel, is a cabaret conducted in a creepy cavern widely reputed to be the rendezvous of apaches. Down in whitewashed and unventilated depths, with rude benches and battered tables serving for the customers, poets recite their verses and composers sing their songs. Impressionable American girls are taken there by intrepid escorts and bring away memories sufficient to give them nightmares for a month.

Desperadoes leer at them and attempt flirtations, or seem to, contemptuous of the attendant males. The frightened visitors whisper to each other that to make any protest would probably call forth the knives. As soon as they dare they attempt an inconspicuous retirement; but feet are apparently stuck out to trip them, and they reach the open air feeling that they are barely escaping with their lives. The police say, however, that though an occasional apache may enter the place, he certainly does none of the frightening. The terrorism is part of the entertainment. The place thrives on its reputation, and it is quite safe.

You do not have to go far from this place to reach the absolute nadir of the Parisian underworld. Extreme poverty in Paris is never strongly evident. The most squalid quarters of Paris have a cheeriness and openness unknown to New York or London slums. But in the café known as "The Senate," near the Place Maubert, gather nightly the city's human dregs, the bitterest poverty that Paris can display.

Homeless outcasts of all ages, from babies to grandfathers, jam the place full to capacity. By midnight all that can find chairs are asleep, four to each table, their heads pillowed on their arms. Others lean drowsily over the crowded bar. Now and then a sleeper awakes to explore the cause of an itching. A pair of old soaks with white stubble on their chins start a feeble fight at the bar. Nobody so much as opens an eye to look at it. At three in the morning the place is closed and the tenants are turned out. They shamble down to the river to sleep under the bridges until it is time to go to the markets to hunt odd jobs of sweeping and carrying.

But this, though evil in look, is not apache territory. There is all the difference in the world between this scene of

misery and the interior of an apache dance hall at the same hour. The latter is clean, brilliantly lighted, and well furnished. Though the Bal de la Vache, perhaps for sentiment's sake, still clings to wooden benches and long tables, most of the other places are as smartly appointed as any cafés in Paris.

The typical *bal musette* is a café with a waxed dancing floor at one end or along one side. In the small balcony is the orchestra, an accordion usually substituting for the piano. The jazz is more restrained than that of Montmartre—not so much beating of drums. A master of ceremonies on the floor collects twenty-five centimes per couple after each dance.

This collarless unshaven ruffian drinking alone is probably an honest workman out for an evening's entertainment. The apache, the dangerous man, the potential criminal, perhaps even an actual one with a police record, is more apt to be that thin-lipped young chap in a cheap but pressed suit and wearing collar and tie. It must be confessed, however, that he usually also affects a cap.

As for the apache girls, some are unusually good-looking, and all are *chic* in dress. Indeed, the class of girls who consort with apaches is a constant wonder to the police. They are, to be sure, part of the great Parisian army of women of ill repute, but they do not look it as much as do the *filles de joie* of the Boulevards or the girls of the cabarets. It is evident that they could sell themselves to better advantage if they chose, but they do not choose. The outlawry of the apaches attracts them more than the jewels and fine raiment of Montmartre.

And the deportment of the apaches and their girls is equally disillusioning. The rough stuff that passes current for apache dancing is entirely confined to the vaudeville

stage. The propriety of the apaches themselves in their own dance halls is all that a moralist could ask.

And yet the dancing is not quite so serene as the surface indicates. On an evening which supplied some of these notes, the notorious Bal de la Vache was as sedate as an American country-club dance; but in one of the other halls, largest and best of those near the Bastille, without the slightest warning a swift fight broke out on the floor. The disinterestedness of the orchestra, which kept on as though nothing were amiss, the unconcern of the other dancers, who merely tacked to avoid the strugglers, the practised way in which a husky crew of waiters descended upon the combatants and ejected the aggressor, all showed that such clashes are not unusual.

The Paris police distinguish between apaches and two other turbulent classes who help build up the city's crime statistics. Since the war Paris has been infested with Polish desperadoes to whom are attributed some of the most blood-curdling murders of recent years. They are not, however, true apaches, in that they do not use women for bait. Then there are the Arabs—people from Algeria and Morocco, whom the Parisians call the "Sidi." For the most part they kill each other when they kill, usually in quarrels arising over their café gambling games.

Against this whole underworld the forces of law and order wage sleepless warfare. The shock troops are the uniformed *agents,* ten thousand strong, and behind them are about one thousand detectives of the Police Judiciaire divided into specialized brigades. There is the Brigade of the Voie Publique, whose operatives roam the streets in pairs trailing suspected criminals and often catching pickpockets, purse-snatchers, and package thieves red-handed in their acts. There is the Brigade Mondaine, dealing with prosti-

tution and drug-selling; the Service des Renseignments Generaux, largest and most important of all, looking after gambling and anarchistic activities and other miscellaneous things; the Service des Notes, in charge of small cases; and the Brigade du Centre, which maintains at headquarters in the Palais de Justice constant reserves upon which the other brigades can call in emergencies.

Smallest but most important of the detective brigades is the Brigade Speciale, of which Monsieur Berthin is a member. It is a picked division, for it takes charge of all the most important criminal cases that arise in Paris. It consists of fourteen principal members of the grades of chief-brigadier and brigadier and as many more assistant detectives who are really serving their brigadier apprenticeships. All the other brigades have this interior grading also.

These are the confidential services at headquarters. But in addition Paris has eight police districts, and each district station maintains a detective brigade responsible for local order and expected to call for the experts at the Palais de Justice when important affairs arise. For all of France outside Paris the great Sûreté Generale acts as the Police Judiciaire do for the city itself. When political riots threaten in Paris the Prefect calls the plumed and mounted *gendarmerie* in from its country barracks.

Such are the forces that protect Paris from her underworld, and they make a good job of it. Judged by American standards, Paris is an unusually safe city. Brigadier Berthin, physically not a formidable man, has for twenty years been going in plain clothes and often unarmed up and down the streets of Paris at all hours of the night and in every quarter of the city, and he has never yet been held up or even threatened with a hold-up.

Even the apaches are not ordinarily dangerous to those

who let their women alone. It is because they use women to decoy victims that the fashionable Bois de Boulogne becomes after dark the most perilous part of Paris. There have been more apache murders in the Bois than in any other quarter of the city. The Bois is open the night long, and as a result certain parts of it are haunted after nightfall by street girls who often have their men back in the trees among the shadows ready to despoil any one who steps fifty yards off the lighted pathways. The police probably never hear of half the hold-ups that occur in the Bois. Many of the victims are foreign visitors who are too ashamed of their own parts in the affairs to make any complaint.

At their dances the apaches are *en fête* and not apt to be troublesome. In these *bals musettes* there are, however, two remote dangers. The typical apache is a bullying fellow who holds his girl by his claims to ferocity. If he gets a little drunk he may pick out some stranger on whom to demonstrate his valor. If his attentions are resented, trouble is likely to ensue. There have been apache assassinations which began this way. And then the apaches are constantly fighting with one another, and there is always the chance that they may begin shooting. They are notoriously bad marksmen. Because of these two possibilities the Prefecture does not recommend the rounds of the *bals des apaches* as a regular sight-seeing diversion in Paris.

Paris has her own way of heightening the human drama. No doubt the Russian Revolution has been fifty times bloodier than the French Revolution; but the slaying of a million Russian aristocrats only yesterday can not thrill us with horror as does even yet that century-old picture of the wild and hungry women of Paris escorting the royal Louis and his family into the starving city from Versailles and chanting, "We've brought the baker and the bakeress and the little apprentice."

No doubt the gangsters of New York and half a dozen other American cities are a much more fatal breed than the apaches of Paris, but we have no such horror of them. They do not live in Paris. But the apaches do, whatever the oldsters may say about it. They may convince us that Bohemia is dead in Paris and the boulevardiers gone, but they must leave us our apaches. We newcomers have the statistics on our side. With full police sanction and authority we can still have our shudder in Paris and have it, too, in that most comfortable way in which to shudder—in security.

CHAPTER XV

THE GENTLE TOURIST

THOUGH the patient reader of these pages may long since have despaired of finding any reference to them, there are, after all, sights to be seen in Paris. There is a historical Paris to be seen—the Paris of the Louvre, of the boundary tracings (which nobody can ever find) of the Bastille upon the pavement of the present-day *Place* of that name; the Paris of Notre Dame, of Henri IV's statue beside the Pont Neuf, of Cluny and the Roman baths, of the Sorbonne, of the Panthéon and Napoleon's Tomb, even of the Eiffel Tower and the Trocadéro.

Without question it is a Paris vastly more important than the human, contemporary and ephemeral city some phases of which these chapters have attempted to depict. At any rate, it is the Paris that attracts most of the American tourists who cross the water with this city as one of their objectives.

Pens so much more erudite than the present portable Remington have treated in such detail the static, eternal glories of Paris, that there can here be no attempt at emulation. The mere thought is terrifying. These paragraphs are doomed to go on to the end more caught up by the frail living than by the august dead, and therefore more concerned with the sight-seer than with the thing he sees.

It brings the thought that those who tour fall temperamentally into two categories—the ones who make a stern business of sight-seeing, and the others (an overwhelmed

minority largely male) who take their foreign sights so frivolously that they can be regarded as no better than triflers and dilettantes. A more censorious opinion might even hold that for such persons travel is a waste of time and opportunity altogether.

There is in Paris a simple test by which you can determine for yourself in which class you belong. A great many years ago, when the Grand Boulevards were the site of the outer wall of Paris instead of the mid-city thoroughfare they have since become, the Parisians to celebrate some victory or other erected a triumphal arch at the point in the wall where the St.-Denis road cut through it. This eroded old pile, the St.-Denis Gate, still stands, a queer survival in the thundering wholesale district which has gathered itself around it.

At this point, a difficult street crossing now, the Prefecture has seen fit to station an *agent de police*—a traffic cop, as we should say—who boasts of what is without doubt the most luxuriant mustache in the world. On a damp day when hairs bristle this mustache has fully a two-foot spread. If a light Go-Go sign could be affixed to its tips, the *agent* might easily control the traffic merely by twisting his neck.

No human lip could possibly support such a mustache unaided; and so this mustache throws out props and buttresses and occupies adjacent facial territory about as the banyan tree shores itself up with roots dropped from its branches. A purist might object that such a mustache is not eligible in international competition on the ground that it is partly built of beard, but this would be a mere cavil. All Paris recognizes this as a mustache, and talks about it and is proud of it; and one Parisian rubber store, whose windows give upon the mustache whenever the *agent* is on duty, even pictures it in its bill-board advertising.

Now the test is to stand on the Boulevard St.-Denis in such a place that you can at will see either the arch or the *agent,* but not both at once—in short, between them. Which fastens your attention, the reliefs of Girardon or the mustache? If it be the latter, then you can be sure that you are one of the unlettered few to whom manners will always be more attractive than mummies, and cafés than cathedrals.

The dilettante tourist is forever picking up all sorts of perverse and unorthodox notions out of his sight-seeing. At the Cluny Museum he yawns at priceless porcelains and Flemish wood carvings that hold the more cultured, but grows fascinated over cases of medieval lodge, convention, and political-campaign badges, or their Middle-Age equivalents—insignia of guilds, pilgrimages, and the parties of warring dukes. Or he is found admiring ancient carpenters' tools—squares with intricate adornments engraved on their steel sides, or chased rules that fold into shagreen cases. And from these objects he learns, or thinks he learns, that there is no new thing under the sun, except speed and quantity production; for our convention badges are not made of metal beaten by hand into stone matrices graven by masters, nor can our series machinery be slowed down by complications added for the sake of putting upon handsaws and joiners' squares adornments having no earthly use in the actual trade of building.

At Fontainebleau he discovers that Napoleon was as devoid of a sense of humor as the Grand Master of a lodge. He sees Napoleon's throne room—a room with elegant but none the less backless stools for the mere kings and princes of the congregation, and a raised and canopied platform for the gorgeous *fauteuil* of the little Corsican upstart himself. And Napoleon, an emperor of the nineteenth century, could take his place in this Morris-Gest setting without laughing himself sick!

From a painting from A. G. Warshawsky

PONT NEUF

And then, farther on, Napoleon's bedroom—a bedroom with a portable flight of velvet stairs leading into the bed itself. Who, even on the chilliest night of winter, could possibly dart up those imperial bed-stairs two at a time and make one dive for the shelter of the covers? Nobody could. Napoleon in his nightshirt, though shivering until his knees knocked together, must nevertheless have mounted slowly and impressively. At the summit, with one foot on the top step and the other ready to join its fellow, he would half turn and with outspread arms bid silent adieu to the world for another night. He would do this, even though his audience was no more than a sleepy *valet de chambre*. Those imperial bed-steps call for just that gesture.

In the Versailles château instead of studying the Le Moine ceiling as he should or the very table on which the Treaty of Peace was signed, our trifler finds himself impressed by a common brass strip laid diagonally in the parquet floor of one of the rooms in Louis XV's apartments. None of the travel writings ever seem to have mentioned that strip. King Louis XV himself had it put there, and it is so placed that the edge of the sunshine pouring in through the window will at dead noon exactly coincide with it.

That piece of brass tells the dilettante more about King Louis XV than all the history books put together. He can fairly see the king getting up some dark morning, throwing open the shutters, and gazing out into the streaming Cour de Marbre.

"Hm, still raining," announces His Majesty. "But you mark my words, Marie, it will clear off by ten."

Queen Marie Leczinska, already at the breakfast table, pays little attention to the prediction, hearing a fresh one every morning.

"Don't stand there in the draft, Lew, catching cold,"

she says. "Try some of these ortolan tongues the king of Spain just sent up. They're right tasty."

"Clear off by ten," persists Louis XV. "You see, there's been a 'low' over us—"

"For heaven's sake, Sire," interrupts the queen rather petulantly, "if you have to talk about the weather, go over to the Petit Trianon and tell it to that Pompadour woman. She'd probably enjoy it—but spare me, please!"

"Well, you'll see I'm right," hastily concludes the monarch, a little uneasy at this mention of the Petit Trianon. But of course, he is not right. Nobody ever is who tries to predict weather in France. The failure, however, will not shake the pontifical authority of Louis Quinze's next morning's prophecy.

For, to be sure, any man who would take the pains to have a strip of brass laid in his floor to coincide with the edge of the sunshine at noon, would be interested in the weather and its theories. And the laying of the brass strip itself must have provided Louis XV with an absorbing fortnight. One can imagine him, his thick gold turnip watch in hand, conferring with the château carpenter as together they lay off the line the strip is to occupy. There will be several days of this for purposes of comparison, and meanwhile Marie and the children and the servants will be warned to keep off those chalk marks. Nor will Louis XV trust his own watch, the best though it be in France. Being king, he can and doubtless does arrange with the Astronomer Royal to send out to Versailles from the Observatoire in Paris by a galloping relay a chronometer set by the sidereal clock at the last available second. With this as a check, he is at last contented with the line; and thereafter until the day when the smallpox brings him low in the adjoining room, he never sees that brass strip without feeling pleased

and proud to be the only man in France who can, on sunny noons at least, know the exact time in his own home.

Such touches as this, and such as the kit of tools (also displayed at Versailles) with which Louis XVI, a true son of his father, used to potter at a work bench, making locks and keys, cause our dilettante to think that the grand monarchs, despite their vagaries, excesses and oppressions, must have been real folksy people once you got to know them.

The ignorance of a sight-seer of the frivolous type is always laying him by the heels. He even makes the mistake of admiring the Trocadéro, until the guide-book pundit informs him that this is a mere modern World's-Fair building, unworthy of serious attention. He blunders into some room of overpowering splendor at Fontainebleau and begins to declaim upon the magnificence of the gold ceiling, two feet deep, the while thumbing over the pages of the guide-book to find what master wrought this work. There he comes upon the damning entry: "—restored by Louis Philippe at enormous cost but with his usual lack of taste."

Louis Philippe and his early Victorian ideas are not, it seems, highly esteemed by the guide-book writers nowadays. But fashions change in these things. There is now no need to prostrate one's self so abjectly before the Venus de Milo or the Mona Lisa in the Louvre as one did, say, in Mark Twain's day; and it has become a positive *gaucherie* to admire in their vast hall the vast canvases upon which the mellifluous sycophancy of Rubens deified the merry Henri IV and the obviously stout Marie de Médici. The thing now is to venerate the Italian "primitives," and the more primitive and anatomically and perspectively impossible they are, the better. So it may be that when his vestiges have been sanctified by another century of age, even Louis Philippe may come into favor with the connoisseurs.

Balked of attaining the true culture in these directions, our dabbler decides to turn antiquarian; and it is his idea to explore old Parisian streets with odd names in the hope of making important discoveries therein. Again he is doomed to disappointment. The significant architectural monuments of Paris have a way of almost never being located in streets with satisfactory designations, and moreover the prettiest of Parisian street names often come from anticlimactic origins.

For instance, he follows out the little Street of the Hunt for Noon—the Rue du Cherche-Midi. He imagines that in early days this must have been a path wandering out from Paris and trying to put itself upon a noon, or southerly, direction, but being always thwarted by one obstacle or another and so never attaining its ambition. But alas, at No. 19 he discovers that the street's name came from nothing more thrilling than a sundial-maker's sign, and that no earlier than the seventeenth century.

And in the Rue du Chat-qui-Peche there never was any cat that wandered down to the river at the end of the lane and with delicate paw scooped from the water the Renaissance ancestors of the gudgeons the army of Seine fishermen now occasionally catch there. The name was merely a landlord's conceit for his tavern sign. And so perhaps there never were any Good Children in their Street, or Holy Fathers in theirs, or little fields along the Rue des Petit-Champs, or any grand and beruffed gentleman of a prince who ever resided in the Rue Monsieur-le-Prince. Consequently our dilettante shrinks from probing the secret of the most charmingly named of all Parisian streets, the Street of the Heart's Refuge. Who could bear the discovery that such a name derived from trade and not from ancient romance?

And so the trifling fellow gives up the whole thing. He

abandons culture to the more determined and settles down to what is for him a much better suited occupation, the idle watching of his fellow-tourists.

Like so many things American in Paris, the American tourist tends to be exaggerated, or rather his number does. Tourists are in Paris always, though more abundantly in summer than in winter. At times in summer along the Avenue de l'Opéra or the Boulevard des Capucines it seems as if half of America must be in Paris. You hear it estimated that anywhere from half a million to a million Americans now visit Europe every year.

The traffic, however, mounts to no such figures. The shipping companies themselves put it at three hundred thousand a year. More they would carry if they could, but they can not, because their ships will hold no more. At the time the tourists themselves have opportunity to travel—from May to October—the entire transatlantic passenger fleet works to capacity.

Yet it is capacity that can be stretched, and the vessel companies are engaged in stretching it. When the American immigration restrictions emptied the steerage quarters of the liners, the managements began devising ways of filling them up again. The gentle tourist seemed to offer the solution. The United States Lines inaugurated the plan of renovating the steerage and making it attractive to American travelers, though still selling passages in it at the old third-class rate. To remove the steerage curse entirely from these cheap accommodations, the lines renamed them "college cabins." The companies have not yet reached the stage of Kollege Kabins, but neither has the advertising competition yet become severe. At any rate, it seems possible that the college cabin can make reality of the Continental landlord's dream of five hundred thousand Americans in Eu-

rope every year, and that without launching a single new ship.

One usually thinks of the Atlantic crossing as a crossing in the first-class accommodations of a six-day liner, but such is not the average American way. For every American who travels first-class three others go second-class. Some seek the frankly second-class accommodations of fast liners, but the great army of tourists swarm aboard the slower, out-and-out second-class ships—the so-called cabin-class boats, wherein one rides on a second-class ticket but enjoys nevertheless the most aristocratic accommodations those vessels afford.

This gradation in the scale of travel serves also to divide the American tourists into two classes—the *de-luxe* crowd (which numbers something less than eighty thousand in the course of a year) and the rest. Each class has its own characteristic ways of enjoying itself in Europe.

The wealthy crowd is more conspicuous in winter and spring than in summer, for the reason that it is not until summer that the overwhelming crowd of cabin-class tourists begins to arrive. Two general types of Americans of wealth seek Europe, and both sorts usually cross every year. There is the sort to whom Europe supplies a regular annual part of their social routine. Some of these make the "Mediterranean tour" in January and February and leave the chartered ships at Naples and Genoa to pursue their own ends during the rest of their stay. Others winter regularly in the Riviera or in northern Africa. Paris calls them at Easter, and they remain for the Grand Prix race and ball in late June. Then, if they do not go home, they move up to Switzerland or else to Deauville to remain through the Grande Semaine in August. It is the same thing for them every year.

The other sort is more restless. Not society but travel interests them. They know their Europe, almost every corner of it; and they are always arriving with projects for visiting odd regions which they feel they have not sufficiently explored. In St. Moritz they stop at the Palace, in Lugano at the Villa d'Este, in Venice at the Royal Danieli—always the best hotels—and it is significant that many of them register from California. California certainly can claim more of them than any other state, and San Francisco and Los Angeles than any other two American cities.

This last fact fixes their type. The usual tourist of this sort is the elderly business man who has retired, has sought California for the climate, and now divides the rest of his days between Europe and the Pacific Coast. With him travels his elderly wife, the children now being grown and settled in *ménages* of their own. He brings each year to Europe definite and even finicky notions of what he wishes to do. One year it will be a drifting tour through the Pyrenees and Spain, the next the Riviera and Italy, and so on. He places himself in the hands of travel experts and does not mind expense, except that he demands his money's worth and insists upon everything being exactly so-so.

But he is a winter type. Somewhat different is the wealthy man who comes in summer. He is younger, he hails from the manufacturing East or Middle West, and he brings his family—especially the daughters—with him on the vacation trip he has managed to snatch. In Paris he is apt to meet, or make, American acquaintances. Impromptu parties are made up, couriers engaged to manage baggage, railway tickets and hotel accommodations, and they are off on some delightful tour together. The girls are obviously keeping their eyes open for romance. The couriers can tell engaging stories of the tiffs and coolnesses that arise in

these parties when one of the girls manages to monopolize the most eligible titled young man at some Swiss or Italian resort.

It is largely the traveler of this kind which makes of the Parisian tourist bureau the extensive and profitable business that it so obviously is. The wealthy American has brought into existence—largely since the war—a new way of seeing Europe—by automobile. The modern courier is also a chauffeur. The big travel bureaus of Paris now all maintain fleets of the finest cars to be bought in Europe—Panhards, Renaults, Minervas, Rolls-Royces, even a few Cadillacs, all glass-enclosed and equipped with every automobile comfort. These they hire out to rich Americans by the month, with chauffeurs, with a daily minimum running guarantee which must be paid whether the car moves or not. It is the big development in post-war travel in Europe.

With such an equipage you can do as you choose and visit spots utterly inaccessible to travelers of the last century. The chauffeur is much more than a guide. Besides knowing the most interesting by-paths to follow, he has an expert knowledge of good hotels, inns and restaurants. At frontiers he attends to all the customs details—there is nothing to worry the occupants of the car. It is much the finest way of seeing Europe, and much the most expensive.

Our less affluent tourists have their winter and summer types, too. The winter type consists of those who generally put in a year in Europe, most of the year being spent in Paris. There is a smattering of male writers, researchers and college professors among them; but nine of every ten members of the entire class are women. Women indeed preponderate in every class of American travel in Europe, but in none so markedly as in this.

And these are our true culture hounds. They are the

mothers of small children brought over to learn French, mothers of grown daughters with artistic talents to develop, school-teachers taking a year off, lady Chautauqua lecturers, members of fortnightly study clubs. They settle down comfortably and inexpensively in Left Bank *pensions* and then proceed to squeeze from the Parisian orange the last drop of erudition it contains.

They wear their guide-books to tatters visiting churches, museums and picture galleries. They climb every tower in Paris that is climbable, visit every suburban château that is accessible, descend every cavern that is open, visit every tomb that is historic, and allow no starred object in Baedeker or the Blue Guide to remain unfamiliar to them. They do these things leisurely but incessantly.

Meanwhile they are courageously tackling French with private teacher or in class at the Alliance Française, and are not discouraged by lack of results. They attend free Sorbonne lectures of which they can understand perhaps one word in seven. They sit in the second gallery in five-franc seats at the Odéon or Comédie Française to hear classic French dramas mouthed robustuously by actors in the fine old Booth-and-Barrett tradition. They have already struggled to read the dramas in the antique French in order to understand the action on the stage.

And as they absorb, or persuade themselves that they are absorbing, the Parisian culture, there comes into their eyes an ominous glitter, forewarning of the endless club papers they will write and the endless conversations they will begin with the phrase, "When I was in Paris—"

By way of diversion they search the old curiosity shops of Paris for luster pitchers, and on Sunday mornings they visit the Flea Market at Clignancourt and bring back trove of old andirons and brass candlesticks. For them (as also

for the summer cabin-class throng) the hub of Paris is the American Express Company, which they usually refer to merely as the Express Company. They receive their mail there, change their money there, and in the basement there have their shoes shined by a colored savant from Buffalo, New York, who is full of lore on the progress of exchange and the fate of nations. Their shopping center is the near-by department store Aux Galeries Lafayette, which they invariably call "the Galleries."

Their American fondness for verbal short-cutting, in fact, sometimes brings them surprises. The first time they order cream for dessert in a Parisian restaurant they are utterly astonished when the waiter brings them that identical commodity, whipped and slightly sour. When one orders cream in America one means, of course, ice-cream.

When they meet at night in groups for dinner, after exclaiming over how wonderful was the lecture, the concert, the museum, or whatever they have been seeing or hearing or doing, they next talk about the rate of exchange. The rate of exchange is one of their two favorite topics of conversation. The other is the cabin-class ship.

They are all fond of cabin-class ships, preferring them indeed to the first-class liners, because "the people you meet are so much more congenial, and you don't have to dress within an inch of your life every time you go to dinner." The individual cabin-class ships they like best of all are the ones in which they happened to cross. Each hopes that she can go back on the ship that brought her over. They extol the food and the service and the officers of their particular favorites among the cabin-class vessels and are as loyal as they can be, but the most militantly loyal of all are the alumnæ of the S. S. *America.*

That ship has everything that any other cabin-class ship

has, and in addition it carries two bands or orchestras. Two. Not, when you come to analyze it right down, that there is anything miraculous or even phenomenal in an orchestra, or even two of them, at sea. Smaller vessels than Atlantic liners carry orchestras. Lake Erie excursion boats have them, and even Staten Island ferryboats; and if such craft can maintain orchestras, surely a big ship like the *America* ought to be able to tuck two aboard without exciting comment. Still, the two *America* orchestras remain a perennial marvel, and they can be relied upon to supply the winning point in any debate upon the relative merits of the cabin-class ships. If the ex-voyagers in the *America* ever organize an association, the appropriate thing at their dinners will be two orchestras spelling each other off.

Whenever these wintering tourists plan a trip out into France, they secure from some one who has already made the trip a list of the hotels and *pensions* in which that person stopped. They do not have to solicit this service; it comes voluntarily when the news spreads that they are planning the trip. On the trip they themselves stop in these same hotels and *pensions* and thus acquire lists of their own which they can supply to further inquiring sisters. They seem to cherish the dark fear that some day they may land in a French town in which there is no hotel or *pension* at all, and then where would they be?

And when they are not talking together or swapping hotel addresses or visiting the Express Company or the Galleries or hunting culture or antiques, they are writing letters. They are writing many letters. They search their address-books and their memories for the names of merest acquaintances and write letters to them all. What is the use of taking a trip to Europe if you do not let your friends know about it? You might as well buy a Stutz, leave it at the factory, and continue to run the Ford.

The old axiom works out that those who write letters receive them. The mail windows at the Express Company become scenes of rivalries as spirited as those around a school Valentine box. The girl who receives fifteen letters looks pityingly at the less fortunate (or less diligent) one who gets only five. But the letter fury, though somewhat more durable than the diaries which many start to keep in blank books entitled *My Trip to Europe,* nevertheless does not last. After an interchange or two, letters are succeeded by mere post-cards. Nobody replies to picture post-cards, and the volume of correspondence dies down. There may be a recurrent twinge of envy as some reformed letter-writer sees a later arrival receiving a sheaf of transatlantic missives at the Express Company, but it is not envy strong enough to push her into any new correspondence campaign.

Along in June the cabin-class boats begin disembarking at Cherbourg and the Havre the great annual summer crush of American tourists; and from then until the middle of September Paris is full of them—fifty thousand in the city all the time. They arrive in two classes—the free-lances and the personally conducted. The free-lances either see Paris incidentally to a tour of Europe, or else they base themselves upon Paris and see other parts of Europe incidentally.

Naturally all these travelers are interested primarily in sight-seeing. How thoroughly they see Paris itself depends upon the length of their stay in the city, but they are sure to visit the Louvre, Notre Dame, and one or two of the smaller museums and picture galleries; and they also get a general knowledge of the city from their rides through it in the sight-seeing coaches. Most of them visit the more interesting spots in the Parisian district—Versailles and Fontainebleau surely, Chantilly and the battle-fields probably, and the Loire châteaux perhaps. To the more accessible

places outside of Paris they ride comfortably in the deep leather seats of vast, high *char-a-bancs,* holding forty and fifty passengers apiece, which in the early mornings and afternoons line the Grand Boulevards, with barkers and chalk signs announcing their destinations. Room in these coaches is at a premium, and they always travel full, every seat taken.

The battle-field trip is a great favorite. Done in a sightseeing coach, it takes two days and is not expensive, all things considered. The usual route goes directly to Verdun and then returns toward Paris along the old Western Front by way of the Chemin des Dames, the Argonne and Rheims. Tourists of all nationalities occupy seats in the battle-field coaches, but the influence of the American tourists may be seen in the fact that this route follows ground on which the American troops were most conspicuous during the war.

Greater difficulties are offered by the châteaux trip, and yet many take it. The obvious way is to do this tour by train, traveling from town to town along the Loire. Vacationing college boys, who come to France in groups second-class or even nowadays third-class and who know exactly what they want to do, often tour the Loire on foot or on bicycles rented at a few francs a day.

A pleasanter way, however, is to do the châteaux in a chartered automobile. When two or three couples club together to rent a car, the cost is not staggering. The chauffeur is also guide; and the three-day trip gives you the châteaux of Chartres, Chambord, Chaumont, Amboise, Tours, Azay-le-Rideau, Chenonceau, Langeais, and de Villandry, with three cathedrals—Tours, Blois, and Orléans—thrown in for good measure, as well as Fontainebleau, which is visited on the way home.

How the French, in view of the modest way in which

the majority of Americans travel in France, can still preserve the legend that every American is rich, is one of Europe's mysteries. No other foreigners tour France so economically as Americans. Englishmen, who make a point of riding third-class on their railways at home, saying that only war profiteers and race-track people can afford first-class, the moment they cross the Channel plant themselves in the expensive first-class compartments and stay there. Americans, on the other hand, who at home crowd their first-class, or Pullman, accommodations to the limit, in France are perfectly contented with second-class or even third-class.

For some the third-class is too aristocratic. There are American college lads who spend whole summers in France and seldom step on a passenger train at all. There is a post-war instance of two young Americans—graduates from law school and planning a law partnership together—who made an astonishing four months' tour of France on two hundred and fifty dollars between them. They had earned their way through school and something more, for the two hundred and fifty dollars represented their college savings.

They crossed the ocean as sailors on a cattle boat and got about France sometimes on foot and sometimes by accepting lifts from motorists. Now and then, when they had made friends with brakemen, they rode grandly on freight trains. Food and lodging was often theirs for the impromptu help they would give farmers and townsmen with odd jobs, though frequently enough they were welcome to eat and sleep for the sake of the exciting company they afforded in places where excitement seldom came. It took a knowledge of French to do this, but they had the knowledge.

When they reached Paris they took a letter of introduc-

tion to the American ambassador. His secretary was next day leaving Paris for a month's vacation, and he turned his apartment over to the two travelers. Thus they had a month in Paris at no greater cost than that of the food they brought into the apartment and cooked. In the end the ambassador put them on a Shipping Board cargo vessel as passengers at forty-five dollars a head, and they reached New York with a little of the original capital still intact.

Only Americans do this sort of thing. Only Americans make sacrifices to gratify the human longing for the far away. We often hear in Europe that we are crude, and no doubt some of us are. In three hundred thousand you find all kinds. But what Europe in criticizing Americans overlooks is that European people of the economic grade of the American tourist seldom travel at all. They will not spend the money. The American travel stream is Demos on tour, not Dives. With the rest of the world travel is still (saving the few holiday "trippers") the prerogative of rich and leisured cosmopolitans, unlikely to be guilty of uncouthnesses. With us it is democratic.

Smile at our tourists as you will, blush for them as you sometimes must, there is nevertheless something fine about them, something indomitable. On occasions one may think that many are so travel-blind that they ought not to tour Europe at all, for all the good they get from it. They might as well be counting steps in the court-house at home as in Notre Dame. But that view is too narrow. At the least, every one of them learns that the world is accessible, that foreigners are courteous and gentle people, and that there are national points of view other than our own. And that is something.

These elementary benefits accrue even to those swiftest of all our tourists, the personally conducted. They are

purely a summer phenomenon. The tours are organized in winter by New York travel companies working in association with religious and secular societies and attracting customers with seductive advertising. All expenses are held to a minimum, and the cost of joining a conducted tour is therefore low. The recruited groups are despatched from New York in early summer, each accompanied by a lecturer, who is usually a clergyman or a college professor. In Europe each group falls into the hands of the travel company's London or Paris agency, which has booked the accommodations months before and now supplies a courier to take charge of things. The route of each party may depend upon its special interests. The Art Lovers' Association will stay principally in Italy. The Catholic Actors' Guild will visit Lourdes. Methodists will go to England to see John Wesley's birthplace.

But though the words of the advertising prospectus be fair, disillusionment waits along the route of "Naples to Norway in Six Weeks." From the moment of debarkation progress through Europe becomes a punishing and dazing race, conducted under a regimen almost military in severity. Every morning the day's time-table is posted, and it begins early and ends late. You fall behind at your peril. The conducted grow unanimous that if they ever get back to the United States they will never leave that blessed land again; but when it is all over and rest has taken the weariness from tired muscles and the bedazzlement from swimming brains, many discover that they have retained from the kaleidoscope a clear bird's-eye view of Europe. They know definitely what parts they would like to see again less hurriedly, and many return as independent tourists.

Here is a sample itinerary—an Epworth League tour "to see the far-flung lines of Methodist achievement." It starts

from New York on July 8th, landing at Liverpool on the 16th, and then—

July 17.—Epworth, England—birthplace of John Wesley.
18.—Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick Castle, and a couple of cathedrals.
19.—London. (Sunday).
20-21.—Seeing London.
22.—Traveling to Paris.
23.—Paris—visiting the following: Louvre, Napoleon's Tomb, Arc de Triomphe, the Seine and its bridges, Notre Dame, the Madeleine, the Champs-Élysées, and Versailles!
24.—Paris—a "free" day. Leaving at night for—
25-26.—Zurich, to attend Methodist rally.
27.—Lucerne.
28.—Milan.
29.—Venice. Saith, at this point, the advertising blurb: "Venice, City of Enchantments—the Grand Canal, St. Mark's Cathedral, the Doge's Palace, the Bridge of Sighs, the enticing shops, streets of water, gliding gondolas, guitars, mandolins, and moonlight."
30-31.—Traveling to and seeing Florence.
Aug. 1-4.—Rome.
5.—Geneva.
6.—Traveling to Paris.
7.—Paris—another free day.
8.—Cherbourg.
17.—New York.

Venice—gondolas, guitars, mandolins and moonlight! What a picture with which to tempt some starved and maiden soul who spends her weekdays teaching sums and her Sundays the Word to inattentive youngsters—who may even have dreamed in younger days of seeing Venice under different conditions! But if that something American in her

blood makes her respond and send the few hundred dollars it takes to buy a place in the tour, she little knows of what is in store for her—the days when she will cry from sheer weariness, the evenings when she and her fellow-travelers are ordered to stations to spend whole nights sitting up in filled second-class compartments, and they desiring nothing so much as to go to bed and sleep for weeks.

However, even in such a hurried tour there are compensations. The schedule maker in his wisdom has fixed two of the two-and-twenty days in Europe as "free" days, and he has allotted both of the free days to Paris. To Paris with its curiously alert but deliberate throng, with its clean green river, with its grim old Notre Dame glowering over ancient memories and (in the north) its pillar of cloud by day, Sacre Cœur, mystically presiding over the new city! Better two free days in Paris than a cycle of Europe, personally conducted.

THE END

PARIS ON PARADE

WHATEVER you hope to see when you go to Paris, you will find it in this book, unless you hope only for the conventional routine. Mr. Wilson is too artistic to be conventional and too original to follow any foot-worn path.

Besides pictorial descriptions of first quality, he offers some history, some poetry and some psychology. Not only does he know Paris from her heart out, but he leaves nothing to wish for in clearness and orderly arrangement.

You should not attempt to order a dinner in Paris until you have dined with Mr. Wilson. Whatever your alcoholic content or discontent may be, you'll grow merry as you read "—And Light Wines."

There is more to a Paris gown than three yards of material and a few stitches you will learn when you revel in a "Model by Pack-Ann," when you meet Poiret and Jenny and the rest.

PARIS ON PARADE—and the line of march, from Cabaret Hill to Sylvia's Bookshop, from the Latin Quarter to our Parisian Village, is illuminated with many brilliancies and decorated with many novelties.

PARIS ON PARADE

THERE are only two kinds of Americans —those that have been to Paris and those that are going. To whichever group you belong, this book is your book. If you have been, it will take you back and show you all the things you overlooked. If you are going it will insure you against missing the things you should see—should, in the sense of want to—insure and delight you even if you always remain among those who are going.

This will sound to you like the extravagant praise of the hired enthusiast, but if you think it an overstatement after you have read the book the hired enthusiast will be glad to hear from you and to write you, at greater length than this space permits, in an attempt to justify the faith that is in him, to convince you—and here's a final challenge — that PARIS ON PARADE combines to a superlative degree unusual information with unusual entertainment.